Mr. *CIBBER's*

PLAYS.

VOL. II.

PLAYS

WRITTEN BY

Mr. *CIBBER.*

Vol. II. Containing,

The LADY'S LAST STAKE; or, the WIFE'S RESENTMENT.

The RIVAL FOOLS.

The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

The NONJUROR.

The REFUSAL; or, The LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

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SENTIMENT.

The LADY'S LAST STAKE: or, the WIFE's RE-

THE

LADY's Laſt STAKE,

OR, THE

WIFE's RESENTMENT.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

QUEEN's THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

THE MARKET

FOR THE

QUEEN'S THEATRE

IN THE

HAY

COMEDY.

AS PERFORMED

OF THE

LADY'S LAST STAKE

AT THE

To the Most Noble

The MARQUIS of *KENT*,

Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Houshold, &c.

THE utmost Succes I ever propos'd from this Play, was, that it might reach the Taste of a few good Judges, and from thence plead a sort of Title to your Lordship's Protection: And, if the most just, and candid Criticks are not the greatest Flatterers, I have not fail'd in my Proposal. As for those Gentlemen, that thrust themselves forward upon the Stage, before a crowded Audience, as if they resolv'd to play themselves, and save the Actor the Trouble of presenting them; they indeed, as they are above Instruction, so they scorn to be diverted by it, and will as soon allow me a good Voice, as a Genius. I did not intend it shou'd entertain any, that never come with a Design to sit out a Play; and therefore, without being much mortified, am content such Persons shou'd dislike it. If I would have been less instructive, I might easily have had a louder, tho' not a more valuable Applause. But I shall always prefer a fixt, and general Attention before the noisy Roars of the Gallery. A Play, without a just Moral, is a poor and trivial Undertaking; and 'tis from the Succes of such Pieces, that Mr. *Collier* was furnish'd with an Advantageous Pretence of laying his unmerciful Axe to the Root of the Stage. Gaming is a Vice, that has undone more innocent Principles, than any one Folly that's in Fashion; therefore I chose to expose it to the Fair Sex in its most hideous Form, by reducing a Woman of Honour to stand the presumptuous Addresses of a Man, whom neither her Virtue or Inclination wou'd let her have the least Taste to: Now 'tis not impossible but some Man of Fortune, who has a handsome Lady, and a great deal of Money to throw away, may from this startling hint think it worth his while to find his Wife some

leſs hazardous Diverſion. If that ſhould ever happen, my End of writing this Play is anſwer'd; and if it may boaſt of any Favours from the Town, I now muſt own they are entirely owing to your Lordſhip's Protection of the Theatre. For, without a Union of the beſt Actors, it muſt have been impoſſible for it to have receiv'd a tolerable Juſtice in the Performance.

The Stage has for many Years, till late, groan'd under the greateſt Diſcouragements; which have been very much, if not wholly owing to the Miſmanagement or Avarice of thoſe that have aukwardly govern'd it. Great Sums have been ventur'd upon empty Projects, and Hopes of immoderate Gains; and when thoſe Hopes have fail'd, the Loſs has been tyrannically deducted out of the Actors Sallery. And if your Lordſhip had not redeem'd 'em, they were very near being wholly laid aſide, or at leaſt, the Uſe of their Labour was to be ſwallow'd up, in the pretended Merit of Singing and Dancing. I don't offer this as a Reflexion upon Muſick, (for I allow and feel its Charms) but it has been the Misfortune of That, as well as Poetry, to have been too long in the Hands of thoſe, whoſe Taſte and Fancy are utterly inſenſible of their Uſe and Power. And tho' your Lordſhip foreſaw, and Experience tells us, that both Diverſions would be better encourag'd under their ſeparate Endeavours, yet this was a Scheme, that cou'd never be beat into the impenetrable Heads of thoſe that might have honeſtly paid the Labourer their Hire, and put the Profits of both into their own Pockets. Nay, even the Opera, tho' the Town has neither grudg'd it Pay nor Equipage, from either the Wilfulneſs or Ignorance of the ſame General, we ſee, was not able to take the Field till *December*.

My Lord, there is nothing Difficult to a Body of *Engliſh* People, when they are unanimous, and well commanded: And tho' your Lordſhip's Tenderneſs of oppreſſing is ſo very juſt, that you have rather ſtay'd to convince a Man of your good Intentions to him, than to do him ev'n a Service againſt his Will: Yet ſince your Lordſhip has ſo happily begun the Eſtabliſhment of the ſeparate Diverſions, we live in Hope, that the ſame Juſtice and Reſolution will ſtill perſuade you to go as ſucceſsfully through with it.

But while any Man is ſuffer'd to confound the Induſtry and Uſe of 'em, by acting publickly, in Oppoſition to your Lordſhip's equal Intentions, under a falſe and intricate Pretence of not being able to comply with 'em; the Town is likely to be more entertain'd with the private Diſſentions, than the publick Performance of either, and the Actors in a perpetual Fear and Neceſſity of petitioning your Lordſhip every Seaſon for new Relief.

To ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd is the firſt Mark of Greatneſs, and your Lordſhip is eminently diſtinguiſh'd for a Virtue that certainly claims the next place to it. The diſintereſted Choice and Manner of your Lordſhip's diſpoſing Places in your Gift, are Proofs that you always have the Claims of Merit under your firſt and tendereſt Conſideration. And from the Aſſurance of this Thought, my Lord, the Stage, the Poets, and the Players, lay their Cauſe, their Hopes, and utmoſt Expectations at Your Lordſhip's Feet for Support and Protection. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

Colley Cibber.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

SInce Plays are but the Mirrours of our Lives,
And ſoon, or late Mankind are chain'd to Wives;
Since thoſe diſſolveleſs Fetters too, muſt be
Our greateſt Happineſs, or Miſery;
What Subject ought, in Reaſon, more to pleaſe ye,
Than an Attempt to make thoſe Chains ſit eaſy?
Tho' in the Nooſe ſo many Souls ſeem curſt,
Pray who's in Fault?——For when you've ſaid your worſt,
You all Did feel its Happineſs——at firſt.
Therefore our Author drew you once the Life
Of Careleſs Huſband, *and Enduring Wife,*
Who by her Patience (tho' much out of Faſhion)
Retriev'd, at laſt, her Wanderer's Inclination.
Yet ſome there are, who ſtill arraign the Play,
At her tame Temper ſhock'd, as who ſhould ſay——
The Price, for a dull Husband, was too much to pay.
Had he been ſtrangled ſleeping, Who ſhou'd hurt ye?
When ſo provok'd——Revenge had been a Virtue.
——Well then——to do his former Moral Right,
Or ſet ſuch Meaſures in a fairer Light,
He gives you now a Wife, he's ſure's in Faſhion,
Whoſe Wrongs uſe modern Means for Reparation.
No Fool, that will her Life in Sufferings waſte,
But furious, proud, and inſolently chaſte;
Who more in Honour jealous, than in Love,
Reſolves Reſentment ſhall her Wrongs remove:
Not to be cheated with his civil Face,
But ſcorns his Falſhood, and to prove him baſe,
Mobb'd up in Hack triumphant doggs him to the Place.
Theſe modiſh Meaſures, we preſume, you'll own,
Are oft what Wives of Gallantry have done;
But if their Conſequence ſhou'd meet the Curſe
Of making a provok'd Averſion worſe,

Then

Then you his former Moral muſt allow,
Or own the Satyr juſt he ſhews you now.
Some other Follies too, our Scenes preſent
Some warn the Fair from Gaming, when extravagant.
But when undone you ſee the dreadful Stake,
That hard-preſs'd Virtue is reduced to make;
Think not the Terrors, you behold her in,
Are rudely drawn t'expoſe what has been ſeen;
But, as the friendly Muſes tender'ſt way,
To let ſuch Dangers warn you from the Depth of Play.

EPI-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Lord *Wronglove*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Lord *George Brillant*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Sir *Friendly Moral*,	Mr. *Keene*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Wronglove*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Lady *Gentle*,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Mrs. *Conqueſt*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Miſs *Notable*,	Mrs. *Croſs*.

THE

LADY's Laſt STAKE,

OR, THE

WIFE's RESENTMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lord* Wronglove's *Apartment.*

Lord Wronglove *alone, muſing.*

Ld. *Wrong.* MY Wife——as abundance of other Men of Quality's Wives are——is a miſerable Woman: Aſk her the Reaſon, ſhe'll tell you——Huſband, aſk me: I ſay, Wife——all's entirely owing to her own Temper.

Enter Mrs. Hartſhorn.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* My Lady deſires to know if your Lordſhip pleaſes to ſpear her the Chariot this Morning?

Ld. *Wrong.* Hah! That's as much as to ſay, I have a mind to gueſs when, and how you go out this Morning. [*Aſide.*] Well, the Chariot is at her Service. [*Exit.* Hartſ.] This continual Jealouſie is inſupportable——What's to be done with her? What's her Complaint? Who's the Aggreſſor? I'll e'en refer the matter fairly to my own Conſcience, and if ſhe caſts me there, I'll do her Juſtice; if not, tho' the Coſt were ten times hers, I'll make my ſelf eaſy, for the reſt of my Life.——Let me ſee,——as to the Fact I'm charg'd with, *viz.* That I have felonioufly embezzled my In-

clinations among the rough and ſmooth Converſation of ſeveral undaunted Gentlewomen, and ſo forth.——That, I think, ſince it muſt be prov'd againſt me, I had beſt plead guilty to.——Be it ſo.——Very well!——A terrible Charge indeed: And now——

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. My Lady deſires to know if your Lordſhip pleaſes to dine at home to Day?

Ld. *Wrong.* Right! Another gentle Enquiry. [*Aſide.*] Why tell her 'tis impoſſible to gueſs, but her Ladyſhip may do as ſhe pleaſes. [*Exit* Bruſh.] But to go on,——Now let's hear the Defendant, and then proceed to Judgment and Damages. Well! the Defendant ſays, That 'tis true he was in love with Madam up to her proud Heart's Wiſhes, but hop'd that Marriage was his End of of Servitude, that then her wiſe Reſerve, her Pride, and other fine Lady's Airs wou'd be all laid aſide.—No,—her Ladyſhip was ſtill the ſame unconquer'd Heroine: If being endur'd cou'd give me Happineſs, 'twas mine; if not, ſhe knew her ſelf, and ſhou'd not bend below her Sexes Value—I bore this long, then urg'd her Duty; that this Reſerve of Humour was inconſiſtent with her being a Friend, a Wife, or a Companion.——She ſaid 'twas Nature's Fault, and I but talk'd in vain.——Upon this I found my Patience began to have enough on't; ſo I e'en made her invincibleſhip a low Bow, and told her, I wou'd diſpoſe of my time in Pleaſures, which were a little more comeatable; which Pleaſures I have found, and ſhe—has found out, but truly ſhe won't bear it: And tho' ſhe ſcorn'd to love, ſhe'll condeſcend to hate; ſhe'll have Redreſs, Revenge, and Reparation; ſo that if I have a mind to be Eaſie at home, I need but tremble at her Anger, down on my Knees, confeſs, beg Pardon, promiſe Amendment, keep my Word, and the Bus'neſs is done. ——Now venerable, human Conſcience, ſpeak, muſt I do this only to purchaſe what the Greatneſs of her Soul has taught me to be indifferent to? Am I bound to faſt, becauſe her Ladyſhip has no Appetite? Shall Threats and Brow-beatings fright me into Juſtice, where my own Will's a Law?——No, no, no, poſitively no:—I'm Lord of my own Heart ſure, and whoever thinks to enter at my Humour ſhall ſpeak me very fair.——Moſt generous Conſcience, I give you Thanks for this Deliverance!: And ſince I'm poſitive, I've

little Nature on my ſide too, Madam may now go on with her noble Reſentment as ſhe pleaſes.

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. Lord *George Brilliant* gives his Service, and if your Lordſhip's at Leiſure he'll wait upon you.

Ld. *Wrong.* Give my Service, ſay I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

[*Exit* Bruſh.

D'ye hear! *Bruſh!* [*Bruſh* returns.

Bruſh. My Lord!

Ld. *Wrong.* Is the Footman come back yet?

Bruſh. Yes, my Lord, he call'd at *White*'s, but there's no Letter for your Lordſhip.

Ld. *Wrong.* Very well. [*Exit* Bruſh.

I can't imagine the meaning of it,——Sure I havn't play'd with this Baby-fac'd Girl 'till I'm in love with her; and yet her diſappointing me Yeſterday does not ſlip ſo eaſily through my Memory, as things of this gentle Nature us'd to do.——A very Phlegmatick Symptome —And yet, if ſhe had come, 'tis ten to one, the greateſt Relief ſhe cou'd have given me, wou'd have been a fair Excuſe to get rid of her.—Hum! ay, ay, all's ſafe.——She has only ſtirr'd my Pride I find, my Heart's as ſound as my Conſtitution,—and yet her not coming, nor excuſing it; puzzles me.

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. A Letter for your Lordſhip.

Ld. *Wrong.* Who brought it.

Bruſh. Snug the Chair-man.

Ld. *Wrong.* O! 'tis right, now we ſhall be let into the Secret. (Reads.)

I Wo'n't beg your Pardon for not coming Yeſterday, becauſe it was not my Fault, but indeed I'm ſorry I could not.

Kind however, tho' 'tis poſſible ſhe may lye too.

To be ſhort, old Teizer *ſmoaks the Buſineſs, poſs*——

By her Stile, the Child ſeems to have a great Genius for Iniquity: But who the Duce is old *Teizer*? O! that muſt be her Unkle Sir *Friendly Moral! Smoaks the Buſineſs, poſs!* Very well.

For he watch'd me all Day, as if he had been in love with me himſelf: But you may depend upon me this Afternoon, about five

at the ſame Place, till when, dear Diſmal, *adieu.*

[Tears the Letter.

Well ſaid! I gad, this Girl will debauch me! what Pity 'tis, her Perſon does not ſpread like her Underſtanding——But ſhe is one of *Eve*'s own Siſters, born a Woman: Bid the Fellow ſtay for an Anſwer. [*Exit* Bruſh.

Enter Mrs. Hartſhorn.

Hartſ. My Lady deſires to know, if your Lordſhip pleaſes to drink any Tea?

Ld. *Wrong.* [*Aſide.*] What a Meſs of Impertinence have I had this Morning: But I'll make my Advantage of this. Pray thank your Lady, and tell her I deſire ſhe'll be pleas'd to come and drink ſome with me. [*Exit* Hartſ.] When a Man has a little private Folly upon his Hands, 'tis Prudent to keep his Wife in good Humour, at leaſt, till the Frailty's thoroughly committed. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Wronglove *and* Bruſh.

La. *Wrong.* Where's my Lord?

Bruſh. I believe he's writing in his Cloſet Madam; if your Ladyſhip pleaſes I'll go ſee.

La. *Wrong.* No, ſtay—I'll—I'll—wait without.

Bruſh. Jealous by *Jupiter*, I muſt look ſharp, I ſee. [*Retires.*

La. *Wrong.* Writing! then I am confirm'd! Not a Day paſſes without ſome freſh Diſcovery of his Perfidiouſneſs—This uſage is beyond Patience—Sure Men think, that Wives are Stocks or Stones, without all Senſe of Injuries, or only born, and bound to bear 'em! But ſince his Villanies want the Excuſe of my deſerving them, I'll let him ſee I dare reſent 'em, as I ought. I'll prove 'em firſt, and then Revenge 'em with my Scorn—Hum! what's here, a torn Letter! ha! this Hand is new! O! my Patience! ſome freſh, ſome undiſcover'd Slut! Here! *Hartſhorn!*

Enter Hartſhorn.

Go to the Door this Minute, and tell the impudent Fellow there, that my Lord ſays the Letter requires no Anſwer; and if he offers to bring any more, he'll have his Limbs broke.

Bruſh. [*Behind.*] Ha! this was a lucky Diſcovery between my Lord, or my Lady, it's hard if I don't mend my Place by it.

La. *Wrong.*

La. *Wrong*. It is not yet ſo torn, but I may read it——'Twill coſt his Wit ſome Trouble to evade this Proof, I'm ſure——I'll have it piec'd, and ſend it him——I'll let him ſee I know him ſtill——A baſe, a mean——Auh!—now he's nauſeous to me.

[*Exit Lady* Wrong.

Re-enter Lord Wronglove *with a Letter.*

Ld. *Wrong*. Here, give this to the Porter.

Bruſh. My Lord, the Porter's gone. [*Smiling.*

Ld. *Wrong*. Gone! how ſo! What does the Fellow ſnear at?

Bruſh. My Lord, I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for my Boldneſs, but perhaps it may be more uſeful to you than my Silence; I ſaw ſomething that happen'd juſt now——

Ld. *Wrong*. What's the Matter?

Bruſh. While your Lordſhip was Writing within, my Lady, I fancy'd by her Looks, ſuſpected ſomething by *Snug*'s being at the Door (for ſhe enquires every Mortal's Buſſneſs that comes to ſpeak with your Lordſhip) but here ſhe came, and bid me go out of the Room: Upon which I made bold to watch her at the Door, where I ſaw her pick up the Pieces of that Letter your Lordſhip tore juſt now; and then ſhe flew into a violent Paſſion, and order'd the Porter to be ſent away without his Anſwer.

Ld. *Wrong*. No Matter, you know where to find him?

Bruſh. Yes, my Lord, he plies at *White*'s.

Ld. *Wrong*. Run after him quick, tell him it was a Miſtake, and that's his Anſwer. [*Gives a Letter.*] [*Exit* Bruſh.] Let me ſee—— I ſhall certainly hear of this Letter from my Wife; and 'tis probable her Pride will have as much Pleaſure in Reproaching me, as her good Nature wou'd in finding me Innocent——I muſt take care not to let her grow upon me——To bear the open Inſolence of a Wife is a Puniſhment, that exceeds both the Crime and the Pleaſure of any Favours the Sex can give us——But why am I ſo apprehenſive of a poor Woman's being out of Humour? My Gravity for the Matter wou'd be as Ridiculous as her Paſſion——The worſt on't is, that in our Matrimonial Squabbles, one ſide's generally forc'd to make a Confidence with their Servants, I am reduc'd now to truſt this Fellow——But I can make it his Intereſt to be Secret——

Enter

Enter Hartſhorn *with Tea.*

Hartſ. Here's your Lordſhip's Tea.

Ld. *Wrong.* O! thank your Mrs. *Hartſhorn*——Where's your Lady?

Hartſ. My Lord, ſhe is not very well, and deſir'd me to give your Lordſhip this. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ld. *Wrong.* Soh! Now it comes—let's ſee—Ha! The Child's Letter Faith, carefully piec'd together again, how——here's ſome of her own hand too.

(Reads.)

SOmething has happen'd that makes me unfit for Tea, I wou'd tell you what, but that I find 'tis the Faſhion for married People to have ſeparate Secrets.

Humph! This is ſpeaking pretty plain——Now if I take no Notice of it, I ſhall have her walk by me in the Houſe with a Dumb, Gloomy Inſolence for a Fortnight together——Suppoſe I let her——No——better talk with her——The moſt violent Jealouſie is often ſubject to the groſſeſt Credulity——I'll make one Puſh for't however, 'tis certainly more Prudent to come off if I can——Mrs. *Hartſhorn*, pray tell your Lady I muſt needs ſee her, I have ſomething to ſay to her that will make her Laugh, though ſhe was dying of the Vapours.

Hartſ. My Lord, I'll tell her. [*Exit* Hartſ.

Ld. *Wrong.* Or ſuppoſe her Jealouſie is too wiſe for my Wit, ſay ſhe won't be impos'd upon: At worſt, I'll carry it on with ſuch an Exceſs of Aſſurance, that I'll give her the Mortification of thinking, that I believe I have deciev'd her: She ſhan't have the Pleaſure of knowing ſhe inſults me, I'll cruſh the very Hope of her Reſentment; and by ſeeming always eaſie my ſelf, make her Jealouſie a private Plague to her Inſolence! She ſhall never catch me owning any thing. Her Pride wou'd have its End indeed, if ſhe cou'd once bring me to the humble Shame of Confeſſion— O ſhe's here!

Enter Lady Wronglove, *very Grave,*

La. *Wrong.* D'ye want me for any thing?

Ld *Wrong.* Ay Child, ſit down, *Hartſhorn* told me you were not well, ſo I had a mind to divert you a little. Such a ridiculous Adventure ſure——Ha! ha! ha!

La. *Wrong*. I am as well as I expect to be, tho' peahaps not ſo eaſie to be diverted.

Ld. *Wrong*. Ha! ha! ha! no matter for that, if I don't divert you —Here take your Diſh Child—Ha! ha! ha!

La. *Wrong*. I ſhan't drink any.

Ld. *Wrong*. Hah! ha! ha! Do you know now, that I know what makes you ſo out of Humour? Ha! ha!

La. *Wrong*. By my Soul, you've a good Aſſurance.

[*Turning away.*

Ld. *Wrong*. Ha! ha! ha! Do you know too, that I am now inſulting you with the moſt ridiculous Malice, and yet with all the comical Juſtice in the World; Ha! ha! ha!

La. *Wrong*. My Lord, all this is mightily thrown away upon me, I never had any great Genius to Humour; beſides that little I have, you know I have now Reaſon to be out of: And to ſpare you the vain Trouble of endeavouring to impoſe upon me, I muſt tell you, that this Uſage is fit only for the common Wretches you converſe with.

Ld. *Wrong*. By my Soul I don't believe the like ever happen'd in all the Accidents of Humane Life! Such an Incredible, ſuch a Romantick Complication of Blunders, that, let me periſh, if I think *Molier's Cocu Imaginare* has half ſo many Turns in it, as you ſhall hear Child—— In the firſt Place, the Porter makes a Blunder by miſtaking the Place for the Perſon, and enquires for me, inſtead of one at my Houſe; my Blockhead *Bruſh* here carries it on, and with his own blundering Hand, gives his Miſtreſs's Letter to me: No ſooner was that Miſtake ſet to rights, but the Pieces of the Letter fall into your Hands, and (as if Fortune reſolv'd the Jeſt ſhould not be loſt) you really fancy'd it came from a Miſtreſs of mine, and ſo by way of Comical Reſentment, fall out of Humour with your Tea, and ſend it to me again. Ha, ha, ha.

La. *Wrong*. This Evaſion, my Lord, is the worſt Stuff, that ever any ſure was made of.

Ld. *Wrong*. [*Aſide.*] 'Twon't do, I find, but it's no matter, I'll go on. Ha! ha! and ſo upon this, what does me I, but inſtead of making you eaſie, let's you go on in the Fancy, till I was thoroughly convinc'd your Suſpicion was real, and then comes me about with

the

the moſt unexpected Cataſtrophe, and tells you the whole Truth of the matter, Ha, ha, ha.

La. *Wrong.* A very pretty Farce indeed, my Lord, but by the Thinneſs of the Plot, I ſee you have not given your ſelf much trouble in the Contrivance.

Ld. *Wrong.* No, upon my Soul, 'twas all ſo directly in Nature, that the leaſt Fiction in the World had knockt it all to Pieces.

La. *Wrong.* It's very well, my Lord, I am as much diverted with the Entertainment, I ſuppoſe, as you expect I ſhould be.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ha, ha, why did I not tell you I ſhou'd divert you?

La. *Wrong.* You have indeed, my Lord, to aſtoniſhment. Tho' there's one Part of the Deſign you left out in the Relation, and that was the Anſwer, that you wrote, (by miſtake, I ſuppoſe) to your Man's Miſtreſs.

Ld. *Wrong.* O that! — why that was— that was— the— the— the— the Anſwer? Ay, ay, the Anſwer was ſent after the Porter, becauſe, you know, if he had gone away without it, 'twas Fifty to One the poor Fellow's Miſtreſs wou'd not have been reconcil'd to him again this Fortnight——But did you obſerve, Child, what a coarſe familiar Style the Puſs writes?

La. *Wrong.* Coarſeneſs of Style is no Proof that the Puſs might not be Miſtreſs to a Man of Quality: And I muſt tell you, my Lord, when Men of Quality can find their Account in engaging with Women, whoſe higheſt Modeſty is Impudence, methinks they ſhou'd not wonder if Men of their own Principles, whoſe Impudence is ſo often miſtaken for Wit, ſhould talk their Wives into the ſame Failing.

Ld. *Wrong.* Let me die, Child, if you han't a great deal of good Senſe. *(Sipping his Tea.)*

La. *Wrong.* 'Tis not the firſt time that an affronted Wife has convinc'd the World of her Perſonal Merit, to the ſevere Repentance of her Huſband.

Ld. *Wrong.* Abundance of good Senſe.

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. Lord *George*, my Lord.

Ld. *Wrong.* Deſire him to walk in——Nay you need not go, Child.

La. *Wrong.* I am not in an Humour now for Company—— There's a Couple of you. [*Exit* Lady *Wronglove.*

Ld. *Wrong.* What Pains this ſilly Woman takes to weary me, always widening the Breach between us, as if 'twere her Intereſt to have no Hopes of Accommodation; as if ſhe felt no pain in making her own Life wretched, ſo ſhe cou'd but imbitter mine—Let her go on—— Here's one that always ſweetens it.

Enter Lord George.

Ah, my *Georgy!* Kiſs.

Ld. *Geo.* And kiſs, and kiſs again, my Dear—— By *Ganymede* there's Nectar on thy Lips. O the pleaſure of a Friend to tell the Joy!——O *Wronglove!* Such Hopes!

Ld. *Wrong.* Hey-day! What's the matter?

Ld. *Geo.* Such ſoft Ideas!—— Such thrilling Thoughts of aching Pleaſure!—— In ſhort, I have too much on't.

Ld. *Wrong.* Thou ſtrange Piece of wild Nature!

Ld. *Geo.* Death! I tell thee Man, I'm above half Seas over.

Ld. *Wrong.* One wou'd rather think half the Seas were over you; for, in my Mind, you don't talk like a Man above Water.

Ld. *Geo.* Prithee forgive me: How is it poſſible I ſhou'd, when all my Faculties are drown'd in Joy?

Ld. *Wrong.* Then prithee, my Dear, float about, ſhut down the Sluice of your Rapture, before the Nothingneſs of your Words gets over the Banks of your Underſtanding. In plain common Senſe lets know the Buſineſs.

Ld. *Geo.* Why the Buſineſs, in one Word—— its impoſſible to tell you.

Ld *Wrong.* Impoſſible!—— Will you drink any Tea?

Ld. *Geo.* Tea! Thou ſoft, thou ſober, ſage, and venerable Liquid, thou innocent Pretence for bringing the Wicked of both Sexes together in a Morning; thou Female Tongue-running, Smile-ſmoothing, Heart-opening, Wink-tipping Cordial, to whoſe glorious Inſipidity I owe the happieſt Moment of my Life, let me fall proſtrate thus, and ſ-p, ſ-p, ſ-p, thus adore thee. [*Kneels and ſips the Tea.*

Ld. *Wrong.* Come, come, you ſilly affected Rogue get up, and talk at leaſt like a Fool to be underſtood.

Ld. *Geo.* Don't you think there's Pleaſure in Affectation, when one's heartily in good Humour. *(Very affectedly.)*

Ld. *Wrong.* Impertinent Puppy—— Drink your Tea.

Ld. *Geo.* O *Wronglove!* I have been drinking Tea. *(Tranſported.)*

Ld. *Wrong.* With ſome laughing Ladies, I preſume, whoſe inceſſant Concuſſion of Words wou'd not let you put in a Syllable, and ſo you are come to eaſe yourſelf upon me.

Ld. *Geo.* Then prithee be a Friend, and let me ſpeak.

Ld. *Wron.* Not only Blank-Verſe, but Rhime, if you pleaſe, in the Name of Nonſenſe go on.

Ld. *Geo.* Swear then.

Ld. *Wrong.* Swear!

Ld. *Geo.* Ay, ſwear.

Ld. *Wrong.* ——Blood!

Ld. *Geo.* Pſhah! Prithee.

Ld. *Wrong.* Nay, pray, Sir, give me leave to play the Fool in my Turn, the moment you ſpeak to be underſtood, I'll ſecure you a reaſonable Anſwer.

Ld. *Geo.* Swear then never (to any Mortal) to truſt from you, to hint, or ſpeak of what I ſhall diſcover.

Ld. *Wrong.* Upon Honour.

Ld. *Geo.* Honour! the common Hackney-Oath of Fops, Rakes, and Sharpers; ſwear me by ſomething dearer, than thy Eyes, than Life or Liberty.

Ld. *Wrong.* Indeed!

Ld. *Geo.* Swear me by all the tendreſt Hopes in Love; by thy ſoft Sighs of Pain: proceeding from thy Pleaſure; ſwear——

Ld. *Wrong.* I do by ſomething dearer to me yet—By my ſhort Stay after poſſeſſion; by my Chaiſe after hard Riding; by my Eaſie-Chair after Dinner, and by t'other Bottle after the Bill's paid, I will be ſecret.

Ld. *Geo.* Ay, now be perjur'd if thou dareſt—Know then—— at laſt, that Generous Lovely Creature has ſaid behind my Back, that I am the moſt Sober, Good-humour'd, and Agreeably Inoffenſive Young Fellow, that ever came into a Civil Family; to be ſhort, ſhe has made me a General Invitation to her Houſe, upon which I have

have taken Lodgings, that look full into her Back-Cloſet-Window, and drank Tea with her alone this Morning.

Ld. *Wrong*. Some humble Sinner, whoſe only Charm is being another Man's Miſtreſs, I'll lay my Life on't. *(Aſide.)*——Well, and what did you give her?

Ld. *Geo*. A Bleeding-Heart, all ſtudded o'er with Wounds of her Eyes own making.

Ld. *Wrong*. That is, you pull'd out your Watch as you were going away, and ſhe took a Fancy to one of the Seals: Tho' by the Device, I preſume, it was only a modern Bauble, ſo 'tis probable you might not have come off much cheaper at Mother *Davis*'s.

Ld. *Geo*. Profanation!—To be ſerious then at once, I have ſolid Hopes of my Lady *Gentle*.

Ld. *Wrong*. Hoh! hoh! O thou vain, thou ſenſeleſs Fop! Is all this mighty Rapture then only from a fine Woman's being commonly Civil to thee? The mere innocent Effect of her Good-Humour and Breeding.

Ld. *Geo*. Pſhah, tell not me of whence it is born, let it ſuffice, I've form'd it into Hope, let your Tame, Civil, Secret-Sighers, ſuch as never think the Fair one ſure, till they hear the Tag of her Lace click, think it no Cauſe for Joy; but I've a Soul, that wakes, that ſtarts me up at the leaſt dawning Cranny of a Hope, and ſets my every Faculty on Fire—ſhe muſt—ſhe muſt—ſhe ſhall be won—For ſince I have reſolv'd to hope, my Fancy double paints her Beauties—— O! ſhe's all one Fragrant Field of Charms, to pamper up the Blood of wild Deſire.

Ld. *Wrong*. Ah, *George!* What luſcious Morſels then muſt her Huſband take of her?

Ld. *Geo*. Why didſt thou mention him? Death! I can't bear that Thought——Can ſhe love him?——O the Verdant Vales, the Downy Lawns of Fruitful Bliſs! The ever flowing Springs of Cool Refreſhing Beauty, that happy Dog muſt Revel, Range, and Sport in!

Ld. *Wrong*. Nay, the Woman's a Fine Creature, that's certain, it's a thouſand Pities one can't laugh her out of that unfaſhionable Folly of liking her Huſband, when here's a Man of undiſputed Honour too, that knows the World, that underſtands Love and Ruin

to a Tittle; that would at the leaſt Tip of a Wink rid her of all her Incumbrances, ſet her at the very Top of the Mode, and qualifie her for a ſeparate Maintenance, in the twinkling of an Hackney-Coach-Window.

Ld. *Geo.* Can you be a moment ſerious?

Ld. *Wrong.* Faith, Sir, if I am not, 'tis only to make you ſo.

Ld. *Geo.* You ſeem to think this Buſineſs impracticable.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why truly for any great Progreſs I ſee you have made, I don't think but it is: And if you'll take my Opinion of the Woman, I do think, provided you'll allow there's any ſuch Thing in Nature, ſhe's one of impregnable Virtue: That yon can no more make a Breach in her Honour, than find a Flaw in her Features: Bate but a little of her Over-fondneſs for Play, ſhe's the Perfection of a good Wife.

Ld. *Geo.* O your Servant, Sir, you own ſhe has a Paſſion for Play then.

Ld. *Wrong.* That I can't deny, and what's worſe, I doubt ſhe likes it a great deal better than ſhe underſtands it. I hear ſhe has loſt conſiderably to the Count of late.

Ld. *Geo.* You muſt know then, that the Count is my Ingineer; he and I have a right underſtanding; whenever ſhe plays we are ſure of her Money: Now he has already ſtript her of all her Running Caſh, beſides eight hundred Pound upon Honour: For payment of which, I made him ſend her a downright preſſing Letter, by me this Morning: I obſerv'd her a little ſtartled when ſhe read it, and took that opportunity to ſcrue my ſelf into the Secret, and offer'd my Aſſiſtance; to be ſhort, I addreſs'd my ſelf with ſo tender a Regard to her Confuſion, that before we parted, I engag'd this Afternoon to lend her a Thouſand Pound of her own Money to pay him.

Ld. *Wrong.* I confeſs your Battery's rais'd againſt the only weak Side of her Virtue. But how are you ſure you can work her to puſh her ill Fortune; ſhe may give over Play: What will all your Advantages ſignifie, if ſhe does not loſe to you more than ſhe can pay?

Ld. *Geo.* O, I have an Expedient for that too— look you, in ſhort, I won't ſpoil my Plot by diſcovering it; a few Hours will make

make it ripe for Execution, and then —— but

There is no fear that I ſhou'd tell,
The Joys that are unſpeakable.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ha, ha, and ſo you are really in Love to the laſt Extremity of Paſſion.

Ld. *Geo.* Prithee don't laugh at me. *(Affectedly.)*

Ld. *Wrong.* Don't you think I have heard you with a great deal of Patience?

Ld. *Geo.* Nay, I know we Puppies in Love are tireſome.

Ld. *Wrong.* And ſo you think that all this Extravagance of your Style and Geſture muſt have convinc'd me, that you really care Six-pence for this Woman?

Ld. *Geo.* Wou'd you have me ſwear?

Ld. *Wrong.* Ay come do a little.

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, by all the Sacred Ties of Honour, Friend-ſhip, and Reſiſtleſs Love, had I but Five thouſand Pound in the whole World, and nothing elſe could purchaſe her——

Ld. *Wrong.* I dare ſwear you'd give it every Shilling, that you really cou'd love her, tho' it were only to get rid of your Paſſion for Mrs. *Conqueſt.*

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, look you——

Ld. *Wrong.* You may ſwear till you are black in the Face; but you love her, her only, indeed you do: Your Paſſion for Lady *Gentle* is affected: Not but I grant you'll purſue it, for when nothing's in view, you're Indefatigable: You are a little uneaſie at the ſmallneſs of Mrs. *Conqueſts* Fortune, and would fain perſuade your ſelf you are in love in another Place—— but hark'e, you'll marry her.—— And ſo if your Chariot's at the Door you ſhall carry me to *White*'s.

Ld. *Geo.* Why then (except my ſelf) thou art poſitively the moſt impudent Fellow upon the Face of the Earth. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *Continues.*

Lady Wronglove *alone.*

La. *Wrong.* WHY am I thus uneaſie? Sure I am unreaſonable in my Temper, I over-rate my ſelf.—— For if the Huſband's Violation of his Marriage-Vow is in it ſelf ſo foul an Injury, whence is it that the Law's ſo ſparing in its Proviſion of Redreſs? And yet 'tis ſure an Injury, becauſe juſt Nature makes the Pain of bearing it outragious.—O hard Condition! For if even that Pain provokes the Wife to move for Reparation, the World's groſs Cuſtom makes her perhaps a Jeſt to thoſe that ſhou'd aſſiſt her.——If ſhe offends, the Crime's unpardonable, yet if injur'd has no right to Compenſation, it may be uſual this, but ſure 'tis un-natural.

Enter Mrs Hartſhorn.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Madam, the Porter's come back.

La. *Wrong.* Bring him in.

Enter Porter.

Well, Friend, how far have you followed 'em?

Port. Why, and it pleaſe your Honour, firſt they both went in Lord *George*'s Chariot to *White's.*

La. *Wrong.* How long did they ſtay?

Port. Why and it pleaſe your Honour, they ſtay'd as near as I can gueſs, about a very little time.

La. *Wrong.* Whither did they go then?

Port. Why then they ſtopt a little at the Coach-Maker's at *Charing-Croſs,* and look'd upon a ſmall thing there, they call a Booby-Hutch, and did not ſtay; and ſo then ſtop'd again at the Fruit-Shop in *Covent-Garden,* and then juſt went up to *Tom*'s Coffee-Houſe, and then went away to the Toy-Shop at the *Temple-Gate,* and there they ſtay'd I can't tell how long, and pleaſe you.

La. *Wrong.* Did they buy any thing?

Port.

Port. Yes, a number of things, truly.

La. *Wrong.* Were they moſtly for Men's Uſe, or how?

Port. Nay, I don't know; ſuch ſort of *Trangams* as the Gentry uſe: —I remember one was ſuch a kind of a ſmall Scizzar-Caſe as that by your Honour's ſide, my Lord *Wronglove* bought it.

La. *Wrong.* So! that was not for me I am ſure. [*Aſide.*] Do you know what he paid for't?

Port. Troth, I cant ſay I do,—They came away, an't like your Honour, but I did not ſee them pay for any thing.——And ſo after that,——

Enter Hartſhorn.

Harſ. Young Mrs. *Notable* is come to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

La. *Wrong.* Here, come into the next Room, Friend, I muſt employ you farther.——Deſire her to walk in, I'll wait upon her preſently. [*Exit La.* Wrong. *and Porter.*

Re-enter Mrs. Hartſhorn *with Miſs* Notable.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* If your Ladyſhip pleaſes to walk in, my Lady knows you are here, Madam.—Dear Madam! how extreamly your Ladyſhip's grown within this half Year?

Miſs. *Notable.* O fie, Mrs. *Hartſhorn*, you don't think me taller, do you?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* O dear Madam! to an Infinity! Nay, and ſo plump too, ſo freſh-look'd, ſo round-hipp'd, and full-cheſted,——That——I'm ſure, Madam, he! he! If I were a young Gentleman of Quality, Madam, he! he! Your Ladyſhip will pardon my Freedom.—I proteſt——he! he!— [*Curtſying and ſimpering.*

Miſs *Not.* I vow, Mrs. *Hartſhorn*, you have a great deal of good Humour; is not your Lady very fond of you?

Mrs *Hartſ.* Truly, Madam, I have no Reaſon to complain of my Lady; but you muſt know, Madam, of late there have been ſome Concerns in the Family between my Lord and ſhe, that I vow, my poor Lady is ſeldom in Humour with any Body.

Miſs *Not.* I'm mighty ſorry for that——What does my Lord give her any Occaſion for Jealouſie, think you?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Occaſion quoth'a! O Lard! Madam——But 'tis not fit for me to ſpeak.

Miſs *Not.* [*Aſide.*] I'm glad to hear this——'Tis poſſible her Ladyſhip may be convinc'd that fifteen is as fit an Age for Love, as ſix and twenty.——And if her Jealouſy's kindled already, I'll blow it into a Blaze before I part with her.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Madam, I hear my Lady's coming—— I humbly take my leave of your Ladyſhip: Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient Servant. [*Impertinently cringing.*

Miſs *Not.* Your Servant, good Mrs. *Hartſhorn*, if you'll call to ſee me, I have a very pretty new Croſs, that would become your Neck extremely——you'll pardon me.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Dear Madam! your Ladyſhip's ſo obliging—— I ſhall take an Opportunity to thank your Ladyſhip. [*Exit Mrs.* Hartſ.

Enter Lady Wronglove.

Miſs *Not.* My dear, dear Lady *Wronglove!* You'll forgive me; I always come unſeaſonably, but now 'tis pure Friendſhip, and my Concern for you, that brought me.

La. *Wrong.* My dear you know I am always glad to ſee you, ——but you'll excuſe me if I am not the Company I wou'd be; I am mightily out of Order of late. I hope Sir *Friendly*'s well.

Miſs *Not.* After the old Rate, paſt the Pleaſures of Life himſelf, and always ſnarling at us that are juſt come into 'em.—— I do make ſuch Work with him.——He reads me every Morning a Lecture againſt lightneſs, and gadding abroad, as he calls it; then do I teize him to Death, and threaten him, if he won't let me do what I pleaſe, I'll chooſe a new Guardian that will.

La. *Wrong.* Come, don't diſoblige him, my dear; for if you'll let me ſpeak as a Friend, you have a good natural Town Wit, I own, and a great many pretty Qualities; but, take my Word, your Intereſt and Reputation will find a better Account in truſting 'em under your Unkle's Conduct than your own.

Miſs *Not.* I don't know that; for all his tedious ſelf-denying Courſe of Philoſophy is only to make me a good old Woman: Juſt the Condition of the Miſer's Horſe, when he had taught him to live upon one Oat a Day, the poor Creature dyed. So I am to ſpend all my Youth in learning to avoid Pleaſures, that Nature won't let me be able to taſte when I'm old.——Which is juſt as much as to ſay, Don't drink while you are thirſty, becauſe if you will

will but ſtay till you are choak'd, you wont care whether you drink or no.

La. *Wrong.* [*Aſide.*] What an improving Age is this? But, my Dear, pray let me talk to you a little ſeriouſly, and I hope it won't be loſt upon you; for you have an Underſtanding that's uncommon at your Age. I have obſerv'd among all the Unfortunate of our Sex, more Women have been undone by their Wit, than their Simplicity: Wit makes us vain, and when we are Warm in our Opinion of it, it ſometimes hurries us through the very bounds of Prudence, Intereſt, and Reputation; have a care of being ſingled by the Men. Women, like Deer, are ſafeſt in the Herd; ſhe that breaks away from her Acquaintance may be follow'd indeed, but the End of the Chace is very often Fatal.

Miſs *Not.* But pray, Madam! Now with Submiſſion, I think your Argument won't hold; for a Deer's Buſineſs is to eſcape, but a Woman's is to be caught, or elſe the World's ſtrangely alter'd.

La. *Wrong.* Honourably, I grant you.

Miſs *Not.* Honourably! That is to ſtand ſtill like a poor Dumb Thing, and be tamely ſhot out of the Herd—— Now I think a young Creature that fairly truſts to her Heels, and leads you twenty, or thirty couple of briſk young Fellows after her Helter Skelter, over Hills, Hedges, Boggs, and Ditches, has ten times a fairer Chance for her Life; and if ſhe is taken at laſt, I hold Twenty to one among any People of Taſte, they'll ſay ſhe's better Meat by half.

La. *Wrong.* Well ſaid Child! upon my Word you have a good Heart: Th' addreſs of a Lover uſes to be more Terrible at your Age—You ſeem to have reſolv'd upon not dying a Maid already.

Miſs *Not.* Between you and I, Lady *Wronglove*, I have been poſitive in that this Twelvemonth.

La. *Wrong.* Why then, ſince we are upon Secrets, my Dear, I muſt tell you the Road you are in is quite out of the Way to be marry'd: Huſbands and Lovers are not caught with the ſame Bait.

Miſs *Not.* With all my Heart, let me but catch Lovers plenty I'm ſatisfied: For if having ones Will is the Pleaſure of Life, I'm ſure catching a Huſband is catching a Tartar. No, give me dear precious Liberty—Content and a Cottage.

La. *Wrong.* And wou'd not a good Huſband content you?

Miſs *Not.* And why muſt I expect a better than any of my Neighbours? Do but look into the private Comforts of the Dear, Fond, Honourable Couples about this Town; and you'll find there's generally two Beds, two Purſes, two Tables, two Coaches——Two ways——And ſo in moſt of their Pleaſures, an unmoleſted Separation is the only Chain that keeps 'em together——Now pray, Madam, will you give me leave to be free, and aſk you one Queſtion?

La. *Wrong.* Freely, my Dear.

Miſs *Not.* Then did you yourſelf, never, upon no Occaſion, repent your being marry'd?

La. *Wrong.* That Queſtion's very particular, my Dear.

Miſs *Not.* Perhaps you'll Pardon me, when I give you my Reaſons for aſking; but if you never did repent it, I am reſolv'd I won't be the firſt that ſhews you Occaſion to do it.

La. *Wrong.* I don't know, my Dear, that ever I gave any body Reaſon to think me uneaſie at Home; but you ſpeak, Child, as if you knew ſomething that ought to make me ſo.

Miſs *Not.* Then depend upon't, unleſs I were ſure you were uneaſie already, I'd as ſoon be lock'd up as tell you any thing.

La. *Wrong.* Well! ſuppoſe I am uneaſie.

Miſs *Not.* Pardon me—I can't ſuppoſe it——But ſuppoſe you are not, then I ſhou'd play a Fool's part, I'm ſure to make you ſo.

La. *Wrong.* I am ſure you know ſomething of my Lord, pray tell me.

Miſs *Not.* Since I ſee you are uneaſie, and I know you love him but too well; upon Condition you'll think I only do it to help your Cure, I will tell you; for when a Woman is once ſure ſhe has a ſubſtantial Reaſon to hate her Huſband, I ſhou'd think the Buſineſs muſt be half over.

La. *Wrong.* You make me impatient.

Miſs *Not.* Let me think a little to ſoften it, as well as I can——What great Fools theſe wiſe over-grown Prudes are——to tell the greateſt Secret of her Life to a Girl! To own her Huſband falſe, and all her ſober Charms neglected—But if ſhe knew that young *Pill Garlick* were the occaſion of it too—Lurd! how her Blood wou'd riſe! What a diſfigurable Condition wou'd my poor Headclothes be in? [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, to begin then with the end

my Story. In one word, my Lord is groſly falſe to you, and to my Knowledge has an Appointment from a Miſtreſs this very Afternoon, to meet her in an Hackney Coach in the Road to *Chelſea*.

La. *Wrong*. All this, my Dear, except their Place of Meeting, I knew before, but how you come to know it I confeſs amazes me.

Miſs *Not*. Look you, Madam, all I know is this—While my Lord *Wronglove*, and Lord *George* ſtay'd at our Houſe, to ſpeak with my Lady *Gentle* this Morning, I happen'd to ſit in the next Room to 'em, reading the laſt new Play: Where among the reſt of their precious Diſcourſe, I over-heard my Lord *Wronglove* tell Lord *George*, the very Appointment, word for word, as I have now told it to you.

La. *Wrong*. You did not hear her Name?

Miſs *Not*. No, nor what ſhe was; only that ſhe's pretty Young: For I remember Lord *George* ridicul'd his Fancy, and call'd her *Green Fruit*——Little if you pleaſe, ſays t'other, but Ripe I'll warrant her: And I had rather gather my Fruit my ſelf, than have it (like you) through the ſeveral Hands that bring it to *Covent-Garden*——

La. *Wrong*. The brutal Thought!

Miſs *Not*. When my Lady came down ſhe made 'em ſtay Dinner; which was no ſooner done, but I immediately ſlip'd away to tell you of it: For methought I was as much touch'd with the Wrong done to your Ladyſhip, as if it had been to my ſelf.

La. *Wrong*. My Dear, I am extremely oblig'd to you.

Miſs *Not*. I'm ſure I meant it well—For to know the worſt, is not half ſo bad as to miſtruſt it.

La. *Wrong*. Infinitely oblig'd to you.

Miſs *Not*. Oh! ſhe's deliciouſly uneaſie. [*Aſide and pleas'd.*] I'll tell you what I wou'd adviſe your Ladyſhip to do: Call for your Hood and Scarf, and an Hackney Coach to the Door this Minute—In the mean time I'll ſtep Home again (for I am ſure they are not gone yet; the Tea was but juſt call'd for when I came away) and the Moment my Lord *Wronglove* takes his leave, I'll ſend you word: Then may you clap on your Maſk, drive after him, and in five Minutes I'll lay my Life you catch 'em together.

La. *Wrong.* Why then if you'll do me the Favour to ſend me that word, my Dear, I ſhall have leiſure in the mean time, perhaps to improve upon your Advice.

Miſs *Not.* If you'll let one of your People ſend my Servant for a Chair, I'll go this Minute.

La. *Wrong.* Here—who's there— [*Mrs.* Hartſhorn *at the Door.*

Miſs *Not.* Now I think I ſhall be ev'n with his Honour, I'll teach him to tell of Favours before he has 'em at leaſt: If I had not diſcover'd him, in my Conſcience he had let Madam diſcover me. [*Aſide.*

La. *Wrong.* I wou'd not but have known this for the World.

Miſs *Not.* I am over-joy'd I can ſerve your Ladyſhip: You'll excuſe my running away.

Enter Mrs. Hartſhorn.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Here's a Chair, Madam.

Miſs *Not.* Well, I'll take no leave, for I'll call again by and by to know your Succeſs.

La. *Wrong.* My Dear I ſhall be extremely glad to ſee you; your Servant.

Miſs *Not.* Your Servant, Servant. [*Runs off.*

La. *Wrong.* Get me a Hood and Scarf, and a Maſk, and bid one of the Footmen call an Hackney Coach to the Door immediately. [*Exit Mrs.* Hartſhorn.] What will become of me? Shou'd not I ſtrive to hate him?—I think I almoſt do—Is he not contemptible? Fogh!—What odious thing muſt this be, that he converſes with! A Woman without Modeſty has ſomething ſure of Horror in her Nature! What is it then in Men, that overlooks ſo foul a coarſneſs in the Heart, and makes 'em infamouſly fond of Shame and Outſide?— I bluſh to think on't—How Tame muſt he ſuppoſe me, if I bear this Uſage? I'll let him ſee I have a Spirit daring as his own, and as Reſentful too: Since he dares be Baſe, I cannot bear but he ſhould ſee I know him ſo. To ſigh in Seceret o're my Wrongs, and pay his Falſhood the Regards I only owe his Truth, is more than Nature can ſubmit to.

When once the Nuptial Bond's by him deſtroy'd,
The Obligations of the Wife are void. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Lady* Gentle's *Houſe.*

Lady Gentle, *Lord* Wronglove, *and Lord* George *at a Tea-Table.*

La. *Gent.* [*To Lord* Wrong.] Come! come, my Lord, you muſt ſtay another Diſh indeed.

Ld. *Wrong.* Upon my Faith, Madam, my Buſineſs is of the laſt Concern; your Ladyſhip knows I don't uſe to ſtart from good Company. [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* Well! I e'en give you over, you grow perfectly good for nothing.

Ld. *Wrong.* The Truth on't is, Madam, we fond Huſbands are fit for nothing—but our Wives.

La. *Gent.* Come! none of your Raillery upon one that's too good for you.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why, ſhe has ſome high Qualities indeed, Madam, that I confeſs are far above my Merit, but I'm endeavouring every Day to deſerve 'em, as faſt as I can.

La. *Gent.* Go, go! you deſerve nothing at all, now you diſoblige me.

Ld. *Wrong.* I ſhall take a better Opportunity to make my ſelf amends for going ſo ſoon, I am your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant—Mrs. *Conqueſt*, pray take care of Lord *George.*

Mrs. *Con.* O! he ſhall want for nothing, my Lord, pray do you take the ſame Care of the Lady you are going to.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Lord* Wronglove.

Ld. *Geo.* My Lord *Wronglove* is a very pretty Gentleman, and yet how unaccountable 'tis to hear good Senſe jeſt upon Marriage.

La. *Gent.* My Lord has ſo much good Senſe, that he does not mean what he ſays, I dare ſwear for him.

Ld. *Geo.* Indeed, Madam, I can't think he does, I never ſaw any thing amiſs in his Actions, either at Home, or Abroad.

La. *Gent.* Nor I indeed: And I think your Lordſhip very much to be commended; you love to put the faireſt Conſtruction upon things; it's a certain ſign of good Senſe, and good Principles.

Ld. *Geo.* Your Ladyſhip has ſo much of both, that I can't help being Proud of any thing that recommends me to your Eſteem.

La. *Wrong.* Why then if you'll do me the Favour to ſend me that word, my Dear, I ſhall have leiſure in the mean time, perhaps to improve upon your Advice.

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SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Lady* Gentle's *Houſe.*

Lady Gentle, *Lord* Wronglove, *and Lord* George *at a Tea-Table.*

La. *Gent.* [*To Lord* Wrong.] Come! come, my Lord, you muſt ſtay another Diſh indeed.

Ld. *Wrong.* Upon my Faith, Madam, my Buſineſs is of the laſt Concern; your Ladyſhip knows I don't uſe to ſtart from good Company. [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* Well! I e'en give you over, you grow perfectly good for nothing.

Ld. *Wrong.* The Truth on't is, Madam, we fond Huſbands are fit for nothing—but our Wives.

La. *Gent.* Come! none of your Raillery upon one that's too good for you.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why, ſhe has ſome high Qualities indeed, Madam, that I confeſs are far above my Merit, but I'm endeavouring every Day to deſerve 'em, as faſt as I can.

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Mrs. *Con.* O! he ſhall want for nothing, my Lord, pray do you take the ſame Care of the Lady you are going to.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Lord* Wronglove.

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La. *Gent.* My Lord has ſo much good Senſe, that he does not mean what he ſays, I dare ſwear for him.

Ld. *Geo.* Indeed, Madam, I can't think he does, I never ſaw any thing amiſs in his Actions, either at Home, or Abroad.

La. *Gent.* Nor I indeed: And I think your Lordſhip very much to be commended; you love to put the faireſt Conſtruction upon things; it's a certain ſign of good Senſe, and good Principles.

Ld. *Geo.* Your Ladyſhip has ſo much of both, that I can't help being Proud of any thing that recommends me to your Eſteem.

La. *Gent.* Upon my Word, my Lord, you have a great ſhare on't, and I think very deſervedly: 'Tis not a common thing in this Town, to find a Gentleman of your Figure, that has Courage enough to keep Marriage in Countenance, eſpecially when it's ſo much the Mode to be ſevere upon't.

Ld. *Geo.* Now that to me is an intolerable Vanity, to ſee a Man aſham'd of being honourably Happy, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion to be viciouſly wretched——I don't know how it may be with other People, but if I were married, I ſhou'd as much Tremble to ſpeak lightly of my Wife, as my Religion.

Mrs. *Con.* O! the hypocritical Monſter——When he knows I know, [*Aſide.*] if he were to be hang'd, he'd ſcarce think it a Reprive to be married——There's Roguery at the bottom of all this I'm ſure——The Devil does not uſe to turn Saint for nothing.

La. *Gent.* I am in hopes your Lordſhip's good Opinion of Marriage will perſuade you not to be long out of it: We that feel the Happineſs of a Condition our ſelves, naturally wiſh our Friends in it.

Mrs. *Con.* What do you think of me, my Lord, you know I have been about you a great while.

Ld. *Geo.* Fy! fy! you marry! A meer Rake!

Mrs. *Con.* O but I fancy now, a Man of your Sobriety, and ſtay'd Temper wou'd ſoon reform me.

Ld. *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] This ſubtle Devil ſmoaks me!——'Ware Morals Faith——It ſhews her a little Jealous however.

Mrs. *Con.* I'll be whip'd if ever you marry more to your Mind; what ſignifies two or three thouſand Pound in ones Fortune, where you are ſure it wou'd be made up in good Humour and Obedience?

Ld. *Geo.* And conſidering how intimate a Foot you and I have always convers'd upon: What a venerable Figure ſhou'd I make in the ſolemn Authority of an Huſband pretending to command you?

La. *Gent.* O! if you were married there wou'd be but one Will between you.

Ld. *Geo.* There's the Danger, Madam, being but one, we ſhou'd certainly Squabble, who ſhou'd have it. I ſhou'd, like Mrs. *Conqueſt*, perhaps for my Wive's Companion: One as a light Allay to the ſoftneſs of the others Temper: But if I were once fix'd in

Love,

Love, and ſhou'd unfortunately bolt upon the leaſt Glimpſe of Jealouſie, I am ſuch a Slave to Tenderneſs, I know 'twould break my Heart.

Mrs. *Con.* Now cou'd I waſh his Face with my Tea. [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* Well, I'm confident my Lord wou'd make an extreme good Huſband.

Ld. *Geo.* I don't know but I really might, Madam, if I cou'd perſuade any Woman beſide your Ladyſhip to think ſo.

Mrs. *Con.* [*Aſide.*] How artfully the Monſter ſcrues himſelf into her good Opinion; I muſt take him down a little—Pray, my Lord, how many Women have you had of late, by way of *Balm*, to heal the ſlight wound I gave you?

Ld. *Geo.* Upon my Faith, Madam, I had my Wound and Cure from the ſame Perſon: My Paſſion for you went forward like *Penelope*'s Web; whatever your Eyes did in the Day, a very ſhort Reflexion upon your Temper unravell'd at Night; ſo that if you will needs know the Truth, I have not been reduc'd of late to apply my ſelf for Relief to any body but your Ladyſhip. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Affects an inſulting Laugh.*

Mrs. *Con.* Well, he has a glorious Aſſurance!

Ld. *Geo.* I fancy Mrs. *Conqueſt*, you meaſure my Principles by your own; for by your Queſtion you ſeem to think me a very wild Creature.

Mrs. *Con.* O fy, my Lord! ſo far from it, that I never ſaw any thing ſo aſtoniſhingly Modeſt.

Ld. *Geo.* Not ſo modeſt neither, Madam, but if my Lady *Gentle* will give me leave, I dare uſe you moſt intolerably for this.

La. *Gent.* Ev'n as you pleaſe, my Lord, for I confeſs her Aſſurance is enough to daſh any out of Countenance.

Ld. *Geo.* Does your Ladyſhip hear that, Madam? Remember now, that I am allow'd the modeſter Perſon; but to let you ſee, that in a juſt Cauſe I ſcorn to take the Advantage of my Character; I'll lay it aſide for once, and with an honeſt Freedom tell you, your Attempts upon me are vain; you are Homely, downright Homely; and if ſhe were not a Kin to me, I wou'd as ſoon marry my Grand-mother.

Mrs. *Con.*

Mrs. *Con.* Ah! poor Soul! every Body knows as well as my ſelf, I am more than tolerably handſome: And (which you are ready to tear your Fleſh at) the whole Town knows you think ſo.

Ld. *Geo.* Madam—did your Ladyſhip ever hear ſo tranſcendant an Aſſurance.

La. *Gent.* Nay, I'm on your ſide, my Lord—I think you can't be too free with her.

Ld. *Geo.* I'll tell your Ladyſhip what this Creature did once: Such an Inſtance of her Intrepid Self-ſufficiency——

La. *Gent.* Pray let's hear it. Ha, ha.

Mrs. *Con.* With all my Heart, I'll be heard too.

Ld. *Geo.* I'll tell you, Madam—About two Years ago I happen'd to make a Country-Viſit to my Lady *Conqueſt*, her Mother, and one Day, at the Table, I remember, I was particularly pleas'd with the Entertainment, and upon Enquiry found that the Bill of Fare was under the Direction of *Mademoiſelle* here: Now it happen'd at that Time, I was my ſelf in want of a Houſe-keeper; upon which Account I thought it wou'd not be amiſs, if I now and then paid her a little particular Civility: To be ſhort, I fairly told her, I had a great mind to have a plain good Houſe-wife about me, and dropt ſome broad Hints, that the Place might be hers for aſking—Wou'd you believe it, Madam, if I'm alive, the Creature grew ſo vain upon't, ſo deplorably miſtook my Meaning, that ſhe told me, her Fortune depended upon her Mother's Will, and therefore ſhe could receive no Propoſals of Marriage without her Conſent: Ha, ha. Now after that unfortunate Blunder of hers, whether I ever gave my Lady the leaſt trouble about the Buſineſs, I leave to the ſmall Remainder of her own Conſcience.

Mrs. *Con.* Madam, as I hope to be married, the poor Wretch fell downright in Love with me; for tho' he deſign'd only to make two Days ſtay with us, it was above three Months before I was able to get rid of him: When he came firſt indeed, he was a pretty ſort of a tolerable impudent young Fellow, but before he left us, (O the power of Beauty!) I moſt barbarouſly reduc'd him to a ſighing, humble, downright Dullneſs and Modeſty.

La. *Gen.* Ha, ha, Pray which of you Two am I to believe all this while?

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* Madam, if there's any Faith in my Senſes, her only Charms then were, and are ſtill not in Raiſing of Paſſion, but Paſte. I own I did voraciouſly admire her prodigious Knack of making Cheeſcakes, Tarts, Cuſtards, and Syllabubs, Ha, ha, ha.

La. *Gen.* Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Con.* You ſee, Madam, what 'tis to let him be never ſo little out of one's Hands: Now his very Modeſty is Impudence: For to deny his being in Love with me to another, is ten times more Inſolent, than his firſt owning it to me.

La. *Gen.* Pſhah, Words ſignifie nothing—Did he ever own it under his Hand?

Mrs. *Con.* His Hand! Ha, ha, ha, Madam—as I am a living Creature, if I have One, I have Five hundred *Billet-doux* of his, where he has confeſs'd ſuch Things of my Wit, and Parts, and my Eyes, and my Air, and my Shape, and my Charms, that—Nay, he tells me in One, I have more natural Beauties the moment I riſe out of my Bed in the Morning, than the whole Drawing-Room upon a Birth-Day by Candle-light. There's for you.

Ld. *Geo.* And ſhe believ'd it, Madam——Ha, ha, ha, that's well enough.

Mrs. *Con.* Why I believe ſtill you think ſo——Then every Line of 'em is ſo cramm'd with Sincerity, Sighs, Hopes, Fears, Flames, Darts, Pains, Pangs, and Paſſion, that in my Conſcience, if a Body were to ſet 'em on fire, the Flame would never go out.

La. *Gen.* Well, if you are in Love, ho, this is certainly the neweſt Way of Woing that ever was.

Ld. *Geo.* Whether I'm in Love or no, I leave to your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Con.* And if your Ladyſhip ſhould give it againſt him, whether or no, I have Reaſon to be vain upon't let the World judge.

La. *Gen.* The World, I believe, will think better of you both, when you're married.

Ld. *Geo.* In the mean time, I believe, our ſureſt Comfort will be to think well of our ſelves, and let it alone. *(All riſe.)*

Mrs. *Con.* I am glad to find you have Modeſty enough to ſuppoſe Marriage wou'd make us think worſe of one another.

Ld. *Geo.* O fie! Mrs. *Conqueſt*, the more you are known, the more you muſt be lik'd.
Mrs. *Con.* Is it then poſſible that you cou'd like me? } *Both affectedly.*

La. *Gen.* Ha, ha. *(Going to the Tea-Table.)*

Ld. *Geo.* If it were poſſible I cou'd like any Thing out of Matrimony, it wou'd be you.

Mrs. *Con.* Well, but tell me, do you like me as I am, how do you know but you may perſuade me into it.

Ld. *Geo.* Like you— Umh! I can't tell— let's ſee— *(Looking on her.)* —give me your Hand.

Mrs. *Con.* There— *(Strikes it into his.)*

Ld. *Geo.* Now I muſt preſs it gently, to know if touching you keeps any Correſpondence with my Heart — Humh! — A well fleſht Hand indeed— *(Ogling her.)*

Mrs. *Con.* O Lud! not ſo hard tho'.

Ld. *Geo.* Now try your other Forces— look upon me.

Mrs. *Con.* There— *(Staring wildly on him.)*

Ld. *Geo.* *(Aſide.)* She dares not tho' in Raillery look kindly on me— I like her for't— This over-acted Boldneſs to ſave her Modeſty at this time, looks like ſecret Inclination.

Mrs. *Con.* Well, how do you find youſelf? Have I Power— Do you burn much?

Ld. *Geo.* Umh! No, I'm a little too low for a Fever— There's a ſmall Pulſe indeed— Different Sexes, like Steel and Flint can't well meet without a ſort of ſtriking Light between 'em; not but it goes out as faſt as it comes in— One farther Tryal of your Power, and I'll tell you more.

Mrs. *Con.* Come, come, what is't? I'll do't.

Ld. *Geo.* Turn away your Face, hold your Fan before it. Now draw you Hand ſlowly from me, and if you wou'd not have me think this Lightneſs of your Humour a direct Indifference, let me perceive a gentle Hold at parting, as though you left a tender Heart upon the Preſſure. *(She does as directed, and runs from him.*

Mrs. *Con.* Has your Ladyſhip any Tea left?

Ld. *Geo.* Death! that ſoftning Touch has ſhot me to the Soul.

Mrs. *Con.* *(Aſide.)* Let me obſerve him well, for Faith! I try'd my utmoſt Force, and even pleas'd my ſelf in hopes to touch him.

Ld. *Geo.* *(Aſide.)* How vain a Coxcomb am I? This Girl has fool'd me to believe ſhe likes me—— That there ſhould be ſuch Pleaſure in the Flattery of another's good Opinion!——There's ſomething in the open Freedom of her Humour, ſo much beyond the Cloſe Reſerves of Formal Prudery, that—— Death, if ſhe were of any Price but Marriage—— But I'm a Fool to think of her——

(Walks apart.)

Mrs. *Con.* Humh! The Symptoms are right—— Hah.—— *Courage ma Fille*, the Gentleman has a Hole in his Heart yet.

Enter a Servant, who gives Lord George *a Letter.*

Ld. *Geo.* Oh! There, come in good Time—— Now to drive out one Poiſon with another—— *(Goes to La.* Gent.) Madam, if your Ladyſhip's at leiſure—— I have the Bills ready.

La. *Gen.* I am aſham'd to give your Lordſhip this trouble.

Ld. *Geo.* A Trifle, Madam, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes to look upon 'em, I think they are all hundred Pounds. The reſt I have about me in Gold.

La. *Gen.* If your Lordſhip pleaſes, we'll reckon in the next Room—— Mrs. *Conqueſt.*

Mrs. *Con.* I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip. [*Exit Lady* Gentle, *and Lord* Gorge.

——Eight Hundred Pound, and the reſt in Gold, upon her bare Word of Honour! He'd hardly make that Complement only to give me Jealouſie—— The Mortal's in earneſt, that's certain—— And what wicked way he propoſes to find his Account with her; I am afraid to think——Let me ſee, I know there will be deep Play here to Night——I have a Thought in my Head, that perhaps may lay a Block in his way to her——Not but if there is ſuch a thing as impregnable Vertue, I dare ſwear my Lady *Gentle* is Miſtreſs of it; but then, on th' other ſide he has a conſummate Aſſurance, that's full as unſurmountable. And when the impudent Hopes of a Lover are like his, cover'd with Modeſty, it alters the Caſe ſtrangely.——No Woman can then be poſitive what will become of her.——Her not ſuſpecting his Deſign, puts him but in a fairer way of carrying it on.—Ah lud! I don't like it.—He'll cer-

tainly—Well! let him do what he will, he can't marry her, that's one Comfort, however. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Lord* Wronglove's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſs Notable *alone.*

Miſs *Not.* SO! this has been a Day of Buſineſs—I think now I am pretty even with his Lordſhip; and if I cou'd but draw in Lord *George* to be his Rival now, I ſhould touch the very tip of Happineſs—For then to have the Noiſe of theſe two Lovers draw two or three ſcore more after me, which it certainly wou'd: For when once a Woman's the Faſhion, every Body follows her; ſhe fills like a Muſick-Subſcription, tho' there's nothing in't, no body will be out on't—And then to have the full Pleaſure of mortifying Mrs. *Conqueſt* too, that's always holding her Noſe over me, as if I was not fit to be out of my Bib and Apron. If I don't make as good a Rout in the Town as ſhe 'tis very hard——Sure!——I'll forbid 'em all to toaſt her, that's poſitive!

Enter Lord George.

Ld. *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] Here ſhe is, faith, and alone; now, if I can but flatter her into my Party, my Buſineſs is half over—So! my little *Venus!*

Miſs *Not.* Bleſs me——This is lucky——I vow, my Lord, you frightned me.

Ld. *Geo.* Well, and what makes your pretty Ladyſhip here, now none of the Family's at home?

Miſs *Not.* O! my Lady will be at home preſently! but pray how came your Lordſhip here then?

Ld. *Geo.* Why, my Life, I chanc'd to be driving by, and perhaps ſaw you go in. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Miſs *Not.* Well, and what then?

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, upon Inquiry, I found you were here alone, and that made me come in——My dear Miſs! how charming you look to Day!

Miſs *Not.* P'ſhaw!

Ld. *Geo.* What's the Matter, my Soul?

Miſs *Not.* To tell me I look charming, and then call one Miſs.

Ld. *Geo.* O! I aſk a thouſand Pardons.

Miſs *Not.* No dear Lord *Georgy*, never call me Miſs again, you don't call Mrs. *Conqueſt* ſo; and tho' ſhe's bigger, and more out of Shape, you know, than I, I'm ſure I'm as much a Woman in my Heart, as ſhe; nay, and in my Paſſions too: For I could kill any Woman that would rob me of a Lover, and dye for the dear Man that wou'd not be won from me.

Ld. *Geo.* O the pretty Tenderneſs! But, my Dear, take heed how you look upon me, for I am fam'd for Aſſurance; and if once encourag'd, i'gad my Hope ſets no Bounds to its Impudence, but falls downright to reſolving, and cocks its Hat to the Fair ones Face, tho' in the very Fury of her Vertue.

Miſs *Not.* I fancy now you're as gentle as the reſt of your Brother Beaux, whoſe greateſt Aſſurance is only in bragging of more than you have.

Ld. *Geo.* Nay, if you doubt my Vertues, Child, I'll give you a Taſte of 'em, my Dear. [*Kiſſes her.*

Miſs *Not.* Hold! hold! O lud! The Duce take you for me.

Ld. *Geo.* Death! what a pouting Lip the Rogue has! I gad. I think my Friend *Wronglove*'s in the right on't ſure.

Miſs *Not.* Beſides do you think this bullying is any Proof of your Courage? [*Affectedly grave.*

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, my Dear, to prevent all Miſtakes for the future, I now give you fair Warning——If you have a Mind I ſhou'd not like you, don't flatter me any more; for I tell you, I'm a downright believing Puppy, and upon the leaſt hint of a Hope, can no more forbear proceeding——

Miſs *Not.* Look you, my Lord, all this is but Stuff, for, upon my Word, you'll find it no eaſie Matter to flatter me: I know well enough how you're diſpos'd of.

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, by all the Pains, Pangs, and Torments—In ſhort, I'm a Fool; I won't ſpeak a Word more to you.

Miſs *Not.* Fie! fie! you had better give yourſelf theſe Airs to Mrs. *Conqueſt.*

Ld. *Geo.* I don't know but I had, Madam, for I ſuppoſe you'll tell my Lord *Wronglove* of it.

Miſs *Not.* Ah! poor Soul! if Mrs. *Conqueſt* lik'd you no better than I do my Lord *Wronglove*, you'd think yourſelf a miſerable Creature.

Ld. *Geo.* If Mrs. *Conqueſt* lik'd me but half ſo well, as I like you, I'm ſure ſhe'd be a miſerable Creature.

Miſs *Not.* Umh! How can you deſign upon me ſo?

Ld. *Geo.* How can you think to impoſe upon me ſo?

Miſs *Not.* My Lord, I ſhall take it very ill, if you tell me of my Lord *Wronglove.*

Ld. *Geo.* Then perhaps, Madam, I ſhall'nt take it well to be told of Mrs. *Conqueſt.*

Miſs *Not.* My Lord *Wronglove!*

Ld. *Geo.* Mrs. *Conqueſt!*

Miſs *Not.* I'd have you know, my Lord, of all Mankind, he's the fartheſt from my Thoughts.

Ld. *Geo.* And I'd have you know, Madam, of all Womankind Mrs. *Conqueſt*'s as far out of mine.

Miſs *Not.* Lard! the Aſſurance of ſome Men!

Ld. *Geo.* Look you, Madam, in ſhort, I can prove what I ſay; and I hold ten Pound of Tea to a Pinch of Snuff, you won't let me prove it: Come, and I'll take the ſame Bett of you, that you don't prove what you ſaid to me of my Lord *Wronglove.*

Miſs *Not.* Come, it's done!

Ld. *Geo.* Done!

Miſs *Not.* Done, for both!

Ld. *Geo.* Done!

Miſs *Not.* Why then, to prove that I am innocent of the leaſt Inclination for him, I own he has teiz'd me theſe two Months, and becauſe I was reſolv'd to give him his Anſwer and his Puniſhment at the ſame time, I this very Afternoon made him an Appointment, then went immediately and told my Lady *Wronglove* he was to meet

a Miſtreſs at ſuch an Hour, to my Knowledge, and ſo ſent her in a Fury after him to catch 'em together.

Ld. *Geo.* But how cou'd you eſcape yourſelf, all this while?

Miſs *Not.* O! I did not tell her it was I: For as ſoon as I had blown up her Jealouſie, I whip'd into a Hackney-Coach, and got to my Lord before her, where I juſt popp'd out my Head to him, and told him, in a pretended Fright, my Lady had dogg'd him, and I durſt not ſtay, then drove away as faſt as I cou'd, and e'en left her to make up Accounts with him.

Ld. *Geo.* Why then, my Life, I do pronounce, that the ſtouteſt Wife of 'em all, with the Spirit of Revenge in her, could not have better buſtled through this Buſineſs than you have.

Miſs *Not.* And to let you ſee, Sir, that I never do deſign him any Favour, I give you leave to tell him, that I ſent my Lady after him:——Which, if he does, I'm ſure my Lord *Wronglove* muſt ſuſpect an Intimacy between us. [*Aſide.*] Nay, and if you'll but ſtay a Moment, you'll have an Opportunity, for I know he'll be at home preſently.

Ld. *Geo.* Then you are but juſt come from him?

Miſs *Not.* The Minute you ſaw me come in.——And now, Sir, if you can but give me half as good a Proof, that your Heart is Innocent of Mrs. *Conqueſt.*——Why 'tis poſſible (when you have been about ſeven Years in the ſame Mind) I may then begin to think whether I ſhall conſider of it or no.

Ld. *Geo.* A notable Encouragement truly! But to let you ſee, Madam, I can't bear the Scandal of a Paſſion I'm not guilty of, as the laſt Proof of my Innocence, if either ſhe doubts of my Indifference, or you of my Inclination, I am content to own both before both your Faces.

Miſs *Not.* And ſo afterwards deny both, behind both our Backs. Indeed you muſt think again, that won't do.——An old Bite.

Ld. *Geo.* Come, I'll do more—I'll pretend to truſt you with my Paſſion for a third Perſon, and give you leave in the tendereſt Touches Art or Woman's Wit can paint it, to tell it that third Perſon, while Mrs. *Conqueſt* is by.

Miſs *Not.* Umh! This has a Face.

Ld. *Geo.* Nay, with a Maſk upon't too; for while I am convincing you, I dont care a Button for her, I impoſe upon a third Perſon purely to make a Secret of my Paſſion for you.

Miſs *Not.* Better ſtill——But, when I have a mind to pull off the Maſk, you ſhan't refuſe to ſhow your Face; for I don't care a Man ſhou'd be aſham'd of his Paſſion neither.

Ld. *Geo.* As you pleaſe, for that.

Miſs *Not.* I begin to like this ſtrangely——This will teize Mrs. *Conqueſt* to Death——But now the Difficulty is to find out this third Perſon——It muſt be one I'm acquainted with——What think you of my Lady *Wronglove?*

Ld. *Geo.* Umh! No, I don't care to affront the Wife of my Friend.

Miſs *Not.* Ah! Do you think any of the ſober Souls about Town are ever angry in their Hearts to hear a Man likes 'em.

Ld *Geo.* That's true, 'tis poſſible her Reſentment might let a Man die in his Bed after it—But 'tis not worth ones while to quarrel with him, about a Woman I don't like.

Miſs *Not.* Nay, I wou'd not run you into any Hazard—— unleſs 'twere upon my own Account——And now I think on't, I'll reſerve that Quarrel for my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Ld. *Geo.* Come! I have found one—the propereſt Perſon in the World is my Lady *Gentle*—you know you are all in a Houſe together; her Huſband, Sir *William*'s in the Country, I have no Acquaintance with him; and if I loſe hers by it, I don't care Sixpence.

Miſs *Not.* I like your Choice very well—but I doubt it will require ſome Art to manage her; for to ſay the Truth, the Woman is moſt fantaſtically Simple: The very word Love out of any Mouth but her Huſbands will make her Start, as if a Gun went off.

Ld. *Geo.* Therefore, my Dear, it muſt be done as if you did not do it: You muſt go to her in all the diſorder in the World, as if I had had the Impudence to endeavour to bribe you into my Aſſiſtance.

Miſs *Not.* Right! or I'll go firſt and quarrel with my Uncle till he makes me Cry, and then come in with my Eyes ſwell'd, and ſobbing as if I was almoſt choak'd with the Affront you had offer'd me,

me, and then call you a thouſand Villains for daring to propoſe ſuch an impudent thing to me.

Ld. *Geo.* Admirable! I gad, the Child's a Bars length in Experience above the ſtouteſt of her Sex—Hark! I here a Coach ſtop!

Miſs *Not.* Pſhah! Duce take him, its certainly my Lord! how ſhall we do?

Ld. *Geo.* Why, if you'll give me leave, my Life I'll call at your Houſe in an Hour, and there we'll ſettle every Point to a Tittle.

Miſs *Not.* With all my Heart, I won't ſtay for my Lady! I'll go Home now: But here comes my Lord, you ſhall ſee firſt how I'll uſe him.

Ld. *Geo.* Don't trouble your ſelf my Life, it will only give him a Jealouſie, and do us no Service.

Miſs *Not.* Indeed! methinks if I am not afraid of his Jealouſie, you need not.

Ld. *Geo.* My Soul! I aſk ten thouſand Pardons for my Stupidity.

Enter Lord Wronglove *and ſtops Miſs* Notable, *who ſeems to talk gravely with him.*

Ld. *Geo.* I gad, I can hardly believe my Senſes; if this Girl's Character were in a Play, People that had not ſeen it wou'd ſwear the notableneſs of her Head were above Nature.

Ld. *Wrong.* [*To Miſs* Not.] Did my Lord *George* tell you I told him you were to meet me?

Miſs *Not* That's no matter, it's ſufficient I know you told him: But I thought at leaſt you had ſeen enough of the World to know, that a Confident was the ſafeſt Diſguiſe for a Rival.

Ld. *Wrong.* I am ſorry your Ladyſhip has ſuch an Opinion of me.

Miſs *Not.* Indeed, Sir, I ſhall not reproach you, I have ſatisfied my ſelf in ſerving you, as you deſerve for it——There's one can tell you how too, and ſo your Servant——My Lord, you'll remember. [*To Lord* Geo.] [*Exit* Miſs.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ha! ha! ha! Why, how now Friend! What are you my Rival?

Ld. *Geo.* Ha! ha! ha! Why, Faith I am very near being one of 'em; for I believe the Child will think ſhe has hard luck, if the whole Town is not ſo in a Fortnight.

Ld. *Wrong.* But prithee how came ſhe to know I ever made you a Confidence of my Affair with her? I am afraid you have been thoughtleſs.

Ld. *Geo.* No, by all that's Honeſt—But ſhe has told me more than you cou'd tell me.

Ld. *Wrong.* What?

Ld. *Geo.* That ſhe her ſelf told my Lady *Wronglove* of your Appointment with her this Afternoon, and (as I ſuppoſe you have ſince found) ſent her in a Hackney Coach after you.

Ld. *Wrong.* The Devil!

Ld. *Geo.* Nay, 'twas a home puſh Faith!

Ld. *Wrong.* Home! quotha! i'gad it's time for me to knock off, I ſhall never come up with her: But what cou'd ſhe propoſe by telling you of it?

Ld. *Geo.* Why, a freſh Lover I ſuppoſe——She found me a little Tardy here in addreſſing her, and imagining my ſmall Virtue might proceed from a Regard to you: To convince me of her Indifference to you, ſhe very fairly told me how ſhe had ſerv'd you, to open an eaſier Paſſage in my Conſcience for my Paſſion to her.

Ld. *Wrong.* Sir, I give you Joy.

Ld. *Geo.* And Faith, Sir, I expect it, though not as you do from the green Youth of her Perſon, but the plump Maturity of her Underſtanding— in helping me to another.

Ld. *Wrong.* Riddles!

Ld. *Geo.* To be ſhort; I think I have bit the Babe; for in return, to convince her of my Indifference to Mrs. *Conqueſt*, I have impos'd upon her to diſcover my real Paſſion to Lady *Gentle*, before Mrs. *Conqueſt*'s Face: And this, Sir, with your leave, is upon Honour all the Uſe I deſign to make of her.

Ld. *Wrong.* Faith! 'tis a glorious one—All *Matchiavel* was Boys play to it——Look you, Sir, if you have a Fancy to the ſmall remainder of her Compoſition—— Pray be free——

Ld. *Geo.* Dear Sir! not ſo much as the ſqueeze of her little Finger: But I thought I might make bold with her Virtue, and not rob your *Gouſt* of a Morſel.

Ld. *Wrong.* Not a ſtep farther Faith—I ſhall ev'n turn about my Nag and go Home, a little humble Hare hunting, by way of taking the

the Air, I can make a Shift to come up to; but to ſcamper Neck, or nothing, after a mad galloping Jade of a Hind, that will run you ſtrait an end out of a Country, requires a little more Mettle than I am Maſter of.

Ld. *Geo.* Come, come! you are Sportſman enough to know, that as Pride firſt humbles a Coquet into the looſeſt Encouragements to gain a Man, ſo the ſame Pride very often piques her into the granting the laſt Favour, rather than loſe him.

Ld. *Wrong.* I am ſorry I have made this rout about it. I expect to have my Wife ſhock me too.

Ld. *Geo.* O! pray, how did you come off? Did my Lady ſee you in the Coach?

Ld. *Wrong.* I am not ſure, Faith, but whether ſhe did or not, ſhe ſhan't convince me ſhe did?

Ld. *Geo.* Where did you leave her.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why as ſoon as the Child told me from her Coach, that my Wife was in another behind me, I adviſ'd her to go off, then whipt up my wooden Glaſſes, and ſtood croſs the Road, to prevent the Nymph's being follow'd, when ſhe was out of ſight, I order'd the Fellow to drive to Town as faſt as *Black* and *Bay* cou'd lay Legs to the Ground; and having the Fortune of better Horſes, I juſt got time enough to ſtop, and give a Fellow a Guinea to cut the Braces of the Coach that came after me, which while I drove gently on, I ſaw him do, ſo e'en came away, and left her Ladyſhip fairly overſet in the middle of a ſwinging Shower, at *Hyde-Park-Corner.*

Ld. *Geo.* How will ſhe get Home?

Ld. *Wrong.* Umh! She will have Wit enough in her Paſſion, I preſume to ſend for another Coach, or, if not it will be a very pretty cool Walk over the Park for her.

Ld. *Geo.* What an unfortunate Creature is a Jealous Wife?

Bruſh *Whiſpers Lord* Wronglove, *and* Exit.

Ld. *Wrong.* My Wife's come Home: Now if you have a Curioſity, you ſhall ſee how I'll manage her.

Ld. *Geo.* Pray, Sir, don't let me be Witneſs of your Conjugal Douceurs; but, if you pleaſe, I'll ſtep into the next Room a little,

for I have two or three Words to write: I muſt appoint the Count to meet me at my Lady *Gentle*'s after the Play.

Ld. *Wrong.* Do ſo then—— Take this Key, you'll find Paper in the Burreau.

Ld. *Geo.* Quick, quick, I hear her—— *Bon Voyage.*

[*Exit Lord* George.

Exter Lady Wronglove, *as from the Street, in a Hood and Scarf, and her Petticoat pinn'd up.*

La. *Wrong.* So Sir, you are come home I ſee.

Ld. *Wrong.* Yes, Madam, and you have been abroad I ſee, will you never give over making your ſelf ridiculous to the very Servants? Was this a Dreſs to go out in, or a Condition for a Woman of your Quality to walk home in? Death! What muſt People take you for?—— For ſhame!

La. *Wrong.* My Lord, when a Huſband grows monſtrous, a Wife may well become ridiculous.

Ld. *Wrong.* Look you, Madam, while your Jealouſie keeps within Bounds I ſhall take little notice of it: But when its idle Extravagances break in upon my Reputation, I ſhall reſent it as I ought: You may think me an ill Huſband, if you pleaſe, but I won't have the World think ſo, till I give 'em occaſion.

La. *Wrong.* Inſolent!

Ld. *Wrong.* I thought I had told you in the Morning of a fooliſh Letter, that was brought by Miſtake to me inſtead of my Servant: Your not taking my Word, methinks was not over Civil, Madam; and your ſince Dogging my Servant, inſtead of me, to the very Place of Appointment, was extremely obliging; the Fellow has confeſs'd to me, ſince he came home, that in his Fear to be ſeen, he got your Coach overthrown in the middle of the Highway, while you ridiculouſly purſued him: A mighty reputable Figure you muſt make, while you were getting out of it no doubt!

La. *Wrong.* Come, come, my Lord, I have not loſt my Senſes yet——I follow'd you, and ſaw you in the Coach, when the confident Creature reach'd out to you from another, to tell you, I ſuppoſe, that I was juſt behind you. You may wrong me, but you can never blind me. *(In a ſcornful Smile.)*

Ld. *Wrong.* Look you, Madam, that manner in ſpeaking ſhews too much Tranſport, and—Colour does not become your Face—

La. *Wrong. (Taking him up ſhort.)* Some People think it does now: All Men are not of your Opinion, my Lord, my Complexion may not pleaſe you perhaps; but I have known many a Lover find an Appetite only from a Huſband's loſing it.

Ld. *Wrong.* I won't ſuppoſe, Madam, you'll ſuffer any Man to like you more than he ought to do.

La. *Wrong.* O Sir! don't you depend more upon my Diſcretion, than your own—We Wives, as well as our Huſbands, love to have ſome idle Body or other to flatter us into Humour, when the Time hangs upon our Hands.

Ld. *Wrong.* You are pleaſant, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* Marriage wou'd be an unfortunate Frolick indeed, if a Woman's Happineſs were to die with her Huſband's Inclination.

Ld. *Wrong.* Waggiſh, I proteſt.

La. *Wrong.* O there's nothing like a modiſh Huſband to refine the unbred Vertue of a Wife into all the pretty Liberties in Faſhion.

Ld. *Wrong.* Good Company, or let me die.

La. *Wrong.* I knew the Day when my Lady *Honey-Moon* wou'd have bluſht almoſt into Tears at the Alarm of a bare civil thing from any Man but her Huſband; but from the well-bred Example of his Conſcience, ſhe has now moſt undauntedly got the better of her own, and ſtands buff at the Head of the Mode, without the leaſt Tincture of Vertue to put her out of Countenance.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why now, my Dear—this is ſomething, if you'd but always treat me with this good Humour, you and I ſhou'd never diſpute as long as we live.

La. *Wrong.* Monſter!

Ld. *Wrong.* For you know I have often told you, that if ever I ſhou'd be weak enough to wrong you, a gentle Complaint, and good Words wou'd work me to any thing; when the Pride of an inſolent Reproach wou'd be but adding Fuel to my Folly, and make it flame the higher: But now I ſee that you are convinc'd that your Suſpicions were groundleſs, and that you are ſenſible, if they had not that, Defiance is utterly the wrong Way to reform me: You

ſhall

ſhall find that all this Tenderneſs and Temper that you now treat me with, ſhall n't be thrown away upon me.

La. *Wrong.* Inſolent! Provoking Devil!

Ld. *Wrong.* I am glad we are Friends with all my Heart, I am, upon my Soul, my Dear.

La. *Wrong.* Villain!

Ld. *Wrong.* O my Dear! I had like to have forgot one thing, and ſince we are now come to a Right Underſtanding, I'll tell you. If ever you and I ſhould happen to diſagree, I beg of you, for your own ſake, never give me any hard Language; becauſe there is no being certain, but in one of my brutal Fits, I may let you cry your ſelf half blind for it, before I forgive you.

La. *Wrong.* Forgive me! I have a Soul as much above the fear of you, as are your Injuries below my ſcorn—I laugh at both.

Ld. *Wrong.* Ay but, my Life, I wou'd not have you truſt me, for if ever you ſhou'd accuſe me wrongfully, I know my fooliſh Temper ſo well, that, in my Conſcience, in pure Spite, I believe—I believe—— I believe I ſhou'd keep a Whore.

La. *Wrong.* My Lord, this Affectation won't redreſs my Injuries, and however you deceive your ſelf, in your unqueſtion'd Power of doing wrong, you'll find there is a Force of Juſtice yet above your Strength, a Curb of Law to check abandon'd Principles; nor am I yet ſo poor in Intereſt or Friends, jealous of my Wrongs, as of their own, but I may find a Time and place to make your proud Heart humble for this Uſage.

Ld. *Wrong.* Death! and Hell! dare to inſult me with ſuch another Thought, theſe Walls ſhall mark your Bounds of liberty: This diſmal Houſe becomes your Priſon, debarr'd of Light, of Converſe, or Relief, you live immured for Life: And, let me ſee that Big-mouth'd Friend, or Intereſt then, that can unlock a Huſband's Power to keep you—— When my Wife talks warmly to me, ſhe ſhall aſk my leave firſt.

La. *Wrong.* Never—— Such leave as you took to give me Cauſe for't, I take to tell you of it.

Ld. *Wrong.* We are not upon an equal Foot: I won't have you ſo familiar in your Accuſations: Be warn'd, and ſtir me not to

uſe

uſe my Power: You may ſooner make me an ill Huſband than a tame one.

La. *Wrong*. So may you me a Wife, my Lord: And what is't binds me more to bear an Injury, than you? I have ſeen you laugh at Paſſive Obedience between a Prince and People, and in the Senſe of Nature, I can't ſee why 'tis not as ridiculous from a Wife to an injurious Huſband?

Ld. *Wrong*. Their Hazard is at leaſt unequal: A People may be freed by ſtruggling; but when a fetter'd Wife preſumes, th' inſulted Huſband's ſure to make her Chain the ſhorter.

La. *Wrong*. Her Mind, at leaſt, is more at liberty; the Eaſe of giving Shame for Pain, ſtands yet in ſome degree of pleaſure: The Wretch that's baſely kill'd, falls better ſatisfied to ſee his Murtherer bleed.

Ld. *Wrong*. Nay, now I crave your Mercy, Madam, I find I have miſtook your Grievance all this while— it ſeems then, to be refus'd the pleaſure of reproaching, is what you can't bear— and when you are wrong'd, to lock up your Tongue is the greateſt Cruelty your Tyrant can impoſe upon you—— if that be the Hardſhip, pray be eaſie, when you pleaſe in the Name of Thunder go on, ſpare no Invectives, but open the Spout of your Eloquence, and ſee with what a calm connubial Reſignation, I will both hear and bow me to the Chaſtiſement.

La. *Wrong*. Poor helpleſs Affectation! This Shew of Temper is as much diſſembled as your Innocence——I know, in ſpite of all your hardned Thoughts, to hear your Guilt confronted thus, muſt gall your Soul: Patients don't uſe to ſmile while their freſh Wounds are prob'd, nor Criminals to laugh under the ſmart of Juſtice.

Ld. *Wrong*. My Life, you begin extremely well, and with abundance of Fire, only give me leave to obſerve one thing to you, that as you draw towards an End, don't forget the principal thing you were going to ſay.

La. *Wrong*. How poor! How low! How wretched is a guilty Mind, that ſtands without a Bluſh the Shock of Accuſation——

Ld. *Wrong*. Hold, Madam, don't miſtake me neither; for I allow you to accuſe me of nothing, but of what we fine Gentlemen think is next to nothing——a little Whoredom.

La. *Wrong.* Audacious! Horrid Wretch! and dare you own the Fact.

Ld. *Wrong.* Own it: No, no, if I were guilty I wou'd not do that, but I give you leave to ſuppoſe me ſo, becauſe, by what you ſay, I fancy it wou'd eaſe your Heart to reproach me, tho' methinks—— it's very hard, that Demonſtration won't convince you of my Innocence,

La. *Wrong.* Demonſtration!

Ld. *Wrong.* Demonſtration! Ay, Demonſtration: For if I were guilty, pray who cou'd better know it than my ſelf, and have not I told you with my own Mouth 'tis no ſuch thing: Pray what Demonſtration can be plainer?

La. *Wrong.* I find you are reſolv'd to ſtand it to the laſt; but ſince I know your Guilt, I owe my ſelf the Juſtice to reſent it. When the weak Wife tranſgreſſes, the Huſband's Blood has leave to boil; his Fury's juſtified by Honour; the Wrong admits no meaſure of amends; his Reputation bleeds, and only Blood can ſtanch it. And I muſt tell you, Sir, that in the Scales of Conſcience, the Huſband's Falſhood is an equal Injury, and equal too, you'll find the Wife's Reſentment: Henceforth be ſure you're private in your Shame; for if I trace you to another Proof, expect as little Mercy for the Wretch you doat on, as you your ſelf wou'd ſhew to the felonious Lover.

My Wrongs through her ſhall ſhoot you to the Soul,
You ſhall not find I am an injur'd Fool. [Exit.

Ld. *Wrong.* Well ſaid I gad, if ſhe cou'd but love with half the Fire ſhe can hate, I wou'd not deſire to paſs my time in better Company—Not but between me, and my ſelf, our Dear Conſorts, have ſomething a hard time on't: We are a little apt to take more Liberty than we give—But People in Power don't care to part with it, whether it be lawful or no; to bear her Inſolence is poſitively intolerable—What ſhall I do with her—I know no way of making an honourable Peace, better than Sword in Hand—Ev'n let her Pride ſwell till it burſts, and then 'tis poſſible ſhe may come to Reaſon.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here's Sir *Friendly Moral*, my Lord.

Ld. *Wrong.*

Ld. *Wrong*. Deſire him to walk in—I hold fifty Pound the old Gentleman comes to ſchool me about his young Kinſwoman; if he does, I know he'll do it handſomely: For give him his due, with all his ſeverity of Principles, he is as good humour'd, and as well bred, as if he had no Principles at all.

Enter a Servant with Sir Friendly.

Sir *Fr*. My Lord, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Ld. *Wrong*. Sir *Friendly!* this is kind indeed! Chairs there—— Well! how goes the Gout Sir?

Sir *Fr*. In troth very untowardly; for I can hardly walk with it—Will your Lordſhip give me leave?

Ld. *Wrong*. To ſtand upon any thing but Ceremony.

Enter Lord George *from the Inner Room*.

Ld. *Geo*. Nuncle, I am glad to ſee you.

Sir *Fr*. Hah! Monſieur *Brilliant*, and in a ſober Viſit after Sun-ſet!

Ld. *Geo*. O dear Sir, I'm grown a Fellow of the moſt retir'd Converſation in the World.

Sir *Fr*. Your Reformation is not of a very long Date, I'm afraid; for if I don't miſtake, I ſaw you but Yeſterday at the Thatch'd-houſe with a Napkin upon your Head, at the Window in very hopeleſs Company.

Ld. *Geo*. How! how Nuncle! two Men of Title, and a foreign Count, hopeleſs Company!

Sir *Fr*. Moſt deplorable! Your Count's a Counter, and only paſſes for what he is in his own Country; your Men of Title indeed are no Counterfeits, every Body ſees into their Worth, Sir *Bubble Squander*, and my Lord *Lawleſs:* But the Sparks I obſerv'd you with, were *Donefirſt* the Jockey, and *Touchum* the Gameſter; as infamous a Fellow as ever broke the Head of a Box-keeper.

Ld. *Geo*. Pſhah! People that Play keep all Company: But to let you ſee I had my Account in it, I had a mind to bite Sir *Bubble* in a Horſe Match, and ſo took theſe two Fellows with me, to let him into the Secret.

Sir *Fr*. A fine Inſtance of our Modiſh Morals indeed! To make ones Conſcience a Bawd, to the diſhonour of biting a Wretch of perhaps an hundred Pound! What a Shame it is the World ſhou'd

not call it by its true name Cheating, that Men of Honour might not be guilty of it.

Ld. *Geo.* O, Sir, the name I grant you wou'd ſtrangely alter the Caſe; but People of Rank, and Power, Nuncle, are wiſer, and Nick-name one another's Infirmities.—Therefore 'tis your little Cheat you ſee, that's ſent to *Newgate*; your great one's only turn'd out of his Place.

Sir *Fr.* Nay, 'tis a comfortable World indeed, for Knaves, Fools, Fops, Cowards, and Sharpers.

Ld. *Geo.* Right! their Quality and Quantity keeps 'em in Countenance.

Sir *Fr.* So that a Man may be any one, or all of 'em, and yet appear no Monſter in moſt of the publick Places about Town.

Ld. *Wrong.* But with ſubmiſſion, Sir *Friendly*, if I meet with a Man of Figure, that talks agreeably over a Glaſs; what in the Name of good Nature have I to do with his Morals?

Sir *Fr.* 'Tis in my Opinion, as diſhoneſt in a Man of Quality to converſe with a well-bred Rogue, as 'twere unſafe for a Woman of Reputation to make a Companion of an agreeable Strumpet. People's Taſte and Principles are very juſtly meaſur'd by their Choice of Acquaintance: Beſides, a Man of Honour owes the diſcountenance of a Villain, as a Debt to his own Dignity. How poor a Spirit muſt it ſhew in our People of Fortune, to let Fellows, who deſerve hanging every other Day of their lives, die at laſt of ſitting up in the beſt Company? But my Lord *Wronglove*, I am afraid I have a Pardon to aſk; the laſt time we three were together, did not the old Fellow a little over-ſhoot himſelf? I thought, when I parted, I had been freer in my Advice than became me?

Ld. *Wrong.* So far from it, that your very Manner of ſpeaking makes your moſt ſevere Reproofs an Obligation.

Sir *Fr.* Nay, I was only concern'd for what I had ſaid to your Lordſhip: As for this Spark, I no more mind his Caprice, than I believe he does any thing I can ſay to him: And yet the Knave has ſomething of good Humour in him, that makes me I can't help ſometimes throwing away my words upon him. But give me your Hand; in troth, when I was at your Years, I had my Follies too.

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* Ay! now you come to us Nuncle, and I hope you'll have good Nature enough, not to expect your Friends to be wiſer than you were.

Sir *Fr.* Perhaps I don't expect it, but in troth, if they ſhou'd be wiſer—for my Soul I can't ſee any Harm 'twould do 'em: And tho' I love with all my Heart, to ſee Spirit in a young Fellow, yet a little Prudence won't poiſon him. And if a Man that ſets out into Life, ſhou'd carry a little general Eſteem with him, as part of his Equipage, he'd make never the worſe Figure at the end of his Journey.

Ld. *Geo.* We young Fellows that ride Poſt, never mind what Figures we make.

Sir *Fr.* Come! come! lets not contend for Victory, but Truth—I love you both—and wou'd have all that know you do ſo too—Don't think becauſe you paſs for Men of Wit, and modiſh Honour, that that's all you owe to your Condition: Fortune has given you Titles to ſet your Actions in a fairer Light, and Nature Underſtanding to make 'em not only Juſt, but generous. Troth! It grieves me to think you can abuſe ſuch Happineſs, and have no more Ambition, or regard to real Honour, than the wretched fine Gentlemen in moſt of our Modern Comedies!—Will you forgive me—Upon my Faith, I don't ſpeak thus of you to other People, nor wou'd I now ſpeak ſo to you, but to prevent other Peoples ſpeaking thus of you to me.

Ld. *Geo.* Nuncle, depend upon't I'm always pleas'd to hear you.

Ld. *Wrong.* I take it kindly.

Sir *Fr.* Then firſt to you, Lord *George*,——What can you think the honeſt part of the World will ſay of you, when you have ſeduc'd the innocent Inclinations of one of the beſt Wives, from perhaps one of the beſt Huſbands in the World.——To be plain, I mean my Lady *Gentle*;——You ſee, my Lord, with all your Diſcretion, your Deſign's no Secret.

Ld. *Geo.* Upon my Life, Nuncle, if I were half the Fellow you think me, I ſhou'd be aſham'd to look People in the Face.

Sir *Fr.* Fie, fie! how uſeleſs is the Force of Underſtanding, when only Age can give us Vertue?

Ld. *Wrong.* Come, Sir, you ſee he's incorrigible, you'll have

better Succeſs with me, I hope; for, to tell you the Truth, I have few Pleaſures, that you can call it Vertue in me to part with.

Sir *Fr.* I am glad to hear it, my Lord,——I ſhall be as favourable as I can; but, ſince we are in ſearch of Truth, muſt freely tell you, The Man that violates himſelf the ſacred Honours of his Wife's chaſt Bed (I muſt be plain, my Lord) ought at leaſt to fear, as ſhe's the frailer Sex, the ſame from her; the Injury to her ſtrikes deeper than the Head, often to the Heart. And then her Provocation is in Nature greater; and injur'd Minds think nothing is unjuſt that's natural. This ought to make a wiſe Man tremble: For, in the Point of real Honour, there's very little Difference between being a Cuckold, and deſerving to be one: And to come a little cloſer to your Lordſhip's Caſe, to ſee ſo fine a Woman as my Lady *Wronglove*, even in her Flower of Beauty, ſlighted for the unblown Pleaſures of a Green-ſick Girl; beſides, th' imprudent part argues at beſt a thin and ſickly Appetite.

Ld. *Wrong.* Sir *Friendly*, I am almoſt aſham'd to anſwer you, ——Your Reproach indeed has touch'd me; I mean for my Attempts upon your young Kinſwoman; but, becauſe 'tis not fit you ſhou'd take my Word, after my owning ſo unfair an Action, here's one can bear me Witneſs, that not half an Hour before you came in, I had reſolv'd never to perſue her more.

Sir *Fr.* My Lord, I came not to reproach you with a Wrong to me, but to yourſelf; had the Girl had no Relation to me, I ſtill had ſaid the ſame; not but I now am doubly bound to thank you.

Ld. *Geo.* And now, Nuncle, I'll give you a piece of Advice: Diſpoſe of the Child as ſoon as you can, rather under-match her, than not at all: For, if you'll allow me to know any thing of the Mathematicks, that before ſhe's five Weeks older ſhe will be totally unqualified for an Ape-leader, you may as poſitively depend upon, as that ſhe is of the Feminine Gender.

Sir *Fr.* I am pretty well acquainted with the Ripeneſs of her Inclinations, and have provided for 'em; unleſs ſome ſuch Spark as you (now my Lord has laid 'em down) whips up the Cudgels in the mean time.

Ld. *Geo.* Not I, upon Honour, depend upon't; her Perſon's quite out of my Gouſt, nor have I any more Concern about it than

I have

I have to know who will be the next King of *Poland*, or who is the true Original of Strops for Razors.

Ld. *Wrong*. Sir *Friendly*, I own I have been no Stranger in other Places to the Follies you have charg'd me with; yet I am ſo far inclin'd to part with them, that were it poſſible I could be, my own way, and properly, reconcil'd to my Wife, I wou'd not wiſh a Thought of Happineſs beyond it.

Sir *Fr*. My Lord, I know her Temper, and her Spirit.

Ld. *Wrong*. O! human Patience can't bear it.

Sir *Fr*. I warrant you! A wiſe Man will bear a greater Weakneſs from a Woman: And, ſince I find your good Nature is not wholly diſoblig'd, I could wiſh, for both your Sakes, I had your Lordſhip's ſecret leave to talk with her.

Ld. *Wrong*. Um! Cou'd not it as well be done without my Leave, Sir *Friendly*? I ſhou'd not Care to have her think I made Advances——

Sir *Fr*. O!——I am a Friend to both, and will betray neither of you. [*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman come out of the City, and ſtays at your Houſe to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Fr*. I'll wait on him.——My Lord, will you excuſe me?

Ld. *Wrong*. I cou'd rather wiſh your Buſineſs wou'd, Sir *Friendly*.

Sir *Fr*. Upon my Word, my Lord, 'tis urgent; this Man brings me Money: I am diſcharging my ſelf of my Guardianſhip to Mrs. *Conqueſt*, and my Buſineſs is now to pay her in the laſt Sum of her Fortune.

Ld. *Geo*. What's the Sum total, Nuncle, if a Man ſhou'd happen to ſet a Price upon his Liberty?

Sir *Fr*. Come, come, the Liberties you value, my Lord, are not worth keeping: An honeſt Smile from the good Humour of that Girl is worth all the ſodden Favours of your whole *Seraglio*——Will four thouſand Pound do any good, my Lord.

Ld. *Geo*. Look you, Sir *Friendly*, Marriage is very honourable and wiſe, and—and—it—it—it's—it's an extreme fine thing, no doubt; but I am one of thoſe frank-hearted Fellows that had rather ſee my Friends happy that way than my ſelf.——My Lord, your Servant,

Servant,——If you are going home, Nuncle, I'll carry you, for I have Buſineſs at your Houſe too.

Ld. *Wrong.* Who's there? Light out!——Lord *George*, is your new Chariot at the Door?

Ld. *Geo.* Yes; and poſitively the prettieſt that ever roll'd in the Rear of ſix Horſes.

Ld. *Wrong.* I have a Mind to look at it. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wronglove's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Wronglove *and Mrs.* Hartſhorn.

La. *Wrong.* WAS Sir *Friendly* within.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Yes, Madam, he gives his humble Service, and ſays he will certainly be at home at eight a Clock, and expect your Ladyſhip's Commands.

La. *Wrong.* Did the Fellow give my Service to my Lady *Gentle* too, and to Mrs. *Conqueſt?*

Mrs. *Hartſ.* He did not ſay any thing of it to me, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* What Blockhead is it you always find out to neglect my Buſineſs? Whom did you ſend?

Mrs. *Hartſ. James*, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* Call him in, I find I muſt always give my Orders my ſelf.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* He's gone to the Play to keep your Ladyſhip's Places.

La. *Wrong.* The Play! ſure the People are all out of their Senſes! Why I ſhall'nt go to Day.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* He ſay'd, Madam, your Ladyſhip order'd him, right or wrong, to keep Places every *Saturday.*

La. *Wrong.* Pſhah!

Mrs. *Hartſ.* I hope your Ladyſhip is not angry at me, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* No! Prithee! I don't know what I ſay.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Ah, poor Lady! [*Aſide.*

La. *Wrong.* What is the Play to Day?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* The— the— *Husband*, ſomething— the *Careful Husband*, I think, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* The *Careful*; the *Careleſs Husband*, you mean ſure— tho' I never ſaw it.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Yes, yes, Madam— it's that Play, that my Lady *Wear-breeches* hates ſo, that I ſaw once, Madam—— where there's a Lady that comes in, and catches her Huſband faſt aſleep with her own Woman, and then takes her Handkercher off her Neck, and then goes ſoftly to him——

La. *Wrong.* And ſtrangles him in his Sleep?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* No, Madam.

La. *Wrong.* Oh, ſtrangles the Woman.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* No, Madam, ſhe only lays it gently over his Head, for fear he ſhou'd catch Cold, and ſo ſteals out of the Room, without ſo much as offering to wake him.

La. *Wrong.* Horrid! And what becomes of the poor ſpirited Creature?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* O! Madam, when the Gentleman wakes, and finds that his Lady has been there without taking any notice of it to him, he grows ſo ſham'd of his Wickedneſs, and ſo ſenſible of her Vertues, that he afterwards proves the civileſt Gentleman, and the beſt Huſband in the World to her.

La. *Wrong.* Foh! were I an Huſband, a Wife with ſuch a tame enduring Spirit wou'd make me ſcorn her, or, at beſt, but ſleep at her groveling Vertue—— Is my Lord within?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Yes, Madam, he's reading in his Cloſet.

La. *Wrong.* Any thing, the dulleſt Solitude more pleaſes him than my Company—— Hoh! *(Sighing.*

Mrs. *Hartſ. (Aſide.)* Ah poor Lady! it makes me weep to ſee her grieve at Heart ſo.

La. *Wrong.* Go to my Lord, and ſay I deſire to ſpeak with him. [*Exit. Mrs.* Hartſhorn.] O! for a Draught of cold Indifference to chill this lukewarm Love, that wou'd rebel againſt my Peace, that I may leave without a Pang this hardned Wretch, and to the rude Riots of his groſs Deſire give him up for ever— He comes, keep down

down my ſwelling Heart, and let tame Patience ſpeak my Wrongs for once, for Wrongs like mine need not the Force, or Fire of Paſſion to preſent 'em.

Enter Lord Wronglove.

Ld. *Wrong.* I am told, Madam, you deſire to ſpeak with me!

La. *Wrong.* Yes, my Lord, and which perhaps you'll not diſlike, to talk with you in Temper too, if you're in Temper to receive it.

Ld. *Wrong.* While you're in Temper, Madam, I ſhall always think I owe you the reſpect of keeping mine, and when you are not, I ſhall keep it in reſpect to my ſelf.

La. *Wrong.* My Lord I never had occaſion to queſtion your knowing what you ought to do: But you are not bound, you'll ſay, to make your Inclination a Slave to your Underſtanding: And therefore 'tis poſſible you won't want Arguments to convince me, that a Wife's obliged to bear all Faults in her Huſband, that are not in her Power to puniſh.

Ld. *Wrong.* Proceed.

La. *Wrong.* Now I muſt tell you, my Lord, when any one injures me, becauſe 'tis in their Power, I ſhall certainly hate 'em for't, becauſe that's in my Power.

Ld. *Wrong.* I am ſorry you think it worth your while to make uſe of ſo unprofitable a Power.

La. *Wrong.* I am ſorry I have Occaſion for it.

Ld. *Wrong.* Um—— That's half a Queſtion—— but go on.

La. *Wrong.* And therefore ſince I find the more I endeavour to detect you, the more you perſiſt in your Reſolution to uſe me ill. Since my honeſt Reſentment, and your Actions have made us a mutual Grievance to one another, I ſee no way in Nature to make us mutually Juſt, but by cancelling our Obligations. If we agree to part, th'uneaſie Bond of Wife or Huſband no longer lies in force againſt us— And ſince I am contented to remit the Breaches you have made of the Conditions on your Part, I ſuppoſe you won't think it inconſiſtent with your Reputation, to allow me part of the Fortune I brought you, as a ſeparate Maintenance.

Ld. *Wrong.* When you and I part, Madam, you ſhall leave none of your Fortune behind you: But ſhou'd I now yield to your Propoſal, the World might think I own'd the Breaches you accuſe me of,

and then 'twere only parting to indulge your Pride: But if the ſincere Sorrow of your humble Heart can find a way to make it as conſiſtent with my Reputation, as my private Peace, I'll ſign to your Relief this moment.

La. *Wrong*. Your Reputation! No, my Lord, that's your Buſineſs to ſecure. I've taken care to let my Actions juſtifie my own; if you have been remiſs, the Fault's not mine to anſwer—— I'm glad at leaſt to ſee you own where 'tis your Weakneſs lies.

Ld. *Wrong*. To bear ſuch Inſults from a Wife, is not, perhaps, my leaſt Weakneſs—— Nay, I've another too (which I might own with equal Bluſhing) A tame forgiving Pity of your unfortunate Temper, that pauſes yet to take th'Advantage of your Diſtraction to undo you.

La. *Wrong*. Horrid! Inſolent Aſſertion, to do me Injury; and call my innocent Endeavours at Redreſs, Diſtraction.

Ld. *Wrong*. Innocent! Away! You take the Rudeſt, Fierceſt, Falſeſt Means for Reparation, if you had a Wrong.

La. *Wrong*. If I had! Inſupportable! To be out-fac'd that my own Eyes deceive me!

Ld. *Wrong*. Death, and Confuſion! Suppoſe your Wrongs were true— think what they are— ſpeak 'em with a modeſt Tongue, and bluſh at all this Redneſs of Reſentment.

La. *Wrong*. Nay now, my Lord, we are paſt all Argument.

Ld. *Wrong*. 'Tis fit we ſhou'd be ſo— the Subject ought to be below your Thoughts— don't miſuſe your Pride, till I am taught to think you've none. Death! I've known the Spirit of a Strumpet in the Misfortunes of her ſlighted Love ſhew more than you; who tho' her Heart was bleeding with the inward Pain, yet to her Lover's Face took Pride and Eaſe to ſeem concernleſs at his Falſhood.

La. *Wrong*. My Lord, your having a better Opinion of ſuch Creatures than your Wife, is no new Thing to me, but I muſt tell you, I have not deſerv'd your vile Compariſon. Nor ſhall I ever buy an Huſband's Inclination, by being like the horrid Things you doat on.

Ld. *Wrong*. Come, ſince you are Incorrigible, I'll give your Pride the vain Relief you aſk for— Your Temper is at laſt intolerable, and now 'tis mutual Eaſe to part with you: Yet to let you ſee 'tis not n

the Power of all your Follies to provoke me to an Injuſtice; I will not truſt your Wiſhes with your own Diſcretion; but if you have a Friend, that's not an Enemy to me, whoſe Honeſty and Senſe you dare depend on, let him be Umpire of the Conditions, of what's proper both of us ſhould yield to when we part, and here's my Hand, my Word, my Honour, I'll ſign them on demand.

La. *Wrong.* Keep but your Word in this, my Lord, and I have henceforth no Injuries to reproach you with.

Ld. *Wrong.* If in the leaſt Article I ſhrink from it, conclude me then the mean, the ſervile Wretch you'd make me.

La. *Wrong.* I'd make you Juſt, my Lord, if that's my fault, I never ſhall repent it.

Ld. *Wrong.* We are now no longer our own Judges: Madam, name the Perſon you appeal to.

La. *Wrong.* O! my Lord, you can't be more in haſte than I am. Sir *Friendly Moral,* and I think you can have no Objection to his Integrity—— I appeal to him.

Ld. *Wrong.* The Man o'th' World I wou'd have choſe my ſelf; and if you pleaſe, Madam, I'll wait upon you to him immediately.

La. *Wrong.* No, my Lord, I think it won't be unreaſonable, if I ſpeak with him alone firſt.

Ld. *Wrong.* With all my Heart; in half an Hour then I'll follow you.

La. *Wrong.* My Lord, you need not affect this Indifference, I have Provocations enough without it—— I'll go, depend upon't.

Ld. *Wrong.* I thought you had been gone, Madam. How now.

[*Paſſing haſtily by him.*

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Lord Wronglove.

Serv. Sir *Friendly Moral* deſires to ſpeak with your Lordſhip, he ſtays in the next Room, and begs my Lady may not know he's here.

La. *Wrong.* [*Turning.*] What can that Whiſper mean? But I have done with Jealouſie.

Ld. *Wrong.* When your Lady's gone out, deſire him to walk in. [*Ex. Serv.*] In half an Hour, as I told you, I'll poſitively be with you.

La. *Wrong.* O! my Lord, I ſhall n't ſtay to interrupt your Privacies. [*Exit Lady* Wronglove.

Ld. *Wrong.* How unfortunate muſt this Woman's Temper be when e'en this Affectation of Indifference is the greateſt Proof I ever receiv'd

ceiv'd of her Inclination—What can this come to?—By Sir *Friendly*'s being here, I fanſy ſhe has been diſcloſing her Grievance already; and when ſhe has made the very worſt of it, I am miſtaken, if his Temper and Underſtanding won't convince her, that 'tis below the Pride and Prudence of a Wife, to take ſo violent a Notice of it—But here he comes— [*Enter Sir* Friendly Moral,] Sir *Friendly*, your moſt humble Servant—Come, we are alone, I gueſs the Buſineſs— my Wife has been talking with you.

Sir *Friend.* No, my Lord, and unleſs you give me your Word to be ſecret, I dare not tell you my Buſineſs.

Ld. *Wrong.* Upon my Honour.

Sir *Friend.* Then, there, my Lord, I juſt now receiv'd that Letter from her.

Ld. *Wrong.* (Reads.)

AT laſt I find there's no way of being eaſie in my Life, but parting for ever with my Lord: And I wou'd willingly do it in ſuch a manner, as might leaſt blame me to the World: Your Friendſhip to both our Families will, I'm ſure, engage you to adviſe me in the ſafeſt Method: Therefore I beg you'll be at home ſome time this Evening, that I may ſpeak with you: For Life, as it is, is inſupportable.

I am, Sir, &c.

Well, Sir *Friendly*, then I can tell you, half your Trouble's over; for we have agreed to part already, and both have choſen you the Umpire of the Conditions.

Sir *Fr.* How, my Lord! cou'd Paſſion be ſo far your Maſter too?

Ld. *Wrong.* Why Faith, Sir *Friendly*, Patience cou'd endure it no longer—'Twas her own Propoſal, and ſhe found the way at laſt to provoke me, to take her at her word.

Sir *Fr.* Her word, fy! fy! becauſe ſhe'd lame her Reputation to cripple yours, ſhall you revenge her Folly on yourſelf? Come, come, your underſtanding ought to have more Compaſſion for the Misfortune of a weak Woman's Temper.

Ld. *Wrong.* Oh! ſhe's implacable!

Sir *Fr.* That quality puniſhes it ſelf, my Lord; and ſince the Provocation's yours, it might ſometimes be pardon'd. Do but imagine how it muſt gall the Heart of a Woman of Spirit, to ſee the looſe

Coquets of her Acquaintance ſmile at her modiſh Huſband's ſleeping in a ſeparate Bed from her.

Ld. *Wrong.* Humph! there's ſomething in what you ſay—I own—Not but you'll laugh at me, ſhou'd I tell you the true and honeſt occaſion of it.

Sir *Fr.* Not if it be true, and honeſt, my Lord.

Ld. *Wrong.* Upon my Faith, it was not the leaſt diſtaſte of her Perſon, but her being downright an intolerable Bedfellow.

Sir *Fr.* How do you mean?

Ld. *Wrong.* I cou'd never Sleep with her——For though ſhe loves late Hours, yet when ſhe has ſeen me gape for Bed like a Waiter at the Groom Porters in a Morning, ſhe wou'd ſtill reſerve to her ſelf the tedious Decorum of being firſt ſollicited for her Company; ſo that ſhe uſually contriv'd to let me be three quarters Aſleep, before ſhe wou'd do me the Honour to diſturb me. Then beſides this, I was ſeldom leſs than two Nights in Four, but in the very middle of my firſt comfortable Nap, I was awaken'd with th' Alarum of Tingle, Tingle, Tingle, for a quarter of an Hour together, that you'd ſwear ſhe wanted a Doctor, or a Midwife: And by and by down comes Madamoiſelle with a ſingle Under-petticoat in one Hand, and rubbing her Eyes with the t'other; and then after about half an Hours weighty Arguments on both ſides, poor Madamoiſelle is guilty of not having pull'd the Sheet ſmooth at her Feet; by which unpardonable neglect her Ladyſhip's little Toe had lain at leaſt two Hours upon the Rack of a Wrinkle, that had almoſt put her into a Fever——This, when I civilly complain'd of, ſhe ſaid ſhe muſt either be eaſie in the Bed, or go out of it——I told her that was exactly my Caſe, ſo I very fairly ſtep'd into the next Room, where I have ever ſince ſlept moſt profoundly ſound, without ſo much as once dreaming of her.

Sir *Fr.* An unforunate Circumſtance truly, but I ſee a little matter, my Lord, will part People that don't care for Company.

Ld. *Wrong.* But, Sir *Friendly*, (not to trouble you with a long Particular of the Provocations I had from her Temper, to run a roguing at firſt) ſuppoſe I have play'd the Fool, is the Fault unpardonable? Is a Wife's Reputation like a Huſband's, mean, or infamous, becauſe ſhe overlooks the Folly?

Sir *Fr.*

Sir *Fr.* No—but did you, my Lord, ever give her any ſigns of a Repentance?

Ld. *Wrong.* As far as I thought the nature of the Crime requir'd—I've often receiv'd her moderate Reproaches with a Smile, and Raillery—given her leave to gueſs, in hopes her Underſtanding wou'd have ſmil'd again, and pardon'd it.

Sir *Fr.* And what Effect had that?

Ld. *Wrong.* O! none in Nature! For, Sir, her Pride has poſſeſs'd her with ſo horrid an Idea of the Crime, that my making ſlight on't but more incenſes her: And when once her Paſſion takes the Liberty of her Tongue to me, I neither ſpare Authority, nor ill Nature to provoke, or ſilence her—This generally is our courſe of Converſation; and for ought I ſee, if we ſhou'd not agree upon parting, we are in as fair a way of heartily plaguing one another for Life, as er'e a comfortable Couple in *Europe*.

Sir *Fr.* My Lord, the thought's too Melancholy to jeſt upon.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why Faith, I have ſo far a Concern for her, that cou'd any means of an Accommodation be found, that were not unfit for an Huſband to ſubmit to, I ſhou'd not yet refuſe to come into it.

Sir *Fr.* Spoken like a Man, my Lord: How far the Fault's in you, I partly ſee; and when I have made the ſame Enquiry into my Ladies Grief, I doubt not then I ſhall be better able to adviſe.

Ld. *Wrong.* You've now an Opportunity; for ſhe's gone this very Minute to my Lady *Gentle*'s, to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Fr.* 'Twere beſt to loſe no time then, my Lord, I'll take my leave— nay, no Ceremony.

Ld. *Wrong.* No, I'm going part of your way—upon my word. [*Ex.*

Enter Lady Gentle *reading a Letter, and Mrs.* Conqueſt.

Mrs. *Con.* I hope Sir *William*'s well, Madam.

La. *Gent.* Yes, very well, my Dear, and deſires his *Bais mains* to your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Con.* Does he ſay any thing of coming to Town?

La. *Gent.* No, nothing yet.

Mrs. *Con.* No! Pray, Madam don't you think his good Worſhip begins to be a little fonder of Fox Hunting than you cou'd wiſh he were?

La. *Gent.* I am always pleas'd while he's diverted; if you ſaw his Letters to me, you wou'd not think I had any reaſon to complain.

Mrs. *Con.* Nay, the World owns your Ladyſhip has the perfect Secret of making a good Huſband.

La. *Gent.* Believe me Child, the matter's not ſo difficult as People wou'd have it. If you but knew what Trifles, in the complyance of a Woman's Temper ſooth a Man to Fondneſs, you'd admire to what childiſh Obſtinacy ſo many Women owe their uneaſineſs.

Enter Miſs crying.

Miſs *Not.* Oh! Oh!

La. *Gent.* How now! what's the Matter, my Dear?

Miſs *Not.* Oh! Oh! Madam! Madam!

Mrs. *Con.* Bleſs me! what ails the Child?

Miſs *Not.* I have been ſo abus'd! ſo affronted!

La. *Gent.* Abus'd! by whom, my Dear?

Miſs *Not.* That Monſter of Men, my Lord *George Brilliant.*

Mrs. *Con.* My Lord *George.*

Miſs *Not.* Oh! I can't ſpeak for Paſſion!

La. *Gent.* I'm amaz'd! what has he done, Child?

Miſs *Not.* The moſt provoking, impudent thing that ever was offer'd to a young Creature ſure: Oh! Oh!

Mrs. *Con.* [*Aſide.*] This muſt be ſome ſtrange thing indeed: For if I don't miſtake, her young Ladyſhip thinks her ſelf old enough for moſt ſorts of Impudence, that a Man can offer to her.

La. *Gent.* Has he offer'd any Love, or Rudeneſs to you?

Miſs *Not.* O worſe! worſe! a thouſand times.

Mrs. *Con.* Worſe! what can that be Child?—unleſs it be, that he has not made love to her? [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.* O! Madam! 'tis not my ſelf alone, but your Ladyſhip and Mrs. *Conqueſt* too, that are affronted.

Mrs. *Con.* Am I in? But it's no Novelty to me—I have ſo far the better of both of you, I am us'd to his Impudence, and know how to bear it.

La. *Gent.* I am amaz'd! Pray let's hear, Child.

Miſs *Not.* O! I cou'd tear his Fleſh for having ſuch a Thought of me.

La. *Gent.* What Thought, my Dear?

Miſs *Not.* O! Madam! cou'd any thing, but the greateſt Villain upon Earth, think to make me a Procureſs.

La. *Gent.* Child! you ſtartle me!

Miſs *Not.* Or any Mortal, but from a moſt profligate Principle of the moſt provoking Vanity, nouriſh but the leaſt living hope againſt your Ladyſhip's Vertue.

La. *Gent.* How Child!

Miſs *Not.* Or any Monſter, but the moſt ungrateful, moſt audacious of Mankind propoſe too, that I ſhou'd diſcover his odious Inclinations to your Ladyſhip, before the very Face of one who innocently loves him: O! I am paſt Patience!—I think I do it bravely. [*Aſide.*] [*Walks in diſorder.*

La. *Gent.* I am all Confuſion!

Mrs. *Con.* [*Aſide.*] If this Girl's Paſſion is not all an Air, and his own Contrivance, then will I be bound to endure the Succeſs of it.

La. *Gent.* His Inclination! and to me! and yet propos'd, that you ſhou'd diſcover it before Mrs. *Conqueſt* too: To Glory in ſuch Inſolence! This ſeems a Contradiction.

Miſs *Not.* Or elſe ſaid he, 'twould never be believ'd; for having the idle Reputation of liking one, I am oblig'd that both ſhould know it, that ſhe I really love may ſee I'm wholly free from any former Paſſion.

Mrs. *Con.* This Lye muſt be his own, by the Extremity of its Impudence. [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* But when he us'd my Name, Child, why were you not ſhock'd at firſt? why did not you leave him to tell his idle Story to the Wind?

Miſs *Not.* O Madam! that was it betray'd me into hearing him: For when he firſt began he nam'd no Names; that he reſerv'd till laſt, till he had told me all to clinch the Secret with.

La. *Gent.* But, pray Child, how did he begin it? What was his manner of firſt attempting you?

Mrs. *Con.* Her Ladyſhip grows a little inquiſitive, methinks. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.* O! with all the ſubtle Softneſs that ever humble Love inſpir'd:—Then of a ſudden, rouſing from his Fear, he gave himſelf ſuch an animated Air of Confidence, threw back his Wig, and cry'd aloud: *But why ſhould ſhe aſham'd, or angry be,*
To be belov'd by me? Mrs. *Con.*

Mrs. *Con.* What do you think of his Modeſty now, Madam.

La. *Gent.* I am amaz'd, indeed.

Miſs *Not.* Then he turn'd to me, preſs'd me by the Hand, and, kneeling, begg'd my Friendſhip, and threw into my Lap ſuch untold Heaps of Gold, forc'd upon my Finger too a ſparking Diamond, I thought muſt beggar him to purchaſe—But when I heard him cloſe his impudent Story with offering me a Letter to give your Ladyſhip while Mrs. *Conqueſt* was by.——I ſtarted up, and told him, Yes, my Lord, I'll do your Errand, but without your Letter, in another manner than your infamous Principles have propos'd it; my Lady ſhall know your Paſſion, but know it, as I do, to avoid, to loath, and ſcorn you for ſuch a villainous Thought. While I was ſaying this, I threw his filthy Gold upon the Floor, his Letter into the Fire, his Diamond out of the Window, and left him to gather 'em up, as he pleas'd, without expecting an Anſwer.

La. *Gent.* Sure! 'tis impoſſible a Man ſhou'd wear a Face, that cou'd ſo ſtedfaſtly belye his Heart.

Miſs *Not.* So I was reſolv'd to tell your Ladyſhip—Beſides, I thought it proper Mrs. *Conqueſt* ſhould know his Brutality to her too.

Mrs. *Con.* O! I am mightily oblig'd to you, my Dear, but I knew him before.

Miſs *Not.* [*Aſide.*] Hah! how affectedly indifferent the vain thing is?

La. *Gent.* My Dear, I'm at a Loſs how far to doubt, or to believe this Folly of him.——Pray adviſe me. [*To Mrs.* Con.

Mrs. *Con.* If your Ladyſhip wou'd take my Opinion, I'd be entirely eaſie, I'd neither doubt or believe any thing of the Matter, till I had it confirm'd from his own Behaviour.

Miſs *Not.* [*Aſide.*] I can't bear this,—She ſhalln't be ſo eaſie,—I'll tell her the whole Truth of his addreſſing to me, but I'll humble her.

La. *Gent.* Now, you know, he was to be here with other Company at Cards to Night, but if you'll do me the Favour to ſit with me, I'll keep my Chamber, ſay I'm indiſpos'd, and ſee no Company at all.——What think you?

Mrs. *Con.* I think it won't be worth that Trouble, Madam.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Company's come.

La. *Gent.* Is my Lord *George* there?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

La. *Gent.* What ſhall we do now?

Mrs. *Con.* By all means go and receive him among the reſt, as you us'd to do, and take no notice of any thing,——I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip in two Minutes.

La. *Gent.* If you don't I ſhall certainly betray my ſelf, I'll come and fetch you. [*Exit. La.* Gent.

Mrs. *Con.* As you pleaſe, Madam.——I have obſerv'd a thoughtful Smile upon this Girl's Face, that makes me fancy her Secret is but half out yet.——If I gueſs right, I'll e'en pique her little Pride till ſhe tells me, for I know the Chit does not care for me. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.* Oh! Mrs. *Vanity*'s a little upon the hum-drum at laſt, I ſee, I'll make her ſob before I have done with her.——Mrs. *Conqueſt* you ſeem a little concern'd about this Matter; now, if I were you, I'd take no manner of notice of it, he ſhou'd not have the Pride to think 'twas in his Power to give me a Moment's Uneaſineſs.

Mrs. *Con.* My dear, you adviſe me very well, but, upon my Word, I am not uneaſie.

Miſs *Not.* Pooh! That's ſuch a Jeſt! as if you did not love my Lord *George.*

Mrs. *Con.* Did he ever tell you I did?

Miſs *Not.* Tell me!—No:—But—One ſees that well enough.

Mrs. *Con.* Why then if I do love him, Child, you may depend upon't, it's only from the Aſſurances I have of his loving me only.

Miſs *Not.* But ſince you ſee (as the World will too, in a little time) how falſe thoſe Aſſurances are, had not you better ſeem to leave him, than lie under the Scandal of his leaving you.

Miſs *Con.* No, Child; I'll ſtill keep up my Pretenſions, if it be only to hinder other vain Creatures from coming into Hopes of him: For I know, were I once to own my ſelf diſengag'd, then ev'ry impertinent Coquet in Town would be giving Airs to him.

Miſs *Not.* Was ever any thing ſo ſtupidly vain? [*Aſide.*] Lard! Madam, you have a mighty Opinion of your Perfections ſure, to think it impoſſible a Man can be falſe to you: Some Women wou'd ha' been a top of the Houſe, by this time, if they had only heard of their Lover's common Civility to another.—You are ſtrangely

happy ſure, when his owning a Paſſion to your Friend, before your Face, can't make you uneaſie, Heh! heh!

Mrs. *Con.* Methinks, Child, my want of jealouſie from what you've ſaid, gives you a little uneaſineſs—I ſhou'd be loath to think his idle way of Raillery had taught you to think of Love ſo ſoon!

Miſs *Not.* So ſoon! I ſuppoſe, Madam, if I had the Forwardneſs of your Ladyſhip's Inclination, I might produce as good Proofs of his Paſſion for me, as you can of his Conſtancy to you.

Mrs. *Con.* So! ſhe's ſtirr'd—I muſt have the reſt on't. [*Aſide.*
His Paſſion to thee, Love, that were impoſſible——Have a Paſſion for any thing ſo uncapable to conceive it—Why Love's a thing you won't be fit to think of theſe two Years.

Miſs *Not.* Not think of it! I'd have you to know, Madam, there are Men in the World that think me as fit for a Lover as your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Con.* So! now it's coming. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.* And however unfit you think me, Madam, I'd adviſe you next time any Man's idle Raillery flatters you into a Paſſion for him, don't let me know it; I ſay, don't let me know it, for fear my Unfitneſs ſhould undeceive you Vanity, by taking him from you—Not think of it!—I ſhall live to ſee you burſt with Envy, Madam—Do you obſerve me? Burſt! burſt!—Not think of it!

Mrs. *Con.* Nay, now I am convinc'd—This Paſſion, I dare ſwear, is real—He has certainly ſaid ſome civil thing to thee, before he was aware.——But for what you ſaid of him, juſt now, to my Lady *Gentle*, my pretty One——

Miſs *Not.* Pretty One!——Pray Madam!——Tho' I'm ſorry I can't ſay the ſame of your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. *Con.* I ſay, all your late ſobbing, and pretending to throw Gold about the Room, and Diamonds out of the Window, and all that Stuff, my Honey, I am now confirm'd was all, from firſt to laſt, the pretty Fiction of thy own little Pride and Jealouſie, only to have the Eaſe of giving me Pain from his ſuppos'd forſaking me.

Miſs *Not.* Hah! ha! ha! I am glad to ſee your Vanity ſo ſwell'd, Madam, but ſince I find 'tis your Diſeaſe, I'll be your Friend for once, and work your Cure by burſting it: Know then you've gueſs'd a Truth that has undone you: The part I've acted of his pretended Paſſion to another, was, as you ſaid indeed, a Fiction all, and only

play'd

play'd to give my Pride the Diverſion of his owning to your Face, how little he regards you. But know the fatal Face to which you owe your Ruine, was not my Lady *Gentle*'s (that was my own Invention) but Mine; not Her, nor You, but Me, and Me alone he loves—Theſe poor unfit Features have ſeduc'd him from you—And now let all the World (that ſees how barbarouſly your Vanity, or mine, has miſtaken idle Raillery for Love) judge who's moſt fit to think of it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Con.* Now the Myſtery's unfolded—O! this ſubtle Devil! how artfully has he fool'd this forward Girl to his Aſſiſtance—Well! there's ſomething in the barefac'd exceſs of his Aſſurance that makes me Smile: I'm loath to ſay he's impudent, but he has an undaunted Modeſty, that's certain, and for that very one Quality 'twill be worth my while not to truſt him even with my Lady *Gentle*——O Sir——

Enter Sir Friendly Moral.

Sir *Fr.* So Child, how ſtand Affairs now? Any freſh Diſcovery?

Mrs. *Con.* Only a trifling confirmation or two, Sir, of what we ſuſpected before—Therefore what we do muſt be done quickly—Have you conſider'd what I propos'd, Sir?

Sir *Fr.* In troth 'tis a wild Thought, but you have a wild Spark to deal with, and for ought I know, his own Snares may be likelieſt to hold him. Only take this general Caution with you, that the warmth of your Undertaking don't carry you into any Action, that the diſcretion of your Sex can't anſwer.

Mrs. *Con.* Fear not, Sir, I know my Man, and know my ſelf.

Sir *Fr.* Then here's you Letter writ, and ſeal'd, as you directed.

Mrs. *Con.* And here comes my Lady, 'twill be now a fit occaſion to make uſe of it.

Sir *Fr.* I'll leave you then.

Mrs. *Con.* When I have done with her, Sir, I wou'd conſult you farther.

Sir *Fr.* I'll expect you in my Chamber. [*Exit Sir* Friend.

Enter Lady Gentle.

La. *Gent.* O Child I'm glad I have found you.

Mrs. *Con.* What's the Matter, Madam?

La. *Gent.* I think I was never more provok'd in my Life.

Mrs. *Con.* Any thing from my Lord *George?*

La. *Gent.* Yes--ſomething that makes me ſhudder at the Thought.

Mrs. *Con.* Bleſs me!

La. *Gent.* Something ſo groſly inſolent in the over reſpectfulneſs of his Behaviour, ſuch an affected Awe when he but ſpeaks to me, ſomething that ſhews within his Heart ſo vain, ſo arrogant a Hope; it more provokes me than all the awkward Follies of a barefac'd Impudence: And ſince I find he ſecretly preſumes upon my knowing his odious Secret, 'twill be therefore but equal Juſtice to my ſelf and you, to cruſh his idle Hopes at once: For not to check is to encourage 'em: And when once a Woman's known to be follow'd, let her Virtue be never ſo fam'd, or fortified, the good natur'd Town always conclude the Lover ſucceſsful.

Mrs. *Con.* You did not ſeem to underſtand his Behaviour?

Mrs. *Gent.* I can't tell whether he underſtood me, or no; but I cou'd not help ſaying in a very grave manner, that whatever ſtrait I put my ſelf to, his 1000 *l.* ſhou'd certainly be paid him next Week.

Mrs. *Con.* And how did he take it?

La. *Gent.* O! he is not to be put out of Countenance, that I ſee, for he preſs'd me with a world of eaſie Civility, not to give my ſelf the leaſt Concern; for if I pleas'd, he wou'd immediately give me a very chance to pay him without ever drawing a Line for it.

Mrs. *Con.* A fair chance! What was it?

La. *Gent.* Why, he offer'd me indeed at Picquet ſuch odds, as I am ſure he is not able to give me; for Count *Tailly*, who ſtood by, thought it ſo conſiderable an Advantage, that he beg'd he might go my halfs, or what part of the Money I pleas'd.

Mrs. *Con.* Well ſaid Count—— This may come to ſomething—— She muſt play with him——for poſitively there's no other way of ſeeing a quick end of his Hopes, or my own.

La. *Gent.* The extravagance of his offer I confeſs ſurpriz'd me, ſo I only told him I'd conſider on't, and came to you for Advice.

Mrs. *Con.* Then certainly, Madam, take him at his word; and ſince you know his diſhoneſt end, in offering ſuch an Advantage, ev'n make uſe on't, and let his very baſeneſs puniſh it ſelf.

La. *Gent.* As how?

Mrs. *Con.* Look you, the beſt way to diſappoint his Hopes, is firſt to raiſe 'em——Go to him this Minute——call for Cards——and put on all the coquet Airs imaginable: Smile at his Reſpect, and glance him out of his affected Modeſty. By this means you will certainly

encourage

encourage his Vanity, not only to the Gallantry of letting you win your Money again, but more than probably of loſing his own to you.

La. *Gent.* I vow you tempt me ſtrangely—I boggle at nothing, but thoſe Airs you ſpeak of, I ſhall do it ſo aukwardly——

Mrs. *Con.* Pooh! I warrant you, truſt to Nature; it's nothing, one cannot ſet one's Hair in a Glaſs without 'em——If it were not a ſure Card, you can't think I'd adviſe you to play it, for my own Sake.

La. *Gent.* That, indeed, leaves me nothing to ſay.—Well, upon your Encouragement, I will venture, and the very Moment I get home the Sum I am out to him, I'll throw up my Cards, and fairly tell him, I know when its time to give over.

Mrs. *Con.* Admirable.

La. *Gent.* Nay, and becauſe I don't think I owe him the Regard of declaring it my ſelf, I'll go down into *Suſſex* to Morrow Morning, and leave you, if you think fit, to tell him the Occaſion.

Mrs. *Con.* No, Madam, to let your Ladyſhip ſee I think every thing as entirely ſafe under your Diſcretion, as my own, I am reſolv'd to go out of Town this Moment.

La. *Gent.* What do you mean?

Mrs. *Con.* I have receiv'd a Letter here from my Brother Sir *Charles*, my Twin-Brother, Madam, whom I have not ſeen theſe nine Years; he arriv'd but laſt Night from *Italy*, to take Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, he's now at his Houſe in *Eſſex*, and a little indiſpos'd after his Voyage, he has ſent his Coach, and begs if poſſible, I would be with him to Night.

La. *Gent.* To Night! Impoſſible! Go as early in the Morning, Child, as you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Con.* No, dear Madam, pardon me, the Moon ſhines, and I had rather defer my Sleep, than break it.

La. *Gent.* Well, my Dear, ſince you won't be perſuaded, I wiſh you a good Journey——I ſhall ſee you before you go.

Mrs. *Con.* I have juſt a Moment's Buſineſs with Sir *Friendly*, and then I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip. [*Exit Lady* Gentle.] Well, there ſhe goes——How ſhe will come off I can't tell. The good Woman, I dare ſwear, is truly Innocent in her Intentions, but good looking after, I fancy, can do her no Injury: For Virtue, tho' ſhe's of a Noble Spirit, and a Great Conqueror, 'tis true; yet, as ſhe's

Stout,

Stout, alas! we know ſhe's Merciful, and when ſly Humility and Nature kneel hopeleſs to her unqueſtion'd Power, they look ſo pitiful, ſpeak in ſuch a gentle Tone, and ſigh their Griefs with ſuch Submiſſion, that cruel Virtue loſes all its Anger for Compaſſion—Compaſſion kindles Hope, Hope arms Aſſurance, and then—Tho' Virtue may have Courage enough to give a ſtout Knock with her Heel, for ſome body to come in—ſtill, I ſay, if ſome body ſhou'd come in—'twou'd be ungrateful in any Woman alive not to allow, that good Attendance ſometimes may do her Virtue conſiderable Service.—— [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Lord George, *and Miſs* Notable.

Miſs *Not.* SO when I found that wou'd not take down her Vanity, I e'en told her the whole Truth of the Matter, that it was not my Lady *Gentle*, but her humble Servant was her Rival.

Ld. *Geo.* Well ſaid: What did Mrs. *Conqueſt* ſay upon that?

Miſs *Not.* She did not ſay much, but the poor Soul's gone out of Town upon't.

Ld. *Geo.* Out of Town at this time of Night! What d'ye mean?

Miſs *Not.* Juſt as I ſay, Sir—Her Brother, it ſeems, is come from Travel, ſo the Fullneſs of her Stomach laid hold on that Occaſion, and ſhe pretends ſhe's gone to meet him—Now what I expect from you is this; ſince I ſee nothing but Demonſtration will heartily humble her Ladyſhip, you ſhall confeſs all I told her of your Addreſſing to me, under your own Hand, in a Billet to me, which I'll incloſe in a ſtinging Letter from my ſelf to her, and ſend it immediately.

Ld. *Geo.* So, ſo, I am like to be drawn into a fine Buſineſs here: The Jeſt muſt not go ſo far neither: The Child has a ſtrange Vivacity in her good Nature—— [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.*

Miſs *Not.* You pauſe upon't——

Ld. *Geo.* Well, Madam, to let you ſee I ſcorn to profeſs more than I'll ſtand to, do you draw up the Letter to your Mind, I'll copy it, and— and— and— and— put the Change upon you. [*Aſide.*

Miſs *Not.* Ay, now you ſay ſomething, I'll about it immediately.

Ld. *Geo.* Do ſo, I'll ſtay here till you have done it. [*Exit* Miſs *Not.*] Who ſays I am not a provident Lover? For now by that Time my Harveſt of Lady *Gentle* is over, the early Inclination I have ſown in this Girl will be juſt ripe and ready for the Sicle——A true Woman's Man ſhould breed his Miſtreſſes, as an old What-d'ye-call-'um does young Girls in a Play-Houſe, one under another, that he may have always ſomething fit for the Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Quality—— But here comes my Lady *Gentle*—— Aſſurance, ſtand faſt, and don't let the inſolent Awe of a fine Woman's Virtue look thee out of Countenance.

Enter Lady Gentle.

La. *Gent.* Come, come, my Lord, where do you run? the Cards ſtay for you.

Ld. *Geo.* I did not know your Ladyſhip had reſolv'd to do me the Honour of accepting the Match I propos'd you.

La. *Gent.* O your Servant grave Sir——you have a Mind to be off on't, I ſuppoſe—— but as meer a Country-Gentlewoman as you think me, you'll find I am enough in the Mode not to refuſe a good Offer, whether I deſerve it or no.

Ld. *Geo.* Coquet by all that's lovely. *(Aſide.)*—— I muſt confeſs, Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee your Ladyſhip a little better reconcil'd to the Diverſions in Faſhion.

La. *Gent.* And if I have any Skill in Faces, whatever ſolemn Airs you give you ſelf, no body is more a private Friend to 'em than your Lordſhip.

Ld. *Geo.* I can't diſown a ſecret Tenderneſs for every Thing that ought to move the Heart, but Reputation ſhou'd be always ſacred: And he that does not take ſome care of his own, can never hope to be much truſted with other People's: For were a Woman of Condition generouſly to make that Truſt, what Conſequence upon Earth cou'd be more terrible to her, than the Folly, or Baſeneſs of her Lover's expoſing the Secret.

La. *Gent.*

La. *Gent.* Very modiſh Morals, upon my Word, ſo that a prudent regard to her Reputation is all the Virtue you think a Woman has occaſion for—— Fie, fie, I'll ſwear my Lord, I took you for quite another Man.

Ld. *Geo.* I never was deceiv'd in your Ladyſhip, for I always took you for a Woman of the firſt and quickeſt Underſtanding.

La. *Gent.* Are not you a wicked Creature? How can you have the Aſſurance to think any Woman that knows you, will be commonly civil to you?

Ld. *Geo.* I do think the moſt impudent thing a Man can offer a Woman, is to aſk the leaſt Favour of her before he has done ſomething to deſerve it, and ſo, if you pleaſe, Madam, we'll e'en ſit down to Picquet, and make an end of our Argument afterwards.

La. *Gent*, [*Aſide.*] How blind is Vanity? that this Wretch can't ſee I fool him all this while?—Well, my Lord, for once I won't baulk your Gallantry. [*Enter Sir* Friendly.] Come, Sir *Friendly*, my Lord and I am going to Picquet, have you a mind to look on a little?

Sir *Fr.* Troth, Madam, I have often lookt on, and have as often wondred, to ſee two very good Friends ſit fairly down, and in cool Blood, agree to wiſh one another heartily inconvenienc'd in their Fortune.

Ld. *Geo.* O Fie! Nuncle, that's driving the Conſequence too far.

Sir *Fr.* Not a Jot—— And 'tis amazing, that ſo many good Families ſhou'd daily encourage a Diverſion, whoſe utmoſt Pleaſure is founded upon Avarice and ill Nature: For thoſe are always the ſecret Principles of deep Play.

Re-enter Miſs, and winks to Lord George.

Ld *Geo.* I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip in a moment. [*Exit.*

La. *Gent.* I don't know, Play is a Diverſion that always keeps the Spirits awake, methinks, whether one wins or loſes.

Sir *Fr.* I have very little to ſay againſt a moderate uſe of it—but we grow ſerious—Pray, Madam, is my Lady *Wronglove* in the next Room.

La. *Gent.* I left her there, ſhe was enquiring for you—— Here ſhe is.

Enter Lady Wronglove.

La. *Gent.* Well, Madam! What are they doing within?

La. *Wrong.* There's like to be no Bank, I find, they are all broke into Ombre and Picquet.

La. *Gent.*

La. *Gent.* Your Ladyſhip is not for Play then?

La. *Wrong.* Not yet, Madam; I have a word or two with Sir *Friendly*, and I'll endeavour to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's Sir *John Conqueſt* juſt come to Town, he enquires for your Ladyſhip, or Sir *Friendly Moral.*

La. *Gent.* Sir *John!* What a Miſtake has poor Mrs. *Conqueſt* made now? She went but an Hour ago to meet him?

Sir *Fr.* Will your Ladyſhip give me leave to wait on him?

La. *Gent.* If you pleaſe to give yourſelf that trouble, Sir *Friendly.* Pray deſire him to walk in. [*Exit Sir* Friendly.] Is my Lord *Wronglove* come, Madam?

La. *Wrong.* He ſaid he would be here; but you muſt not expect him the more for that.

La. *Gent.* He does not much ſtand upon Forms, indeed; but he's extremely good humour'd, when one has him.

La. *Wrong.* How can People taſte good Humour, where there's no Principle?

La. *Gent.* And what dull Company wou'd the ſtricteſt Principles be without good Humour?

La. *Wrong.* And yet the beſt Temper's but a Cheat without 'em.

La. *Gent.* He muſt be a Man indeed that lives without a Fault; but there are ſome, that 'tis always a Woman's Intereſt to over-look in a Huſband: Our Frowns may govern Lovers, but Huſbands muſt be ſmil'd on.

La. *Wrong.* I ſhou'd deſpiſe the Man that muſt be flatter'd to be juſt.

La. *Gent.* Alas! The Price is very little, and let me tell you, Madam; the Man that's juſt is not to be deſpis'd.

La. *Wrong.* He that lives in a profeſs'd Contempt of Obligations, can never be belov'd——'tis better to releaſe 'em: You'll ſhortly ſee me eaſie.

La. *Gent.* I ſhall ever wiſh you ſo.

Enter Sir Friendly *with Mrs.* Conqueſt, *in Man's Habit.*

Sir *Fr.* This, Sir, is my Lady *Gentle.* [*They ſalute.*

La. *Gent.* Your are welcome into *England*, Sir.

Enter Lord Geo. *who ſeeing Mrs.* Conqueſt, *whiſpers Sir* Friendly.

Mrs. *Con.* I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe my unſeaſonable Viſit, but I rather choſe to be troubleſome than ſlow in the Acknowledgments I owe your Ladyſhip for your many Favours to my Siſter.

La. *Gent.* Mrs. *Conqueſt* and her Friends are always welcome to me——My Lady *Wronglove*, pray, know Sir *John!*

Sir *Fr.* My Lord *George*, and Sir *John*, Will you give me leave to recommend a Friendſhip between you.

Ld. *Geo.* Sir, I ſhall be proud to embrace it.

Mrs. *Con.* 'Twill be a Charity in a Man of your Lordſhip's Figure to give a raw young Fellow a little Countenance at his firſt Arrival.

Ld. *Geo.* Your Appearance, Sir, I am confident, will never want a Friendſhip among the Men of Taſte, or the Ladies.

Sir *Fr.* This young Lady, Sir *John*, is a near Relation of mine; and if you have not left your heart abroad, will endanger it here as far as e're a Southern Beauty of 'em all.

Mrs. *Con.* If the Lady's Good-nature were equal to her Beauty, 'twould be diſpos'd this minute.

Ld. *Geo.* Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

Miſs *Not.* A ſweet Creature! [*Aſide.*

La. *Wrong.* He's extremely like his Siſter.

Ld. *Gent.* The very Image of her.

Mrs. *Con.* We were both made at the ſame time, Ladies, I only wiſh ſhe had been born to Breeches too: For I fanſy that wild Humour of hers is diſmally put to't under the Confinement of Petticoats [*Lady* Wrong. *goes to Sir* Friendly.]

Ld *Gent.* I find, Sir *John*, you are Twins in your good humour, as well as your Perſons.

Mrs. *Con.* We always took a Liberty with one another, Madam, tho' I believe the Girl may be honeſt at the bottom.

Ld. *Geo.* Methinks you loſe time with the young Lady, Sir *John.* [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Con.* To tell you the Truth, my Lord, I find my ſelf a little too ſharp ſet for a formal Gallantry, I have had a tedious Voyage, and wou'd be as glad of a ſmall Recommendation to any humble extempore Favour.

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* Faith I am a little out of —— Gentlewomen, my ſelf at preſent: But if your Occaſions are not very preſſing, I'll put you out of a deſpairing Condition—— I'll carry you behind the Scenes, and there are Ladies of all ſorts, Coquets, Prudes, and Virgins (they ſay) ſerious and Comical, Vocal,——and Inſtrumental.

Mrs. *Con.* We ſhall find a time, my Lord.

Miſs *Not.* I muſt have a Friendſhip with him, that's Poſs. Let me ſee——ay, that will do it.—— What a dear Pleaſure 'tis, be in what Company one will, to have all the young Fellows particular. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Con.* [*To Lady* Gent.] I am afraid, Madam, we interrupt the Diverſion of the good Company, I heard Cards call'd for as we came in.

La. *Gent.* If you pleaſe then, Sir *John*, we'll ſtep into the next Room——my Lady *Wronglove*, we'll expect you. [*Exeunt all but Lady* Wrong. *and Sir* Friendly.

La. *Wrong.* I'll wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Sir *Fr.* I am ſorry, Madam, to find the Miſunderſtanding carried to ſuch Extremities.

La. *Wrong.* After ſuch Uſage 'tis impoſſible to live with him.

Sir *Fr.* And have you in your calmer Thoughts e'er weigh'd the miſerable Conſequence of parting?

La. *Wrong.* 'Twill ſhew the World, at leaſt, I am not like the World; but ſcorn on any Terms t'endure the Man that wrongs me. Since too he ſtill perſiſts in his Defiance of my Reſentment, what Remedy on Earth have I but parting?

Sir *Fr.* Is there no Cure for Wounds but bleeding dead?——You'll ſay he has wrong'd you——Grant it——that Wrong has been ſeverely puniſh'd in your ſevere Reſentment.

La. *Wrong.* But ſtill it has not cur'd the Wrong.

Sir *Fr.* Then, certainly, 'twas wrong to uſe it.

La. *Wrong.* I've been reduc'd to uſe it: Nor cou'd I bear the looſe, malicious Fleerings of the World without a juſt Reſentment upon him.

Sir *Fr.* Nor wou'd I have you bear it——no;——but diſappoint their empty faſhionable Malice, cloſe up this unprofitable Breach, 'tis ſtill within your Power, and fix him yet more firmly yours.

La. *Wrong.* Alas, 'tis now too late! We have agreed on other Terms: He too, at laſt, is willing we ſhou'd part.

Sir *Fr.* Bury that Thought: Come, come, there's yet a gentler Cure, cou'd you ſuppreſs your Temper to go through it: This raſh and fruitleſs ſtruggling with a broken Limb gives you but more outragious Pain, inflames the Wound, and brings your very Life of Peace in Danger: Think what a glorious Conqueſt it wou'd be, ev'n in the Face of the cenſorious and inſulting World, to tame this Wanderer, whoſe frail Inconſtancy has ſought a vain and falſe Relief abroad: To lure him home with ſoft Affection, to lull him into Bluſhes, Peace, and envied Happineſs. One Word, one tender Look ſecures your Triumph: Is there no Virtue, think you, in Remiſſion? Nothing perſuaſive in the Reproach of patient Love?

La. *Wrong.* I ſee to what your Friendſhip wou'd perſuade me, but were it poſſible my flatter'd Hopes cou'd loſe the Memory of my Wrongs for ever——Say I cou'd this Moment huſh my Woman's Pride to all the Tenderneſs of ſoft Affection, cou'd ſigh, cou'd weep, and earn for Reconcilement! Where cou'd a Wretch, unheeded in her Wrongs like me, find ſhelter? Where is the Friendly Boſome wou'd receive me? How can I hope for Comfort from that Breaſt, that now I fear is hardned to my undoing?

Sir *Fr.* Cheriſh that ſoftning Thought, and all may yet be well: O! there's a meritable Goodneſs in thoſe Fears that cannot fail to Conquer. Do not ſuppoſe, I can be partial to his Errors, and not a Friend to your Complaints. Reſentment can but at beſt revenge, but never redreſs 'em. Repoſe 'em with a Friend for once, and be aſſur'd, as of my Honeſty, I'll make you no diſhonourable Peace.

La. *Wrong.* I don't doubt of your ſincere Endeavours. But who can anſwer for another's Morals? Think how much more miſerable you make me, ſhou'd he inſult upon my Patience.

Sir *Fr.* By that Sincerity you truſt in, I know him of a ſofter Nature, friendly, generous, and tender; only to Oppoſition, obſtinately cool; to Gentleneſs, ſubmiſſive as a Lover.

La. *Wrong.* Do what you will with me. *(Sits down weeping.*

Sir *Fr.* He comes! be comforted! Depend upon my Friendſhip.

Enter

Enter Lord Wronglove.

My Lord, I grieve to ſee you here on this occaſion.

Ld. *Wrong*. I'm not my ſelf tranſported at it, Sir *Friendly*.——I come——t'obey my Summons.

Sir *Fr*. How eaſily we pay Obedience to our Wiſhes! Was it well done, my Lord, to work the Weakneſs of a Woman to aſk for what you knew was her undoing? A Mind, which your Unkindneſs had diſtemper'd, deſerv'd a tenderer care, than reaching it a Corroſive for a Cordial. Your Judgment cou'd not but foreſee the Reſolution of a Love-ſick Wife muſt ſtagger in the Shock of Separation.

Ld. *Wrong*. Ha! [*La*. Wrong. *weeping*.]

Sir *Fr*. Look there; and while thoſe ſoftning Tears reproach you, think on the long watched, reſtleſs Hours, ſhe already has endur'd from your Miſdoing: Nor cou'd you blame her, if in the torturing Pain ſhe thought her only Help was cutting off th'infected Limb: But you! You to hold the horrid Knife prepar'd, while your hard Heart was conſcious of a gentler Cure, was Cruelty beyond a humane Nature.

Ld. *Wrong*. Miſtake me not: I need not theſe Reproaches, to be juſt. I never ſought this Separation, never wiſh'd it; and when it can be prov'd unkind in me to accept it, my Ruine ſhou'd as ſoon be welcome. And tho' perhaps my negligence of Temper may have ſtood the Frowns of Love unmov'd, yet I can find no Guard within, that can ſupport me 'gainſt its Tears. [*Goes to Lady* Wronglove.]

Sir *Fr*. Now, my Lord, you are indeed a Man.

Ld. *Wrong*. Welcome or not, I muſt not ſee you thus, Madam, without an offer'd Hand to raiſe you. What is't diſturbs you?

La. *Wrong*. Nothing.

Ld. *Wrong*. If I can never more deſerve the ſoft Reception of a Lover, give me at leaſt the honeſt Freedom of a Friend's Concern, to wiſh you well; to ſearch your inmoſt Griefs, and ſhare 'em.

La. *Wrong*. I cannot ſpeak to you.

Sir *Fr*. My Lord, that tender Silence tells you all.

Ld. *Wrong*. Too much indeed for Senſe of Shame to bear.—Now, I ſhou'd bluſh ever to have deſerv'd theſe juſt reproachful Tears; but when I think they ſpring from the diſſolving Rock of ſecret Love, I

triumph

triumph in the thought; and in this wild irruption of its Joy, my parching Heart cou'd drink the Cordial Dew.

La. *Wrong.* What means this ſoft Effuſion in my Breaſt! ana ching Tenderneſs ne'er felt before?

Ld. *Wrong.* I cannot bear that melting Eloquence of Eyes.—Yet nearer, cloſer to my Heart, and live for ever there.——Thus blending our diſſolving Souls in dumb inutterable Softneſs.

Sir *Fr.* Age has not yet ſo drain'd me, but when I ſee a Tenderneſs in Virtue's Eye, my Heart will ſoften, and its Springs will flow.

La. *Wrong.* Pity this new Confuſion of my Woman's Heart, that wou'd (but knows not how to) make returns for this Endearment; that fears, yet wiſhes, that burns and bluſhes, with my Sex's Shame in yielding.——Can you forgive, my Lord, the late uncurb'd Expreſſions of a diſorder'd Mind?——but think they were my Paſſion's fault, and pardon 'em.

Ld. *Wrong.* O never! never let us think we ever diſagreed! ſince our ſick Love is heal'd, for ever be its cauſe forgotten, and remov'd.

La. *Wrong.* But let the kind Phyſician that reſtor'd us, be for ever in our Thanks remember'd. Had not his tender Care obſerv'd the Criſis of my diſtemper'd Mind, how raſhly had I languiſh'd out a wretched Being?

Ld. *Wrong.* This was indeed beyond a Friend,——a Father's Care.

Sir *Fr.* My Lord, what I have done, your mutual Peace has overpaid: I knew you both had Virtues, and was too far concern'd indeed to ſee 'em loſt in Paſſion.

Ld. *Wrong.* If Heaven wou'd mark our Bounds of Happineſs below, or Humane Wiſdom were allow'd to chuſe from Virtue's largeſt Store; in Joys, like ours, the needleſs Search wou'd end.

Sir *Fr.* In ſuch ſoft Wives.

La. *Wrong.* ——— So kind a Huſband.

Ld. *Wrong.* ——— Such a Friend.

Enter Mrs. Conqueſt, *and Miſs* Notable.

Mrs. *Con.* I'm all Amazement, all Rapture, Madam! Is't poſſible ſo fair, and young a Creature, can have ſo juſt, ſo exquiſite a ſenſe of Love?

Miſs *Not.* Why not? If I have any Senſe, 'tis natural to have our firſt Views of Happineſs from Love.

Mrs. *Con.* My little Soul you charm me! You have a mind to Pique Lord *George*, you ſay.

Miſs *Not.* To a Rapidity! —— Yet, methinks, not ſo much upon my own Account, as Yours: for his diſhonourable Uſage, as I told you, of your Siſter. And to convince you of my Friendſhip,—— there's his own Hand to accuſe him of it:——Read it.——Hold! hold! — here's my Unkle,——put it up.

Mrs. *Con.* Can't I ſteal into your Room by and by?

Miſs *Not.* With all my Heart.——Then I'll tell you more.

[*Exit* Miſs *Not.*

Enter Sir Friendly.

Sir *Fr.* So, Child! you are making way, I ſee! What have you got in your Hand there?

Mrs. *Con.* Why, young Madam tells me, 'tis ſomething under my Lord *Geoge*'s Hand, that will convince me of his abuſing my Siſter—me.

Sir *Fr.* Pray read it.

Mrs. *Con.* (Reads.) To Mrs. *Conqueſt.*

IF you deſign to make any ſtay in the Country, 'twill be obliging to return the Lampoon you ſtole from me, it being the only Copy from the Face of this Globe to the Sky, that is to be had for Malice, or Money. I am, dear Madam, with all due Extremity, moſt invincibly yours,

BRILLANT.

A very tender Epiſtle truly.

Sir *Fr.* 'Tis like all the reſt of him.

Mrs. *Con.* I'm glad to find, however, he has good Humour enough not to let the little Malice of that Chit fool him, to affront me; which I find ſhe has been heartily driving at.

Sir *Fr.* In troth, it ſhews ſome ſenſe of Honour in him.

Mrs. *Con.* Depend upon it, Sir, he does not want it upon an honourable occaſion.

Sir *Fr.* And 'twou'd be hard indeed, not to make ſome allowances for Youth.

Mrs. *Con.* But if I am not ev'n with her young Ladyſhip——

Sir *Fr.*

Sir *Fr.* I'm glad you have ſo innocent a Revenge in your Hands; perſue your Addreſſes to her: To make her Coquettry a little ridiculous will do her no harm. Well! how go Affairs within? How is my Lady *Gentle* like to come off with his Lordſhip at play?

Mrs. *Con.* Juſt as I expected: I left her in the laſt Game of loſing about double the Sum ſhe owes him. That Fellow, the Count, is certainly his Confederate; his going her halfs, is only a pretence to look on, and ſo, by private Signs, to tell my Lord every Card in her Hand.

Sir *Fr.* Not unlikely: What's to be done next?

Mrs. *Con.* Only, Sir, do you engage the Company ſtill in the next Room, while I take my Poſt. Hark! they have done Play.—I heard the Table move: Away.

Sir *Fr.* Succeſs to you —— [Exeunt *ſeverally.*

The SCENE *opening diſcovers Lord* George *and Lady* Gentle *riſing from Play.*

Ld. *Geo.* Have we done, Madam?

La. *Gent.* I have, my Lord, and I think for ever; ——'pleaſe to tell that. Intolerable Fortune. *(Throws down Money.*

Ld. *Geo.* The Count gone!

La. *Gent.* O yes, my Lord; he had not Patience, you ſee.——He run away when the Game was ſcarce up.

Ld. *Geo.* This Bill is his then.

La. *Gent.* It was; but it's yours now, I ſuppoſe.

Ld. *Geo.* Here's Forty Pound, Madam

La. *Gent.* There's a Hundred, and Sixty. *(Gives a Bill.)* What do I owe you now, my Lord?

Ld. *Geo.* Forty!— a Hundred, and Sixty! — um — juſt 1000 *l.* Madam.

La. *Gent.* Very well! — and 1000 *l.* more borrow'd this Morning! and all fool'd away! ——fool'd! ——fool'd away! *(Fretting.*

Ld. *Geo.* Oh! does it bite. *(Aſide.)*

La. *Gent.* O Wretch! Wretch! miſerable forſaken Wretch! —Ay! do! think! think! and ſigh upon the Conſequence of what thou'ſt done! the Ruin! Ruin! the ſure Ruin that's before thee!

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* Suppoſe, Madam, you try your Fortune at ſome other Game.

La. *Gent.* Talk not of Play,——for I have done with it for ever.

Ld. *Geo.* I can't ſee you, under this Confuſion, at your ill Fortune, Madam, without offering all, within my power, to make you eaſie.

La. *Gent.* My Lord, I can't be eaſie under an Obligation, which I have no proſpect of returning.

Ld. *Geo.* Come, come, you're not ſo poor, as your hard Fears wou'd make you. There are a thouſand trifles in your power to grant, that you wou'd never miſs, yet a Heart leſs ſenſible of your Concern than mine, wou'd prize beyond a tenfold value of your Loſſes.

La. *Gent.* I'm poor in every thing but Folly, and a juſt Will to anſwer for its Miſcarriages. On this, my Lord, you may depend: I'll ſtrain my utmoſt to be juſt to you.

Ld. *Geo.* Alas! you do not know the plenty Nature has endow'd you with. There's not a tender Sigh that heaves that lovely Boſom, but might, if giv'n in ſoft Compaſſion to a Lover's Pain, releaſe you of the *Indies*, had you loſt 'em. Can you ſuppoſe, that ſordid Avarice alone, has puſh'd my Fortune to this Height? Was the poor lucre of a little Pelf worth all this wild Extravagance of Hazard I have run? —— Give it at leaſt a View more generous, tho' leſs ſucceſsful; and think, that all I've done was in your greateſt need to prove my ſelf your firmeſt Friend.

La. *Gent.* My Lord, 'twou'd now be Affectation not to underſtand you. But I'm concern'd, that you ſhou'd think, that Fortune ever cou'd reduce me to ſtand the hearing of a diſhonourable Thought from any Man; or, if I cou'd be won to Folly, at leaſt I wou'd make a Gift, and not a Bargain of my Heart: Therefore, if the worſt muſt be, I'll own the Sum, and Sir *William* ſhall pay it on demand.

Ld. *Geo.* *(Aſide.)* Shall he? I know what will become of your Ladyſhip——You may Flounce, and run away with my Line if you pleaſe, but you will find at the end of it a lovely bearded Hook,

that will ſtrangely perſuade you to come back again——A Debt of two thouſand Pounds is not ſo eaſily ſlipt out of.

La. *Gent.* Now, my Lord, if after all I've ſaid, you have Honour enough to do a handſome thing, and not let him know of it.

Ld. *Geo.* O do you feel it, Madam? [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* 'Tis but being a better Houſe-wife in Pins; and if an hundred Pound, a Quarter of that will ſatisfie you till the whole's paid, you may depend upon't: A little more Prudence, and a Winter or two in the Country will ſoon recover it.

Ld. *Geo.* Preſs me not with ſo unkind a Thought. To drive you from the Town, e're you have ſcarce run through half the Diverſions of it, wou'd be barbarous indeed?

La. *Gent.* Wou'd I had never ſeen it.

Ld. *Geo.* Since I ſee, Madam, how much you dread an Obligation to me, ſay I cou'd find the Means to free you of this Debt, without my obliging you, nay, without a poſſibility of your loſing more: I wou'd ev'n unthank'd relieve you.

La. *Gent.* That's a Propoſal I can't comprehend, my Lord.

Ld. *Geo.* I'll make it more engaging yet: For give but a Promiſe you'll weigh the Offer in one Moment's Thought before you anſwer to it; and in return, by all my Hearts laſt bleeding Hopes, I ſwear, that ev'n your refuſal then ſhall ſilence my offenſive Love, and ſeal its Lips for ever.

La. *Gent.* I think, my Lord, on that Condition, I may ſafely hear you.

Ld. *Geo.* Thus then I offer—I'll tailly to you on one ſingle Card, which if your Fortune wins, the Sums you owe me then ſhall all be quit, and my offenſive hopes of Love be Dumb for ever: If I win, thoſe Sums ſhall ſtill be paid you back with this Reſerve, That I have then your ſilent leave to Hope.

La. *Gent.* My Lord——

Ld. *Geo.* I beg you do not anſwer yet——Conſider firſt, This Offer ſhuts out my very humbleſt Hope from Merit, is certain to recover all you've loſt, with equal Chance, to rid you of (I fear) a hateful Lover, and but at worſt, makes it your avoidleſs Fortune to endure him.

La. *Gent.* A bold and artful Bait indeed. [*Aſide.*

Ld. *Geo.* Iv'e done, and leave you to the moment's Pauſe you promis'd.

La. *Gent.* [*Aſide.*] A certainty to quit the Sums I owe! A Chance with it, to rid me of his aſſaulting Love! A bleſt deliverance indeed! But then the Lot is equal too, of being oblig'd to give him Hope, my ſecret, conſcious, leave to love—That thought imbitters all again; 'tis horrid loathſome, and my Diſeaſe leſs formidable than ſuch a Cure—Why do I hold it in a moment's thought? Be bold and tell him ſo; for while I Pauſe he hopes in ſpite of me—Hold—

Ld. *Geo.* Ay! think a little better on't. [*Aſide.*

La. *Gent.* [*Aſide.*] To do it raſhly, may incenſe him to my Ruine: He has it in his Power. He may demand my loſings of my Huſband's Honour; who tho' 'twill make his Fortune bleed to do't, I'm ſure will pay 'em. Two thouſand Pounds, with what Iv'e lately loſt, might ſhock the Meaſures of a larger Income. What Face muſt I appear with then? whoſe ſhameful Conduct is the Cauſe on't—The conſequence of that muſt, like an inward Canker, feed upon our future Quiet! His former friendly Confidence muſt wear a face of Strangeneſs to me: His eaſe of Thought, his chearful Smiles, with all the Thouſand hoarded Pleaſures of his indulgent Love, are loſt: Then loſt for ever! Inſupportable Dilemma! What will become of me!

Ld. *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] Ah! poor Lady! it's a hard Tug indeed; but by the Grace of Neceſſity, Virtue may get over it.

La. *Gent.* [*Aſide.*] If ſome Women had this offer now, they'd make a Trifle of the Hazard! Nay, even of their loſing it.

Ld. *Geo.* [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid! take Courage!—There's nothing in't—it's a good round Sum—half ready Money too—think of that Suppoſe I ſhou'd touch the Cards a little.

La. *Gent.* [*Aſide.*] Hope! he hopes already from his Offer: But then he offers me the means to kill it too! Say he ſhou'd win, he takes that Hope but from his Fortune, not my Virtue! Beſide—am I ſo ſure to loſe? Is't in his Fate, that he muſt ever win? Why ſhall'nt I rather think, that Providence has brought me to this Streſs, only to ſet my Follies dreadful in my view, and reaches now,

at laſt, its Hand to ſave and warn me on the Precipice?—It muſt—it is—my flattering Hope will have it ſo—Impoſſible ſo critical a Chance can loſe—My Fancy ſtrengthens on the Thought, my Heart grows bold, and bids me venture.

Ld. *Geo.* Shall I deal, Madam?——or——

La. *Gent.* Quick, quickly then, and take me while my Courage can ſupport it. [*He ſhuffles the Cards.*] Forgive me Virtue, if I this once depend on Fortune to relieve thee.

Ld. *Geo.* Then Fortune for the Bold—I've dealt—'Tis fix'd for one of us.

La. *Gent.* There. [*She ſets upon the King.*]

Ld. *Geo.* The King——'tis mine. [*Lord* Geo. *Taillys, and Lady* Gen. *loſes.*

La. *Gent.* Diſtraction!——Madneſs——Madneſs only can relieve me now.

Ld. *Geo.* Soh! my venture is arriv'd at laſt——Now to unlade it. Theſe Bills, Madam, now are yours again. [*Lays 'em down.*] But why this hard, unkind Concern? Be juſt at leaſt, and don't, in theſe reluctant Tears, drown all the humble Hopes that Fortune has bequeath'd me: Or if they preſs too rude and ſudden for their Welcome, chide 'em but gently, they're ſoft as Infant wiſhes, one tender word will huſh them into Whiſpers.

La. *Gent.* Thus then with low Submiſſion, on my Knees, I beg for Pity of my Fortune! O ſave me! ſave me from your cruel Power: Pity the hard diſtreſſes of a trembling Wretch, whom Folly has betray'd to Ruin. O! think not I can ever ſtain my Virtue, and preſerve my Senſes! For while I think, my ſhrinking Heart will ſhudder at the Horror: This trembling Hand will wither in your Touch, or end me in diſtraction. If you've a humane Soul, O yet be greatly good, and ſave me from eternal Ruine.

Ld. *Geo.* Theſe bugbear Terrors (Pray be rais'd——

La. *Gent.* O never!)

Ld. *Geo.* Which inexperience forms, wou'd vaniſh in a moments juſt or generous Thought: And ſince the right of Fortune has decreed me Hope, your Word, your Faith, your Honour ſtands engag'd to pay it——

Enter

Enter a Stranger bluntly with a Letter.

Strang. Lady?

La. *Gent.* Ah!

Ld. *Geo.* How now! what's the meaning of this?

Strang. I have ſworn to deliver this into your own Hands, tho' I ſhou'd find you at your Prayers.

La. *Gent.* Who are you, Sir?

Strang. No body.

La. *Gent.* Whence come you?

Strang. From no body——Good b'y. [*Exit.*

Ld. *Geo.* Fire and Furies! what a ridiculous Interruption is this?

La. *Gent.* I'm amaz'd.

Ld. *Geo.* What can it mean?

La. *Gent.* Ha! what's here! Bank Bills of two thouſand Pounds! The very Sums I have loſt!——No Advice! Not a Line with 'em! No matter whence they came! From no Enemy I'm ſure; better owe 'em any where, than here.

Ld. *Geo.* I fanſy, Madam, the next Room were——were——

La. *Gent.* No, my Lord—our Accounts now need no Privacy—there's your two thouſand Pound.

Ld. *Geo.* What mean you, Madam.

La. *Gent.* To be as you wou'd have me, Juſt, and pay my Debts of Honour: For thoſe that you demand againſt my Honour, by the known Laws of Play, are void: Where Honour cannot win, Honour can never loſe. And now, my Lord, 'tis time to leave my Folly, and its Danger——Fare you well.

Ld. *Geo.* Hold, Madam, our ſhort Account is not made ev'n yet: Your Tears indeed might fool me into Pity, but this unfair Defiance never can: Since you wou'd poorly falſifie your Word, you've nothing but your Sex to guard you now, and all the Favour that you can Hope is, that I'll give your Virtue ev'n its laſt Excuſe, and force you to be juſt.

La. *Gent.* Ah!

Enter Mrs. Conqueſt *with her Sword drawn.*

Mrs. *Con.* Hold, Sir! unhand the Lady.

Ld. *Geo.* Death again! [*Draws.*

Mrs. *Con.* My Lord, this is no place to uſe our Swords in; this Lady's Preſence may Sheath 'em here without diſhonour. Your Pardon, Madam, for this rude intruſion, which your Protection, and my own injur'd Honour have compell'd me to.

Ld. *Geo.* Let me adviſe you, Sir, to have more regard to this Lady's Honour, than to ſuppoſe my being innocently here at Cards, was upon the leaſt ill thought againſt it.

Mrs. *Con.* My Lord, that's anſwer'd, in owning I have overheard every word you have ſaid this half Hour.

Ld. *Geo.* The Devil! He loves her ſure! You are to be found, Sir——

Mrs. *Con.* O! my Lord, I ſhall not part with you; but I have firſt a Meſſage to you from my Siſter, which you muſt anſwer inſtantly: Not but I know her Pride contemns the baſeneſs you have us'd her with; for which ſhe'd think perhaps, your diſappointment here an over-pay'd Revenge: But there's a jealous Honour in our Family, whoſe injuries are above the feeble Spirit of a Girl to puniſh, that lies on me to vindicate, and calls for warmer Reparation ——Follow me.

La. *Gent.* Good, Sir!——my Lord, I beg for pity's ſake, compoſe this Breach ſome milder way——If Blood ſhou'd follow on your going hence, what muſt the World report of me? my Fame's undone for ever——Let me intreat you, Sir, be pacify'd, my Lord will think of honourable Means to right your Siſter——My Lord, for Mercy's ſake——

Ld. *Geo.* Your Pardon, Madam, Honour muſt be free before it can repair: Compulſion ſtains it into Cowardice——Away, Sir——I follow you. [*Exeunt Ld.* George *and Mrs.* Conqueſt.

La. *Gent.* O miſerable Wretch! to what a ſure diſtruction has thy Folly brought thee!

Enter Sir Friendly Moral.

Sir *Fr.* Dear, Madam, what's the matter, I heard high words within, no harm I hope?

La. *Gent.* Murther I fear, if not prevented; my Lord *George*, and Sir *John Conqueſt* have quarrell'd, and are gone out this Moment in their Heat to end it.

Sir *Fr.* How?

La. *Gent.* I beg you, Sir, go after 'em, ſhou'd there be Miſchief, the World will certainly report from falſe Appearances, that I'm the Cauſe.

Sir *Fr.* Don't think ſo, Madam, I'll uſe my beſt endeavour to prevent it! in the mean time take heed your Diſorder don't Alarm the Company within——Which way went they?

La. *Gent.* That Door, Sir. [*Exit Sir* Friend.] Who's there. [*Enter a Servant.*] Run quick, and ſee if the Garden Door into the Park be lock'd—[*Exit Servant.*] How ſtrict a Guard ſhould Virtue keep upon its Innocence? How dangerous, how faithleſs are its lawful Pleaſures, when habitual! This Vice of Play, that has, I fear undone me, appear'd at firſt an harmleſs, ſafe, Amuſement; but ſtealing into Habit, its greateſt Hazards grew ſo familiar, that ev'n the Face of Ruine loſt its Terror to me. O! Reflection how I ſhudder at thee! the ſhameful Memory, of what I have done this Night will live with me for ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Garden Door was wide open.

La. *Gent.* Did you hear no Noiſe, or Buſtle in the Park.

Serv. No Madam. [*Exit Servant.*

La. *Gent.* They're certainly gone out that way, and Sir *Friendly* muſt miſs of 'em——O Wretch! Wretch! that ſtoodſt the foremoſt in the Rank of Prudent, Happy Wives, art now become the branded Mark of Infamy and Shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Park.

Enter Lord George.

Ld. *Geo.* So, I think we've loſt the Fellows that obſerv'd us, and if my Gentleman's Stomach holds, now I'm at leiſure to entertain him. Death! was ever glorious Hope ſo inveterably diſappointed? To bring her to her laſt Stake, to have her faſt upon my Hook, nay in my Hand, and after all, to have her whip through my Fingers like an Eel, was the very Impudence of Fortune——What not come yet? He has not thought better on't, I hope——It's a lovely clear Moon——I wiſh it does not ſhine through ſome body preſently.

Enter

Enter Four Fellows at a diſtance.

1. *Fel.* Stand cloſe, ſoftly and we have him——By your leave, Sir.
[*They ſeize him.*

Ld. *Geo.* So! Here's like to be no ſport to Night then——I'm taken care of, I ſee— Nay, pray Gentlemen, you need not be ſo boiſterous——I am ſenſible we are prevented.

2. *Fel.* Damn your Senſe, Sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

1. *Fel.* Blood, Sir, make the leaſt Noiſe, I'll ſtick you to the Ground.

Ld. *Geo.* I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, I find I am miſtaken, I thought you had only come to preſerve my Perſon, but I find 'tis my Purſe you have a Paſſion for—— You're in the wrong Pocket, upon my Faith Sir.

1. *Fel.* Pull off his Breeches, make ſure work, over his Heels with 'em that's the ſhorteſt way.

Ld. *Geo.* With ſubmiſſion, Sir, there's a ſhorter——and if you pull off my Skin, you won't find another Sixpence in the inſide on't.

2. *Fel.* What's this?

Ld. *Geo.* Only a Table-Book, you don't deal in Paper, I preſume?

1. *Fel.* Rot your Paper, Sir, we'll truſt no Man, Money down's our Buſineſs.

Enter Mrs. Conqueſt.

Mrs. *Con.* How now, Gentleman, what are you doing here?

Ld. *Geo.* Only borrowing a little Money, Sir, the Gentlemen will be gone preſently.

1. *Fel.* Hark you, you Baſtardly Beau, get about your Buſineſs— or— lay hold on him *Jack*——

Mrs. *Con.* Me! Raſkal——look you Dogs——releaſe that Gentleman quick —— give him his Sword again this Minute——or——
[*Preſents a Piſtol.*

Ld. *Geo.* And my Money, I beſeech you, Sir.

1. *Fel.* Blood! Stand him *Jack.* Five to One he don't kill. The Dog has a good Coat on, and may have Money in his Pocket.

2. *Fel.* Drop your Piſtol, Sir, or ſpill my Blood, I'll ſtick you.

Mrs. *Con.* Do you brave me Villains——Have at you.
[*She Preſents, and miſſes Fire.*

1. *Fel.* O ho! Mr. Bully, have we met with you—come on Sir—there, Sir, that will do, I believe. [*Two of 'em ſecure Ld.* Geo.

3. *Fel.* What is he down? Strip him. [*They puſh, ſhe falls.*

2. *Fel.* No, rot him, he's not worth it——Let's bruſh off. [*Ex.*

Ld. *Geo.* Barbarous Dogs! How is it Sir?

Mrs. *Con.* I'm kill'd——I fear the Wound's quite through me.

Ld. *Geo.* Mercy forbid! Where is't?

Mrs. *Con.* O! don't touch me——I beg you call for help, or any one to witneſs that my laſt Words confeſs you guiltleſs of this Accident.

Ld. *Geo.* This generous Reproach has more than vanquiſh'd me—I think I ſee a Chair in the *Mall*——Chair, Chair,——they come—Believe me, Sir, I have ſo juſt a Senſe of your Misfortune, and your Honour, that my full Heart now bleeds with ſhame to think how groſly I have wrong'd you in your Siſter's Goodneſs: But if you live, the future ſtudy of my Life ſhall be with utmoſt Reparation to deſerve your Friendſhip.

Mrs. *Con.* I ſhall never think that dearly bought, my Lord.

Enter Chairman.

Chair. Here: Who calls Chair?

Ld. *Geo.* Here, Friend, help up this Gentleman, he's wounded by ſome Foot-Pads, that juſt now ſet upon us——Softly—Carry him to Sir *William Gentle*'s, in—in—

Chair. I know it very well, Sir. [*Exit Chairmen with Mrs.* Conq.

Ld. *Geo.* Make haſte, while I run for a Surgeon. Death! how this Misfortune ſhocks and alters me.

The SCENE *changes to Lady* Gentle's.

Enter Miſs Notable, [*Alone.*

Miſs *Not.* So, my Plot takes, I find: the Family's in a terrible Confuſion: Sir *John* has certainly call'd him to an Account for the Letter I gave him—If the Town does not allow me the Reputation of this Quarrel——I have very hard Fortune——Lord! What a mortified Creature will poor Mrs. *Conqueſt* be, when ſhe hears in the loneſome Country, that her own Brother has fought with her only Lover, for his Offers of Love to me? Dear Soul! What muſt

it think, when ſuch a raw unfit thing as I, gives ſuch a great Creature as ſhe ſo unexpected a Confuſion? She can't take it ill ſure, if one ſhou'd ſmile when one ſees her next.

Enter to her Mrs. Hartſhorn *crying.*

Mrs. *Hartſ.* O Dear Madam! Sad News.

Miſs *Not.* What's the matter?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* My Lord *George* has kill'd Sir *John Conqueſt.*

Miſs *Not.* O Heav'ns! Upon my Account! Art ſure he's kill'd? Didſt ſee him dead?

Mrs. *Hartſ.* No Madam, he's alive yet: They've juſt brought him in a Hackney-Chair; but they ſay the Wound's quite through his Body: O! 'tis a ghaſtly Sight—

Miſs *Not.* Malicious Fortune! Had it been t'others Fate, I cou'd have born it. To take from me the only Life I ever really lov'd, is inſupportable.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Won't your Ladyſhip go in and ſee him, Madam?

Miſs *Not.* Prithee leave me to my Griefs alone.

Mrs. *Hartſ.* Ah! poor Gentleman— [*Exit.*

Miſs *Not.* Pretty Creature! I muſt ſee him—but it ſhall be in an Undreſs— it will be proper at leaſt, to give my Concern the Advantage of as much Diſorder as I can. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *drawing, diſcovers Mrs.* Conqueſt *in an arm'd Chair, with Lady* Gentle, *Lady* Wronglove, *Lord* Wronglove, *and Servants about her.*

Mrs. *Con.* No Surgeon yet?

Ld. *Wrong.* Here's my Lord *George*, and I believe the Surgeon with him.

Enter Lord George, *Sir* Friendly, *and* Surgeon.

Ld. *Geo.* Come, Sir, pray be quick, there's your Patient. How is it, Sir?

Mrs. *Con.* Oh!

Sir *Fr.* 'Twas not in my Fortune, Madam, to prevent this Accident. [*To Lady* Gentle.

Sur. By your leave Sir— Your Coat muſt come off, Sir.

Mrs. *Con.* Hold— Hark you Sir. [*Whiſpers the Surgeon.*

Sur.

Sur. I am ſurpriz'd indeed——A Woman, but don't be uneaſie, Madam, I ſhall have all due regard to your Sex.

Omnes. A Woman!

Ld. *Geo.* Ha!

Mrs. *Con.* To raiſe your Wonder, Ladies, equal to your Pity, know then, I am not what I ſeem, the injur'd Brother of Mrs. *Conqueſt*; but ſhe, her ſelf, the feeble Champion of my own Deſpair.

Ld. *Geo.* Diſtraction!

La. *Gent.* O my fatal Folly! What Ruin art thou now the Cauſe of?

La. *Wrong.* Poor unhappy Creature!

Ld. *Wrong.* What have you done, my Lord?

Ld. *Geo.* O blind beſotted Senſe! Not by a thouſand pointing Circumſtances to fore-know this Secret, and prevent its Conſequence. How ſhall I look on her?

Sur. No hopes, indeed, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* Take heed.——Art ſure, 'tis mortal?

Sur. Sir, 'tis impoſſible ſhe can live three hours:——The beſt way will be to convey the Lady to Bed, and let her take a large Doſe of Opium: All the help I can give her, is the hopes of going off in her Sleep.

La. *Gent.* [*Weeping.*] O piteous Creature!

Ld. *Wrong.* A Heart ſo generous indeed, deſerv'd a kinder Fate.

Ld. *Geo.* [*Throwing himſelf at Mrs.* Conqueſt's *Feet.*] O pardon injur'd Goodneſs! Pardon the ungrateful Follies of a thoughtleſs Wretch, that burns to be forgiven: Cou'd I have e'er ſuppos'd your generous Soul had ſet at half this fatal Price my tendreſt Vows, how gladly laviſh had I paid 'em to deſerve ſuch Virtue?

Mrs. *Con.* My Death, my Lord, is not half ſo terrible, as the wide Wound this raſh Attempt muſt give my bleeding Reputation.

Ld. *Geo.* ——To cure that Virgin Fear, this Moment, I conjure you, then, before your lateſt Breath forſakes you, let the pronouncing Prieſt, in ſacred Union of our hands, unite our Honour too, and in this full Reduction of my vanquiſh'd Heart ſilence all envious Queſtions on your Fame for ever.

Mrs. *Con.* 'Twou'd be, I own, an Eaſe in Death, to give me the Excuſe of dying honourably yours.

Ld. *Geo.* My Lord, your Chaplain's near, I beg he may be ſent for.

it think, when ſuch a raw unfit thing as I, gives ſuch a great Creature as ſhe ſo unexpected a Confuſion? She can't take it ill ſure, if one ſhou'd ſmile when one ſees her next.

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Enter Lord George, *Sir* Friendly, *and* Surgeon.

Ld. *Geo.* Come, Sir, pray be quick, there's your Patient. How is it, Sir?

Mrs. *Con.* Oh!

Sir *Fr.* 'Twas not in my Fortune, Madam, to prevent this Accident. [*To Lady* Gentle.

Sur. By your leave Sir— Your Coat muſt come off, Sir.

Mrs. *Con.* Hold— Hark you Sir. [*Whiſpers the Surgeon.*

Sur.

Sur. I am ſurpriz'd indeed——A Woman, but don't be uneaſie, Madam, I ſhall have all due regard to your Sex.

Omnes. A Woman!

Ld. *Geo.* Ha!

Mrs. *Con.* To raiſe your Wonder, Ladies, equal to your Pity, know then, I am not what I ſeem, the injur'd Brother of Mrs. *Conqueſt*; but ſhe, her ſelf, the feeble Champion of my own Deſpair.

Ld. *Geo.* Diſtraction!

La. *Gent.* O my fatal Folly! What Ruin art thou now the Cauſe of?

La. *Wrong.* Poor unhappy Creature!

Ld. *Wrong.* What have you done, my Lord?

Ld. *Geo.* O blind beſotted Senſe! Not by a thouſand pointing Circumſtances to fore-know this Secret, and prevent its Conſequence. How ſhall I look on her?

Sur. No hopes, indeed, Sir.

Sir *Fr.* Take heed.——Art ſure, 'tis mortal?

Sur. Sir, 'tis impoſſible ſhe can live three hours:——The beſt way will be to convey the Lady to Bed, and let her take a large Doſe of Opium: All the help I can give her, is the hopes of going off in her Sleep.

La. *Gent.* [*Weeping.*] O piteous Creature!

Ld. *Wrong.* A Heart ſo generous indeed, deſerv'd a kinder Fate.

Ld. *Geo.* [*Throwing himſelf at Mrs.* Conqueſt's *Feet.*] O pardon injur'd Goodneſs! Pardon the ungrateful Follies of a thoughtleſs Wretch, that burns to be forgiven: Cou'd I have e'er ſuppos'd your generous Soul had ſet at half this fatal Price my tendreſt Vows, how gladly laviſh had I paid 'em to deſerve ſuch Virtue?

Mrs. *Con.* My Death, my Lord, is not half ſo terrible, as the wide Wound this raſh Attempt muſt give my bleeding Reputation.

Ld. *Geo.* ——To cure that Virgin Fear, this Moment, I conjure you, then, before your lateſt Breath forſakes you, let the pronouncing Prieſt, in ſacred Union of our hands, unite our Honour too, and in this full Reduction of my vanquiſh'd Heart ſilence all envious Queſtions on your Fame for ever.

Mrs. *Con.* 'Twou'd be, I own, an Eaſe in Death, to give me the Excuſe of dying honourably yours.

Ld. *Geo.* My Lord, your Chaplain's near, I beg he may be ſent for.

Ld. *Wrong.* This Minute——

La. *Wrong.* An honourable, tho' unfortunate Amends.

Mrs *Con.* We have ſeen happier Hours, my Lord; but little thought our many cheerful Evenings wou'd have ſo dark a Night to end 'em.

La. *Gent.* Mournful indeed!

Ld. *Geo.* How gladly wou'd I pay down future Life to purchaſe back one paſt, one fatal Hour!

Mrs. *Con.* Is't poſſible!

Ld. *Geo.* What?

Mrs. *Con.* The World ſhou'd judge, my Lord, ſo widely of your Heart, that only what was groſly ſenſual cou'd affect it:——Now, Sir, [*To Sir* Friendly.] what think you? With all this Headlong Wildneſs of a youthful Heat, one Moment's Thought, you ſee, produces Love, Compaſſion, Tenderneſs and Honour: And now, my Lord, to let you ſee it was not Intereſt but innocent Revenge, that made me thus turn Champion to my Sexes Honour; ſince by this juſt expoſing the Weakneſs of your Inconſtancy, I have reduc'd you fairly to confeſs the forceful power of honourable Love: I thus releaſe you of the Chain: For, know, I am as well in Health as ever. [*Walks from her Chair.*

Ld. *Geo.* Ha! [*Joyfully ſurpriz'd.*

Mrs. *Con.* And if the darling Pleaſures of abandon'd Liberty have yet a more prevailing Charm, you now again are free; return and revel in the Tranſport.

Ld. *Geo.* Is there a Tranſport under Heav'n like this?

La. *Gent.* O bleſt Deliverance!

Ld. *Wrong.* Surprizing Change!

La. *Wrong.* No Wound, nor danger then at laſt?

Mrs. *Con.* All! all! in every Circumſtance I've done this Night, my Wound, the Robbery, the Surgeon, (here's one can witneſs) all was equally diſſembled as my Perſon.

Ld. *Geo.* Is't poſſible?

Ld. *Wrong.* The moſt conſummate Bite, my Lord, that ever happen'd in all the Circumſtances of Humane Nature.

Ld. *Geo.* O! for a Strain of Thought t'out-do this ſpiteful Virtue.

Ld. *Wrong.* Why Faith, my Lord, 'twas ſmartly handſome, not to cheat you into Marriage, when 'twas ſo provokingly in her Power.

Mrs. *Con.* If you think it worth your Revenge, my Lord—Come! for once I'll give your Vanity leave to humble my Pride, and laugh in your Turn at the notable ſtir I have made about you.

Ld. *Geo.* Since you provoke me then, prepare to ſtart, and tremble at my Revenge——I will not only marry thee this Inſtant, but the next ſpiteful Moment inſolently Bed thee too, and make ſuch ravenous Havock of thy Beauties, that thou ſhalt call in vain for Mercy of my Power. Ho! within there! call the Chaplain.

Mrs. *Con.* Hold, my Lord!

Ld. *Geo.* Nay, no reſiſtance—by the tranſporting Fury thou haſt rais'd I'll do't.

Mrs. *Con.* This is down-right Violence—my Lord *Wronglove*—— [*Strugling.*

Ld. *Wrong.* Don't be concern'd, Madam, he never does any harm in theſe Fits.

Mrs. *Con.* Have you no Shame!

Ld. *Geo.* By Earth, Seas, Air, and by the glorious impudence of ſubſtantial Darkneſs, I am fix'd.

Mrs. *Con.* Will no one help me—Sir *Friendly.*

Sir *Fr.* Not I in troth, Madam, I think his Revenge is a very honeſt one.

La. *Geo.* Confeſs me Victor, or expect no Mercy: Not all the Adamantine Rocks of Virgin Coyneſs, not all your Trembling, Sighs, Prayers, Threats, Promiſſes, or Tears ſhall ſave you. O tranſport of devouring Joy! [*Cloſely embracing her.*

Mrs. *Con.* Oh!—Quarter! Quarter! O ſpare my Perriwig.

Ld. *Wrong.* Victoria! Victoria! The Town's our own.

Sir *Fr.* Fairly won indeed, my Lord!

Ld. *Geo.* Sword in Hand, by *Jupiter*—And now, Madam, I put my ſelf into Garriſon for Life.

Mrs. *Con.* Oh! that won't be long I'm ſure; for you've almoſt kill'd me.

Ld. *Geo.* I warrant you moderate Exerciſe will bring you to your Wind again.

Mrs. *Con.* [*Aſide.*] Well! People may ſay what they will; but upon ſome Occaſions, an agreeable Impudence ſaves one a world of impertinent Confuſion.

Ld. *Geo.*

Ld. *Geo.* And now, Madam, to let you ſee you have as much ſubdu'd my Follies, as my Heart.——Firſt, let me humbly aſk a Pardon for Offences—Here—— [*To Lady* Gentle.] Theſe Sums, Madam, I now muſt own to ſerve my ſhameful Ends, were all unfairly won of you; which ſince I never meant to keep, I thus reſtore, and with 'em give a friendly Warning of your too mix'd a Company in Play.

La. *Gent.* My Lord, I thank you—and ſhall henceforth ſtudy to deſerve the Providence that ſav'd me——If I miſtake not too, I have ſome Bills that call for reſtitution, Here. [*To Mrs.* Con.] No one cou'd, I'm ſure, be more concern'd to ſend 'em. Friendſhip's conceal'd are double Obligations.

Mrs. *Con.* I ſent 'em to relieve you, Madam, but ſince your danger has no farther need of 'em—— [*Takes the Bills.*

Sir *Fr.* Now, Child, I claim your Promiſe, here comes another of your ſmall Accounts that is not made up yet.

Mrs. *Con.* Fear not, Sir, I'll pay it to a Scruple.

Enter Miſs Notable *weeping, in a Night dreſs.*

Miſs *Not.* O where's this mournful ſight: Your Pardon Ladies, if my intruding Tears confeſs the weakneſs of a harmleſs Paſſion, that now 'twould be ungrateful to conceal: Had I not lov'd too well, this fatal Accident had never been.

Mrs. *Con.* Well don't be concern'd, dear Madam, for the worſt part of the Accident is, that I am found at laſt; it ſeems to be no more fit for a Wife, than as I told you were for a Huſband.

Miſs *Not.* Ha! [*In Confuſion.*

Mrs. *Con.* Not but I had ſome thoughts of marrying you too; but then I fanſy'd you'd ſoon be uneaſy under the cold Comfort of Petticoats——ſo——I don't know——the good Company has ev'n perſuaded me to pull off my Breeches, and marry Lord *George.*

Miſs *Not.* Marry'd! baſe Man! is this the proof of your Indifference to Mrs. *Conqueſt!* [*Aſide to Lord* George.

Ld. *Geo.* 'Tis not a Proof yet indeed—But I believe I ſhall marry her to Night; and then you know, my Life, I am in a fair way to it.

Miſs *Not.* Jeer'd by him too! I'll lock my ſelf up in ſome dark Room, and never ſee the World again. [*Exit.*

La. *Wrong.* [*To Lord* Wrong.] Was ſhe? that Creature then the little wicked cauſe of my Diſquiet?——How ridiculous have you made my Jealouſie? Farewel the Folly and the Pain.

Ld. *Wrong.* Farewel the Cauſe of it for ever.

La. *Gent.* [*To Sir* Fr.] The Count ſay you, his Accomplice! How I tremble. But I have done with it for Life; ſuch ruinous Hazards, need no ſecond Warning.

Ld. *Geo.* I fancy, Nuncle, I begin to make a very ridiculous Figure here, and have given my ſelf the Air of more Looſeneſs than I have been able to come up to.

Mrs. *Con.* I'm afraid that's giving your ſelf the Air of more Virtue than you'll be able to come up to——But however, ſince I can't help it, I had as good truſt you.

Ld. *Geo.* And when I wrong that Truſt, may you deceive me.

Sir *Fr.* And now a laſting Happineſs to all

[*Coming forward to the Audience.*

Let thoſe that here, as in a Mirror ſee
Theſe Follies, and the Dangers they have run
Be cheaply warn'd, and think theſe Scapes their own.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

I'm thinking, when poor Plays are quite cry'd down,
(As nothing's ſtrange in this revolving Town,
Tho' what the latter Age had thought amazing,)
What we poor Slaves ſhall do, when turn'd a Grazing.
Perhaps great Cæſar, *who the World commanded,*
May ſnuff the Opera Candles when disbanded;
And proud Roxana, *from her high Diſdain,*
Moſt vilely ſtoop to ſpread Toffiſſa's *Train,*
Not but our Women may ſee better Lives,
And make ſome honeſt Citts——(troth!)——comfortable Wives.
Let no fair Damſel think this ſaid t'affront her,
(For howſoe'er the Stages Hopes may mount her)
Beauty may drive as good a Trade behind a Counter.
As here *ſome Chapmen, *there ſome Heads with Sorrow. [*The Pit and
May give, and feel, ſore Proofs before this time to Morrow: [Gallery.
But I, whoſe Beauty only is Grimace,
Have no ſuch Proſpects from this hatchet Face.
All I can do muſt be——
With humble Ale, and Toaſt, round Sea-Coal Fire,
At Nights my penſive Spouſe, and Brats t'inſpire,
With Taggs of Crambo Rhimes, and tack 'em to th' Italian *Lyre.*
Nay, e'en when Hunger prompts 'em for Relief,
I'll make 'em ask for Food in Recitative:
As thus, [Sings in Recitative.] "*Mamma!—Well! what, what is't you*
"*Pray cut me a great Piece of Bread and Butter.* [*mutter?*

[Then this to the Air of *Yes, yes, 'tis all I want,* &c.

There's all you're like to have,
Nor can you ask for Supper;
'Tis cut quite round the Loaf,
'Tis under ſide, and Upper.

Who

Who knows in time, but this in Bills inſerted,
May croud a Houſe, when Shakeſpear *is deſerted.*
Or ſay that I my ſelf——
Since painted Nature no Recruits will bring in,
Shou'd e'en, in Spite of Nature, ſtick to Singing,
My Voice, t'is true, the Gipſy's but unkind to,
Tho' that's a Fault you ev'ry Day are blind to.
But if I change my Name, that half will win ye,
O! the ſoft Sound of Seignior Cibberini.
Imagine then, that thus with am'rous Air
I give you Raptures, while I ſquall Deſpair. [Sings *Italian.*]
If this won't do, I'll try another Touch,
Half French, *ſome* Engliſh, *and a ſpice of* Dutch. [Sings in broken
Now, Sirs, you've ſeen the utmoſt I can do, [*Engliſh.*
As Poet, Player, and as Songſter too;
But if you can't allow my Voice inviting,
E'en let me live by Acting, and by Writing.

THE

RIVAL FOOLS:

OR,

Wit, at feveral Weapons.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Facile eſt inventis addere.

THE FAIRE-PLAY.

A

COMEDY.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PLAY-BOOKS.

PROLOGUE.

FROM ſprightly Fletcher's *looſe confed'rate Muſe,*
Th' unfiniſh'd Hints of theſe light Scenes we chuſe,
For with ſuch careleſs haſte his Play was writ,
So unperſued each thought of ſtarted Wit;
Each Weapon of his Wit ſo lamely fought
That 'twou'd as ſcanty on our Stage be thought,
As for a modern Belle *my* Grannum's *Peticoat.*
So that from th' Old we may with Juſtice ſay,
We ſcarce could cull the Trimming of a Play.
All cou'd be made on't is but Diſhabille,
'Tis looſely light, all Falbala *and* Frille:
No Set-dreſs Morals form'd in't to affright you
From the dear modiſh Follies that delight you.
Unbluſhing Vice in faireſt Forms may lurk,
Nor fear the ſmart of our keen Satyr's Jerk.
Husbands and Wives to ſep'rate Joys may ſteal,
And mutual Rage their mutual Shame reveal;
Or more to top the Faſhion, ſin in private,
And mutual Guilt, their mutual Shame connive at:
The flaming Beau may rattle through the Streets,
And pay with Privilege the Trades-man's Debts;
While Spouſe at Home, whoſe Fondneſs has undone her,
Her Jewels Pawns for Sharpers Debts of Honour:
Sharpers, from Bubbles too, Eſtates may Find,
And keep the Coaches that they've rid behind.
Our Chiefs abroad may mount the Winter Trench,
While Grooms at Home with Wagers back the French:
Parties 'gainſt Parties too may ſtrain the Laws,
And each pretend their Country is their Cauſe;
When if their Murm'rings ſecret Spring you Trace,
'Tis who enjoys, not who acts Wrong in place;
For when diſputed Profit's not i'th' way,
You ſee how nicely Points are loſt by th' Opera.

In

In ſhort, All ſorts of Men and Manners may
From theſe ſafe Scenes go unreprov'd away.
From late Experience taught we ſlight th' old Rule
Of Profit with Delight: This Plays'—All Fool,
So clear of Senſe, and garniſh'd with Grimace,
That wiſely it depends for its Succeſs
On dangling Bullock's *Grin, and* Pinky's *Face.*
But if their humble Jeſts ſhou'd fail to win ye,
We beg ſome Grace for Signior Cibberini.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir *Oliver Outwit*,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Young *Outwit*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Cunningham,	Mr. *Booth.*
Sir *Gregory Gooſe*,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Samuel Simple,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir *Threadbare Gentry*,	Mr. *Pack.*
Priſcian,	Mr. *Keene.*

W O M E N.

Lucinda Niece to Sir *Oliver*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Mirabel,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Governeſs,	Mrs. *Willis.*
Lady *Gentry*,	Mrs. *Finch.*

THE

THE

RIVAL FOOLS:

OR,

Wit, at ſeveral Weapons.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir* Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Oliver Outwit, *and Young* Outwit.

Y. *Out.* SIR, I'm no Boy, I have been at Age this Half-year.

Sir *Ol.* Why then, Sir, you have been fit to live by your Wits theſe two Years.

Y. *Out.* Wits, Sir!

Sir *Ol.* Wits, Sir, ay, Wits, Sir! and a very good Allowance too; I ſhall be ſorry to find I have ſpent my Time in getting a Fool, thou know'ſt all I have was got by my Wits. And canſt thou own thy ſelf ſo degenerate, as to tell me thou want'ſt Money at thy Years? Why I never offer'd to tell my Father ſo from a School-boy.

Y. *Out.* You had very good Luck, ſure Sir; pray how did you live?

Sir *Ol.* Why, as a Gentleman ſhou'd live, by my Wits, Sir.

Y. *Out.* There are indeed a great many ſuch Gentlemen about the World, Sir; but Men of Honour and Fortune call 'em Sharpers and Scoundrels.

Sir *Ol.*

Sir *Ol.* 'Pshaw! some few rich Fools that have paid for their Experience of good Company may rail at 'em perhaps (Losers must have leave to speak, you know) but we that are wiser know the Use and Value of an ingenious Man

Y. *Out.* Well, Sir; since you own you have made a plentiful Estate by your Ingenuity, I hope you will let your Posterity be the better for't.

Sir *Ol.* Ay, ay, that I will; why thou shalt have my very original Receipt to make such another Fortune by.

Y. *Out.* Pray let's hear it, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Why, Sir, I had no sooner brush'd into the World, but the first Degree I took in thriving, was to lye close Intelligence for wenching; cou'd give this Lord, or that rich Citizen a true Catalogue of all the Maidenheads between *Charing Cross* and *Aldgate*; how many lay amongst Chambermaids, how many in the Exchange (tho' very few there I must confess); and how many at the Boarding School.

Y. *Out.* But, Sir,—in our Age this is called Pimping.

Sir *Ol.* Sirrah! I got many a round Sum by it, when my Father wou'd not give me a Groat——Then, Sir, I was in with all the Top Gamesters, and when there was a fat Squire to be fleec'd, I had my Office among them too, and tho' I say it, was one of the neatest Operators about Town.

Y. *Out.* Why, this was turning downright Sharper, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Turning a Penny, Sirrah! I liv'd, I liv'd! did not I live Fool? I busled, I stirr'd, I was as busie as a Bee, had all the World to rove in, and cull'd a Maintenance from every Flower; traverse, make Honey, Sirrah, and when you've tasted it, confess with me, that stollen Sweets are best.

Y. *Out.* And was this your Course of Life, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* Till I grew old and pursie, and then I grew in Men's Opinions too, and Confidences; then they began to put things called Executorships upon me, the Charge of Orphans, little harmless Animals, that I chuck'd under the Chin, and bound out to Feltmakers and Fishmongers, to make them lose, and work away their Gentry, disguis'd their tender Natures with hard Custom, and so in time brought 'em to an utter Ignorance of what they were born to.

Y. *Out.* Well, Sir ſuppoſe I ſhou'd get leave of my Conſcience to reſolve upon this Courſe of Life, what Security have you, that I ſhan't make ev'n you the firſt Example of my Ingenuity?

Sir *Ol.* Ah! do that and thou'lt win my Heart for ever: No, no, that were too great a Comfort to expect thou ſhould'ſt gull me: Alas! I'm a great way out of thy depth, I can't hope for that Bleſſing theſe three Years.

Y. *Out.* Since you provoke me I'll try in two Hours for all that [*Aſide.*] You'll part with nothing then at preſent, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* Not a ſingle Teſter.

Y. *Out.* If a Man ſhou'd aſk you Bleſſing, Sir, in this Humour I ſuppoſe you'd refuſe him.

Sir *Ol.* Let me but hear thou liveſt by thy Wits once, and thou ſhalt make thy own Terms with me. Let me firſt have a Proof, that if I ſhou'd give thee Land thou haſt Wit enough to keep it: If not, thou art no Son of mine——Then prithee why ſhou'd I ſupport thee? And now thou know'ſt my Humour——vaniſh, vaniſh, ——and never let me ſee that uncomfortable Face of thine, till thou canſt ſhew me a Shilling of thy own getting.

Y. *Out.* Sir, I'll endeavour to deſerve your good Opinion. [*Exit.*

Sir *Ol.* The ſooner, Sir, the better —— Ah! if one cou'd but recal Youth again, what a ſweet Penny might a Man make of his Experience? But I'm too old now, and reduc'd, I fear, to the laſt ingenious Exploit, I ſhall ever be able to go through with: If I can marry my Niece to Sir *Gregory Gooſe*, and by that means ſecure one fourth of her Fortune to my own uſe, which he has compounded for, I'll e'en ſhake Hands with the World, give over Buſineſs, and when I can cheat no longer, turn honeſt, and fall faſt aſleep in my great Chair.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory Gooſe* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Ol.* Shew him up, I'll wait upon him in an inſtant. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Gregory Gooſe, *and* Cuningham.

Sir *Greg.* Well, dear *Cuningham!* I wiſh I may never laugh again, if thou art not the pleaſanteſt Companion that ever Gentleman took a Fancy to —— Prithee go on with thy Story, for I durſt

lay my Life thou wipeſt this fooliſh Knight's Noſe of his Miſtreſs at laſt. Prithee go on.

Cun. Did ever Gudgeon bite ſo greedily? And ſo, Sir, as I told you, finding my ſelf deſperately in love with this Lady, and ten thouſand times more ſo, when I heard ſhe was to be married to another; I ſaw at laſt there was no hope of my ever ſpeaking a word to her, but by ev'n tacking my ſelf as a miſerable Companion to the impertinent Coxcomb, that I knew was deſign'd for her Huſband.

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha! Well I ſwear that was ſo archly contriv'd: What, and ſo this coxcombly Fool of a Rival took thee along with him to viſit her! ha, ha, ha.

Cun. I vow, Sir *Gregory*, your Apprehenſion is ſo quick, there's no ſurprizing you with any thing.

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha! I knew I ſhou'd ſmoke the Jeſt; but that ſenſeleſs Rogue of a Rival, that cou'd think a Man of thy Ingenuity wou'd keep Company with a Fool for nothing.

Cun. Right, Sir, but if there were no Fools you know, half the Wits in the World wou'd be ſtarv'd.

Sir *Greg.* Faith! and that's true again; and therefore what a Comfort it is when we ingenious Men take a Friendly Care of one another?——But here comes the old Knight my Unkle in Law.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Oliv.* Sir *Gregory Gooſe*, I am your moſt humble Servant; Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* I am his Friend, Sir *Oliver*, and that's much at one, you know.

Sir *Ol.* Sir, he's welcome——May I crave his Name?

Sir *Greg.* Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman, one that has liv'd among our Family of the *Gooſes* ever ſince I can't tell how long; we all ſtrive to have him; between you and I, Sir, he's ſuch a devilliſh pleaſant Cur of a Wit, that ſome of our Name have gone to law for him——and now it happens to be my Turn to have him: Not but, as moſt Wits are, he's conſumed chargeable, tho' I can part with him when I have a mind to it; I only uſe him at preſent by way of giving my ſelf an Air or ſo, till my Marriage is over,

over, and then I'll have nothing to do with Wit as long as I live. —Well, but where's this Niece of yours, old Unkle-in-Law, that ſhall be? When will ſhe be viſible—for you don't ſuppoſe I'll buy a Pig in a Poke ſure? Prithee let's ogle her a bit.

Sir *Ol.* You'll pardon my Caution, Sir, ſhe has been us'd to reſtraint; had ſhe been eaſie to be ſeen, perhaps you had never ſeen her; there's many a beggarly Thing call'd a'n't like your Honour, many a poor Lord that lies in wait for her, and then ſlap, at the firſt Daſh ſhe's a Counteſs, and undone; it has been many a poor young Woman's Misfortune! This whets him to her. [*Aſide.*]

Sir *Greg.* O law! What is ſhe ſo cruel handſome then? Dear Sir, pray let's clap up the Wedding immediately: Are you ſure ſhe is not ſtollen already——Hark! hark!

Sir *Ol.* What's the matter?

Sir *Greg.* Every Coach that goes by, as I'm alive goes to the Heart of me: Are you ſure ſhe's in the Houſe, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* That Doubt, Sir, ſhall be eas'd immediately——Who's there? Deſire my Niece to walk hither —And now I think on't, Sir *Gregory*, you ſhall give her a Taſte of your Wit before you ſee her, we'll have little Sport with her.

Sir *Greg.* O dear, how pray? Pray let's have it, for I love Sport cruelly.

Sir *Ol.* Why thus, Sir, when my Niece comes in, you ſhall hide behind the Arras, and I'll preſent your Friend to her in your ſtead, if your Friend will do us the Favour to ſtand for you.

Sir *Greg.* Pſhaw! He ſhall ſtand for any thing, why, his Supper lies in my Breeches here; by this Light he ſhall faſt elſe.

Sir *Ol.* Then, Sir, when he has ſpoken the Prologue to your Love, up flies the Curtain, and out ſtart you, the very Play it ſelf; how will ſhe be dazled then; how will ſhe bluſh, and frown, and ſmile again, then laugh, and own her ſelf to be woed, and won victoriouſly?

Sir *Greg.* Well! I'll ſay it, this will be the curiouſeſt Fun in the World.

Sir *Ol.* Hiſt! Here ſhe comes—To your Poſt, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* O lay! Now ſhall I bite my Lips through for fear of laughing. [*Exit.*

Sir *Ol.* I'm given to underſtand you are a Wit, Sir.

Cun. I am one that Fortune ſhews but ſmall Favour to, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Good——And to tell you the Truth, I am taken with a Wit, Sir.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks ſo: Don't ſhew a Wit your weak Side, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Hah! A ſmart Fellow, faith,—h'ad rather loſe his Dinner than his Jeſt.—I ſay, Sir, I love a Wit the beſt of all Things.

Cun. Always except your ſelf, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Hah! he has bobb'd me twice now, all in a Breath. But here comes my *Niece*—you know your buſineſs with her.

Cun. With a Woman, Sir, 'tis e'en the very ſame it was Five thouſand Years ago; no Fool can miſs it.

Sir *Ol.* Mum.

Enter Niece *and* Governeſs.

Niece you muſt give me leave to recommend this Gentleman to your Affection.

Cun. Don't mock me, *Fortune.* [*Aſide.*]

Sir *Ol.* How do you like him—Hum, hum. [*Laughs. Aſide.*]

Niece. What means this Riddle, *Cunningham?* [*Aſide.*] As he is your Choice, Sir, I can't but give him welcome.

Sir *Ol.* To her, to her, Man——Ha, ha.

Cun. I hope, Madam, your good Nature will put a right Conſtruction on this Attempt to ſee you, tho' had I time to tell you how, you'd find it more my Fortune's doing than my Forwardneſs.

Niece. I muſt humour this to find the Riſe on't. [*Aſide.*] As you are my Unkle's Choice, Sir, I give you a ſincere and hearty Welcome: What he commands me I ſhall ever chearfully obey.

Cun. You heard he did command you.

Sir *Ol.* Ha, ha, the Rogue does it rarely.

Niece. And therefore, Sir, I yield my Hand——

Cun. Your Lip——— [*Kiſſes her.*]

Niece. And may in time my Heart. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*]

Sir *Ol.* Hold, hold, Sir, your part goes a little too far—not ſo feelingly.

Cun. My Joys are Mockeries——doubly ſo I fear; for all ſhe ſaid might be as well the Act of her Obedience, as real Inclination——If ſhe has Love, I have a Thought will ſearch it. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Ol.* Ha, ha, Well, *Niece*, and ſo you really think him a very pretty Fellow?

Niece. Sir, from my Heart I thank you for him: Had my own Eye been ſet at liberty to make a publick Choice, it cou'd not have done more to pleaſe my Heart, than your Indulgence has.

Sir *Ol.* Nay then, Girl, what wilt thou ſay, when I ſhew thee him I've really choſen—— Alas! poor *Niece!* this is but the Scabbard of the Man I mean for thee; but now I draw the ſhining Blade ſhall glitter in thy Eyes, and pierce the thro'.

Niece. What mean you, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* What! ho! Sir *Gregory*, Approach my Lad of Thouſands.

Enter Sir Gregory, *ſtrutting.*

Sir *Greg.* Who calls me?

Niece. What Motion's this! What Limber-Jointed-Baby! Why he moves by Wires, Sir! A mere Wooden-Tumbler. I have ſeen Children play with ſuch.

Sir *Ol.* Don't be a Fool, I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece. This! Fie, Sir! When I was a Girl you us'd to bring me home a prettier Huſband than this upon the outſide of a Sugar-Cake.

Sir *Ol.* Is the Devil in thee?—— Speak to her, Sir *Gregory.*

Sir *Greg.* Ay, now you ſhall ſee, I'll fetch her about preſently, Madam, I—— I——

Niece. Wou'd you ſpeak with me. Sir?

Sir *Gregory.* Speak with you, Sir!

Niece. Have you any thing to ſay, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* Hoity Toity! You are ſo ſnap, and ſo ſhort, Forſooth: Why what a Duce do People uſe to ſpeak to Folks, and have nothing to ſay to 'em?

Niece. Nay there are ſuch Fools, Sir, but perhaps you are of another Sort: But, however, let me hear what you have to ſay, and if I don't give you a very particular odd ſort of an Anſwer, ſay I am no Woman: Come, come, let's hear what you have to ſay?

Sir *Greg.* Bibble, Babble, why your Tongue runs ſo faſt, Madam, that you won't let mine put in a Syllable.

Niece. Who I, Sir, I am dumb.

Sir *Greg.* Why then I ſay, Madam——

Niece. I know what you wou'd ſay, Sir——

Sir *Greg.* What the Devil before I open my Mouth.

Niece. Why then Sir, to pleaſe you, I do not know what you wou'd ſay.

Sir *Greg.* Very well! Why then I ſay that a—— I gad I don't know what I was going to ſay my ſelf now.

Sir *Ol.* Don't provoke me, Huſſy, for once more I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece. O pray Sir, don't impoſe on me ſo groſly: This is the Man, I'm ſure, you really mean for me.

Sir *Ol.* Oones! you won't perſuade me out of my Senſes, will you?

Cun. Now to try her home. [*Aſide.*

Niece. Look you, Unkle, I'll allow you have Wit and manage a Jeſt as well as any Man of your Years; but when an Humour grows ſtale, you know, you ſhould really give it over.

Sir *Ol.* What the Devil ſhall I do with her?

Cun. [*To the* Gov.] I never ſaw Comelineſs and good Humour join'd before.

Gov. Nay, dear ſweet Sir, how can you offer theſe Words to an old Gentlewoman?

Niece. Sir, if you are not buſie—— -[*To* Cun.]

Gov. Why how now Boldface! Is that your Manners to interrupt a Gentleman when he's private?

Niece. Sir——

Cun. Away Fifteen, here's Fifty one's worth Fifteen hundred of thee.

Gov. Why get you gone, I ſay—— Theſe giddy Girls are ſo vain there's no giving 'em a reaſonable Anſwer.

Cun. Ay, ay, give me Years and Underſtanding, the Impertinence of Youth's intolerable: Come, come, ne'er diſguiſe it, I know you are a teeming Woman yet.

Gov. Ay, in troth, a handſome young Gentleman might do much, I think, Sir.

Cun.

Cun. Did not I tell you ſo?

Gov. And I ſhou'd play my part, I believe, or I were ungrateful.

Niece. This Neglect's intolerable. [*Aſide.*] I will move him or remove him——Sir——

Cun. Your Pardon, Madam——I'm really a little buſie.

Niece. Inſolent——If I am not ev'n with him——

Sir *Ol.* Why did not I tell thee, Child, this was none of thy Gentleman?——Now we have nettled the Baggage.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, Madam, was not you told before, that I was the Perſon that you were to ſet your Heart upon?

Niece. Sir, let me ask a thouſand Pardons. 'Twas the Error of my Obedience, not my Judgment. Pray let me view the Gentleman nearer, Unkle, I ſcarce have ſeen him yet, I only humm'd him over at firſt, as Lawyers do a Bill in *Chancery*. Where were my Eyes! upon my Life a handſome Gentleman; agreeable now I diſtinctly read him.

Sir *Greg.* [*Strutting.*] Tum, tum. [*Sings.*]

Niece. Say he be a little too ſhambling in his Gate, a Dancing-Maſter will ſoon bring that to an eaſie Negligence, that all your fine Gentlemen are ſo fond of: Well dreſt, ſtrait Limbs, and two manly Calves, (if they are but his own) that look as if they wou'd not ſhrink at the ninth Child.

Sir *Greg.* Tum, tum, dum.

Niece. A Voice too, ſurpriſing!

Sir *Greg.* Tum, tum, dum. [*Louder.*]

Niece. Where was my Judgment?

Sir *Greg.* Tum, tum, dum.

Niece. Well I ſhall be the happieſt Woman breathing. Pray Sir make my Peace with him: I am under all the Confuſion in the World, to think I cou'd receive him ſo rudely.

Sir *Ol.* D'ye hear, Sir *Greg?* D'ye hear, D'ye hear? all's over; ſhe begs your pardon: Stick to her: Cloſe, cloſe, you Wag, and don't give her a Moment's time to cool again.

Cun. [*Aſide.*] Confuſion! but to ſhew my ſelf concern'd might ruin me.

Sir *Greg.* Madam, I am the very humbleſt of your Footballs; and I wiſh I may never be married, Madam, if I am not ſorry for

your

your Sorrow: But if ever I truſt that old Gentleman's Wit, to play the Fool with any Miſtreſs of mine again, I'll give you leave to call me a *Rhinoceros.* And now we are Friends, Madam, let's e'en join Hands, and revenge our ſelves upon that Rogue *Cunningham*, that had like to have ſet us together by the Ears: I'll ſpoil his Markets with the old Gentlewoman, I warrant you.

Niece. With all my Heart, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Well, Sir, do you thrive? how goes your Suit forward?

Cun. Soft and fairly Sir—— I'm taking meaſure of the Widow's Mind, and hope to fit a Man to it ſhortly.

Gov. Who wou'd have dreamt of a young Morſel at this time of Day? to ſee how unlook'd for Things will happen.

Sir *Greg.* Widow, don't truſt him Widow, he's a younger Brother; he will ſwear, and lie like a *French-Gazette*; he has not one Shilling in the World, and lives upon his Impudence like an *Obſervator.*

Gov. And I tell you, Sir, he brings more Content to a Woman with that Nothing, than he that brings his Thouſands with a falſe Heart.

Niece. Give you Joy of your good Fortune, Sir, ha, ha.

Sir *Ol.* And pray, Sir, make my Houſe your own; I ſee you are a Man of Wit, Sir, and I honour you.

Cun. Sir, I thank you—— Come, Widow, now,

To cloſer Converſe let's retire,
And rake the Embers of Deſire. [Exeunt.

Niece. So! he's reſolv'd to ſtand it, I ſee. [*Exit.*

Enter Y. Outwit, *Sir* Threadbare-Gentry, *and* Priſcian.

Y. *Out.* Are we all fit?

Sir *Thr.* To a Hair, Sir.

Y. *Out.* And are you perfect, Doctor *Priſcian?*

Priſ. Ad unguem, Domine.

Y. *Out.* Very well; but will your Conſcience bate nothing, ſay you, of a whole Share for your Wife, when ſhe does nothing for't?

Sir *Thr.* Look you, Sir, my Wife's ready, had ſhe been called, and, like a Soldier, expects her Pay, whether ſhe fights or not.

Priſc.

Priſ. Faith, for theſe five Years, *Ego poſſum probare*, I have had a hungry ſtarving Share with 'em, and ſhe has always had an equal Share with me.

Y. *Out.* What! Preſent, or not preſent?

Reſidens, aut non reſidens, per fidem.

Y. *Out.* Prithee, my Dear *Propria quæ maribus*, hold your Tongue, or I'll depoſe you from half your Share preſently: Tho' your *Hic & hæc Turpis, & qui mihi Diſcipulus* Brains, (that never got any thing but by Accidence and Uncertainty) allow'd her Share, muſt I do it, that bring you grounded Concluſions of Wit; hereditary Rules from my Father to get by?

Sir *Thr.* Sir, if you talk till Domeſday, my Wife muſt have her Share.

Y. *Out.* The Rogues find I can't do without 'em, and I muſt comply?

Sir *Thr.* Are you content?

Y. *Out.* I muſt be, it ſeems—— Odſo! here comes my Father. *Priſcian*, you beg firſt; take care you don't blunder now, for he has ſome Ends of *Latin*, I can tell you——but don't fear him; if I find you are ſtuck, I'll pop in to relieve you. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Oliver, *and Sir* Gregory.

Sir *Ol.* 'Pſhaw, *Nephew*, (for ſo I'll venture to call you now) if you have met with no greater Diſcouragement than what you mention, your Buſineſs is done, Sir, ſhe's your own.

Sir *Greg.* Faith, Sir, I told you the worſt; for I put her fairly to't, and felt her, as far as I durſt, and her ſtrongeſt Repulſe was, that ſhe ſaid ſhe wiſh'd there were a little more of the Soldier in me, that, upon occaſion, I might have Courage enough to beat a Raſcal, for putting her into a Lampoon, or ſo.

Sir *Ol.* O that's but reaſonable—— why you are ſtrong enough to break a Head, I believe?

Sir *Greg.* Why, Faith, I believe I cou'd, if a Fellow were to ſtand fair, and I were pretty ſure he would not ſtrike again.

Sir *Ol.* Can't you practiſe a little upon a Tavern-Drawer, or a Box-keeper at the Play-Houſe?

Sir *Greg.* O no! hang 'em, they are ſuch ſilver-tongu'd Rogues there's no fixing a ſingle ſaucy Word upon 'em: But if Courage were to be ſold, I'm ſure I have a Heart that wou'd give as much for't as e'er a Gentleman that Blows.

Sir *Ol.* Breaths, breaths, that's the properer Phraſe, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* Blows, I ſay, Blows for a Soldier, Sir——

Sir *Ol.* Ay, for a Soldier, I grant you.

Sir *Greg.* 'Slid I'll ſwallow a whole Buſhel of Bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have ſomething of the Soldier in me.

Sir *Thr.* Will you on and beg, or ſteal and be hang'd.

Sir *Greg.* A little of the Scholar too, ſhe hinted; but I told her, Learning was not a thing for a Gentleman to trouble his Head about.

Priſ. Salvete Domini benigniſſimi, magnificentiſſimi.

Sir *Ol. Salvete dicis ad nos?——Jubeo te ſalvere.* Nay, Sir, we have *Latin* in us, and other Metal too: Now, Sir, you ſhall ſee me talk with this Fellow.

Sir *Greg.* 'Ad! I could find in my Heart to talk with him too, if I cou'd but underſtand him.

Priſ. Chariſſimi doctiſſimiq; Domini, ex abundantiâ caritatis veſtræ, eſtote propitii in me jejunum, pauperem, miſerum, & omni conſolatione exulem.

Sir *Ol.* Upon my Faith, Sir, a very deep Scholar! But I'll to him agen.

Sir *Greg.* Pray, Sir, does he beg or ſteal in this Language? or what? why he may call one Fool, for ought I know, and a Man never the wiſer.

Sir *Ol.* He begs, he begs, Sir.

Priſ. Ecce Domine; Ecce in oculis lacrymarum flumen, in ore fames, ſitiſq; & in omni parte neceſſitas, & indigentia.

Sir *Ol. Audi tu bonus ſocius: tu es ſcholaſticus, ſic intelligo. Ego faciam Argumentum*——Now mind, Sir, now I'll fetch him up, you ſhall ſee——A hum, a hum.

Sir *Greg.* Well, I have been fetch'd up an hundred times for this, and yet cou'd never learn half ſo much.

Sir *Ol. Audi, & reſponde; hoc eſt Argumentum! Nomen eſt Nomen,*

men, Ergo, Quod eſt tibi Nomen? Reſponde nunc—Hum, hum—*Reſponde Argumentum meum?* Now I put him to't, Sir.

Y. *Out.* [*Peeping.*] Step in, ſtep in, the Raſcals out of his penn'd Speech, and can go no farther.

Sir *Ol. Cur non reſpondes, Domine?*

Priſ. Oh! Domine tanta mea eſt Miſeria.

Y. *Out.* O! he's in again.

Priſ. Ut nocte mecum pernoctat Egeſtas, luce quotidiè Paupertas habitat.

Sir *Ol. Sed quod eſt tibi Nomen? & quis dedit, reſponde Argumentum.*

Priſ. A hem, hem.

Y. *Out.* He's dry, he hems again, on quickly.

Enter Sir Threadbare.

Sir *Thr.* Courteous Gentlemen, if the Brow of a military Face may not be offenſive to your generous Eye-balls, let his Wounds ſpeak better than his Words, for ſome ſmall Branch, or the leaſt Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Sir *Ol.* Why, how now! What Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Sir *Greg.* Pray, let me give 'em ſomething, and be gone; for if any Diſpute ſhou'd happen among us, I am able to anſwer neither of 'em; for this Iron and Steel Tongue of his is full as crabb'd to me as t'other Latin.

Sir *Ol.* Stay, ſtay, Sir, I'll talk with 'em a little firſt; let me alone with 'em, I'll examine both, I'll try whether they live by their Wits or no.

Sir *Greg.* Ay! if ſtarving be living you may ſee they do.

Sir *Ol.* And what? Do you both beg together then?

Priſ. Conjunctis manibus profecto Domine.

Sir *Thr.* With equal Fortune, Sir, equal Diſtribution, there's not the breadth of a Swords Point uneven in our Diviſion.

Sir *Greg.* Well! to ſee what two rich Qualities are here caſt away upon two poor Fellows? 'ad I warrant if a Man cou'd buy theſe Creatures now, and might but kill 'em, and boil 'em down to a Jel-

ly, and take a Porringer of 'em faſting every Morning, they wou'd ſo ſtrengthen ones Underſtanding that in a Months Time one might be fit for a Biſhop, or a General.

Sir *Ol.* Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make 'em up a couple of Pence between us.

Sir *Greg.* Why if a Man cou'd but have a Penny-worth for his Penny, I did not care how much I laid out with 'em.

Y. *Out.* Save you, Gentlemen! Theſe Beggars are ſo troubleſome there's no paſſing the Streets for 'em.

Sir *Th.* Generous, Sir, do not deſpiſe our Miſery, we were not born to beg!

Priſc. Ante obitum fœlix nemo ſupremaq; Fata.

Y. *Out.* Pray, Gentlemen, what are they?

Sir *Ol.* Faith, Sir, as you ſee, *Mars* and *Mercury*, a couple of poor Planets that *Jupiter* has turn'd out of their Sphere to live by their Wits, and we were juſt about a Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Y. *Out.* Hold, Sir! not but I commend your Deſign, but wou'd not have your Charity abus'd by the Undeſerving. Which is he that profeſſes the Soldier?

Sir *Thr.* He, Sir, that has liv'd to ſhame the World with his Profeſſion, witneſs the dangerous and unrewarded Life he has led in it theſe pair of half ſcore Years.

Y. *Out.* In what Service have you been——You'll pardon my Interruption, Gentlemen?

Sir *Ol.* Pray go on, Sir——you ſeem to underſtand 'em.

Sir *Thr.* The firſt Service, Sir, that fluſht me a Soldier, was that memorable Battle at *Alcazer* in *Barbary*, where the noble *Engliſh Stukely* fell; and where the royal *Portugueze Sebaſtian* ended his Life.

Y. *Out.* Um! This can be no Counterfeit.

Sir *Ol.* I don't think you'll find him one, Sir.

Y. *Out.* But, Sir, methinks, you don't ſhew the Marks of a Soldier! Have you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

Sir *Thr.* Sir, I have Wounds, and many, but in thoſe Parts, where Nature and Humanity bids me bluſh to expoſe 'em.

Y. *Out.* Come, Sir, I'll try your Scholar too, I'll ſee if he has Learning enough to deſerve his being poor——You have the Languages, I preſume, Sir; I mean the Chief, as *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latin*, and ſo forth.

Priſc. Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.

Sir *Ol.* Nay, Sir, I have try'd him deep in the *Latin*, and indeed find him very well grounded— very well grounded.

Y. *Out.* Then, Sir, I'll touch him a little in the *Greek*. *Toia Miois Fatherois Oldfooleros Aſiniſoy.*

Priſ. Kai Yonkeros ſilligous Bambooſlomenos.

Y. *Out. Cheateron ton biton?*

Priſ. Tous Pollous Purſos Pickpockettos.

Y. *Out.* Upon my Credit, Sir, a very great Maſter of the *Greek*.

Sir *Ol.* Why, I ſee it, Sir—There's a Bottom in him, the Man's deep.

Y. *Out.* I'll only trouble your Patience in a little *Syriack*, Sir—and then.

Sir *Ol.* O pray, Sir——

Y. *Out. Kircom ſhag a dou mathell bedaſh Bragmen.*

Priſ. Haſhagath, Rabgaboſh ſhobeth, Onoriadka.

Y. *Out. Colpac, Rubaſca, gnawerthem ſhigſhag.*

Priſ. Napſhamothem, Ribſie, Bongomoſh Cathemech Nagoſhi.

Y. *Out.* Gentlemen, I have done, if any Man can go farther I confeſs my ſelf at a *Nonplus*.

Sir *Greg.* Not I, faith, Sir, I was at my Top in honeſt old *Engliſh*, I was never double Tongued, I thank my hard Fortune.

Y. *Out.* Faith, Gentlemen, 'tis pity (ſtand away a little, Friend.) I ſay, 'tis pity Fellows ſo endow'd, ſo qualified with the Gifts of Nature and Arts ſhou'd have ſuch a ſcarcity of Fortune's Benefits; is it not a Reproach think you, a ſhame to this Iron hearted Age?

Sir *Ol.* 'Tis ſo indeed, and a thouſand Pities Men of their Parts ſhou'd want—When I do a thing I love to do it handſomely.—Come, Sir, here's my Groat.

Y. *Out.* For what, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* Sir, I love to ſee merit rewarded.

Y. *Out.* With a Groat, Sir? O! give 'em nothing, a thouſand times rather give 'em nothing: For my part I own their Misfor-

tunes

tunes have touch'd me deeper, and tho' I have little but my Wits to live by——Here, Friends, here's half I have in the World for you; four Angels to guide you to your Lodgings; a poor Gentleman's good Will at leaſt.

Priſc. Ah! *Gratias benigniſſime Domine, gratias quantas poſſum maximas habeo.* [*Seems to weep.*

Sir *Ol.* Sir *Gregory*, This is but an indifferent Example for us.

Y. *Out.* Let me not live if the very Joy of their Relief does not draw the Tears into their Manly Eyes! I can't bear the ſhock.—Here, Gentlemen, there's the reſt for you, take Purſe and all, I'm ſorry 'tis not full to ſerve you.

Sir *Ol.* We ſhall be undone! Now where's my Wit?

Sir *Greg.* Puh! Pox of Wit! when a Gentleman has Money; there, you ingenious Curs you, there's the Devil and all for you ——Come! come, Sir Nunkle, down with your Duſt—I have given 'em five Pieces.

Sir *Ol.* Why, then there's as many——I know the Value of a Man of Wit, Sir.

Sir *Thr.* May Soldiers ever defend ſuch Charities.

Priſc. And Scholars pray for their Encreaſe.

Sir *Ol.* They may pray for you, Sir, you have mended the Scholars Commons to Day, I believe.——But hark you, Sir, you ſaid you lived by your Wits; I can tell you if you are often troubled with theſe Fits of Bounty, you'll ſtarve by your Underſtanding.

Y. *Out.* I can't think ſo, Sir; the Seed of Virtue never wants its Harveſt——Gentlemen, your humble Servant. [*Exit Y.* Out.

Sir *Greg.* Faith, Sir, I only gave mine to give my ſelf an Air—For between you and I, a Man had as good light of a reaſonable Thief, as a Beggar of an unreaſonable Miſery.

Re-enter Y. Outwit.

Odſo! Here comes the Gentleman again, and I fanſy 'tis to beg his Half back again.

Sir *Ol.* Like enough! Sharp's the word! we'll have half ours too.

Y. *Out.* D'e hear, Friends——I muſt beg your Pardon, here's a ſmall Gold Crown, that lay concealed in my Fob, that I had like to have wrong'd you of——but now you have all I can aſſure you.

Sir *Ol.*

Sir *Ol.* Ahum! hum! Bruſh off, Bruſh off, this Fellow's bewitch'd.

Sir *Greg.* O ſilly ſhallow-brain'd Cur.

[*Exit Sir* Oliver *and Sir* Gregory.

Sir *Thr.* So here's ten Pieces for a Breakfaſt, Boys.

Y. *Out.* Pſhaw! a Trifle! a By-blow, only for Mirth's ſake! But we muſt have better Purchaſe, Lads! Now, I want a Fourth Perſon for another Project that I have ripen'd.

Sir *Thr.* My Wife's your Man, Sir.

Y. *Out.* Have you any Breeches for her?

Priſ. Sir, ſhe has worn nothing elſe ſince ſhe was married I can witneſs, Figuratively ſpeaking.

Sir *Thr.* Hold your Peace, Trope—But to ſpeak truth, ſhe does not fear the Crack of a Piſtol; dares ſay ſtand to a Grazier.

Priſc. Probatum fuit profecto Domine.

Y. *Out.* Good! Let her be at the Rendeſvous in her Maſculine Gender. My Father has a young Nephew coming up from the Univerſity, whom he deſigns for Orders; Eaſie Maſter *Credulous Outwit*—we'll meet him at the Towns-end.

Sir *Thr.* And rob him——

Y. *Out.* No, but he ſhall rob one of us, and that ſhall rob my Father of an hundred Pieces to bring him off, and make him thank me for taking ſo little: For there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon his profeſt Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Priſ. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Y. *Out.* A Man's Habit, a ſham Bag of a hundred Pound, the Hour, the Place, the Action ſhall be at Night agreed on. And now my wiſe Father you ſhall find I'll put my ſlender Portion out to Intereſt; foil you even at your own Weapon.

And to confirm your ſelf in me Renate,
I'll prove at leaſt my Wit's Legitimate. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir* Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Cuningham *alone.*

Cun. WAS ever Man ſo fairly caught in a Trap of his own baiting? No provok'd Waſp can be more troubleſome than this old Stump of a Woman I have drawn after me; I thought to have made her my ſtalking Mare to *Lucinda*, and inſtead of that the Hag has clapt a Bit in my Mouth, and rides me like a Poſt Horſe, and 'tis impoſſible to throw her; ſhe ſticks as cloſe as a Saddle——I had no way to get a Minute out of her Company but by telling her I was troubled with a Diabetes. O! the Devil——

Enter Governeſs.

Gov. Why, how now, Sweeting ——What a whole Half-hour from me? A young Man ſhou'd think every Minute a Month in love.

Cun. Why, ſo I do, my Bird——while I am in your curſed Company. [*Aſide.*

Gov. Eh! Bird! eh! if thou'lt be rul'd I'll build thee a comfortable *(ſmickering)* Neſt, that will ſtand all Storms, you ſhall not need to fear a Weather-wreck of your Fortune, and one Day it may be youngling Seaſon too, and then I hope to have thee always near me.

Cun. A Pox of your Paſſion——But hark you, Sweeting! Prithee tell me, has my good Friend, Sir *Gregory*, any hopes of ſucceeding with his Miſtreſs *Lucinda?*

Gov. No, by my Faith has not he, if you'll take my word for't; ſetting his Worſhip aſide, in my Mind he looks like a Fool.

Cun. Nay, faith, ne'er divide 'em for that matter, Fool and Worſhip are no ſuch Strangers now-a-days; but my Meaning is, does ſhe give any hearty Encouragement—To be plain have they as fair hopes of one another, as *(Cupid* bleſs!) we have?

Gov. Troth, I don't perceive any ſuch great Forwardneſs in her; he offer'd to kiſs her to Day, and ſhe laid him over the Face with her

her Fan, made his Eyes Water bitterly——Tho' I wiſh your Friend, the Knight, better for your ſake.

Cun. Why, I thank you, Bird——and cou'd wiſh with all my Heart, he were as ſtrongly ſure of her, as thou art of having me. [*Chucking her Chin.*

Gov. Eh! if thou didſt but ſpeak thy Heart now! Eh! he ſhou'd ſpeed ne'er the worſe for't. And I'll tell you, Bird, (for we'll have no ſeparate Secrets now) Mrs. *Lucinda*, my Charge, thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me! for what, prithee?

Gov. Why a——for my Sake, Child, ſhe knows of your good Will to me, and therefore upon that account, Honey, has taken a liking to thee; when we get into a Houſe of our own, Love, ſhe'll give us a bit of Stuff, I believe, and if ever ſhe lives to be Goſſip, the Babe ſhalln't want a Coral, ſhe ſays.

Cun. The Babe, quotha! it will be a hopeful Mandrake, without doubt, that ſprings from our Conjunction. [*Aſide.*

Gov. Ah! ſhe deſigns ſuch things for thee, if I durſt but ſpeak.

Cun. Nay, don't doubt my Secrecy, tell me.

Gov. Oh, fye! you muſt not make me tell what Women ſay behind Men's Backs, Child.

Cun. O! you muſt give me leave at leaſt to give her Thanks for't.

Gov. No, no, that's my part; for you muſt conſider, what ſhe does for you is only for my ſake.

Cun. This is excellent! [*Aſide.*

Gov. If you ſhou'd tell all that I open to you, you'll ſhame us both; you may kiſs your Hand to her at a diſtance, and bluſh, or ſo, but I'll allow no nearer a Conference.

Cun. Hey day! you'd be jealous then!

Gov. Jealous! and there's no true Love without it; look you! if you'll be rul'd, and not make things common, in time I may tell you more.

Cun. Udſo! your Lady! ſhe'll ſee us.

Gov. 'Pſhaw! no matter, ſhe'll be pleas'd with it——our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Niece *and* Simple.

Niece. This from Sir *Gregory*, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam—She's a very pretty Creature. [*Aſide.*

Niece. Do you belong to him, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam—a-hem! ſhe's a fine Woman, indeed. [*Aſide.*

Niece. Pray, Sir, in what Capacity?—How the Fellow eyes me. [*Aſide.*

Sim. Madam, I am but his Gentleman—a-hem! [*Sets himſelf.*

Niece. And pray, Sir, what might be his Conceit in ſending me this wrought Handkercher?—— Still ſo cloſe! [*Aſide, ſeeing* Cun. *and* Gov.

Sim. His Conceit, Madam, was, that as that happy Handkercher enfolds your ſnowy Neck all Day, ſo he deſires all Night to embrace it with his Knightly Arms—— a-hem!

Niece. A notable Conceit, I promiſe you.

Sim. Madam, he has been cudgelling his Brains theſe two Hours, to find a preſent worthy your Ladyſhips Acceptance—Madam, he was once ſending a very fine Puppy to you.

Niece. That, he might have brought himſelf.——Ha! he ſeems to obſerve me! This Fellow may be of uſe.——I'll fit you Sir. [*Aſide.*

Gov. Pray mind me, Honey! you do nothing but ſtare upon her, I think.

Cun. No, indeed, I was only obſerving, that finical Coxcomb, that Fool yonder.

Gov. Don't tell me! what need you look upon the Fool, when I'm here?

Cun. How familiar the Raſcal is? [*Aſide.*

Sim. By the World, I believe ſhe likes me! [*Aſide.*

Niece. Come, come, ne'er diſguiſe it! this Preſent was above your Maſter's Fancy, I know it; your Wit had a Hand in't, I'm poſitive.

Sim. O pray, Madam. [*Affecting a Bluſh.*

Niece. Nay, nay, I muſt know.

Sim. Oh! O lay! ſince you muſt know then, Madam, pray give me leave to aſk, why your Ladyſhip aſks, and you ſhall know.

Niece. Nay, if it be your Maſter's I'm ſorry for't, that's all.

Sim. Then don't be uneaſie, dear Madam——it was mine.

Niece. Well! its extreamly pretty! I may depend upon't, as yours, Sir?

Sim. I wiſh I may periſh, Madam, if Sir *Gregory* (for Maſter I'll call him no more, if I cou'd have the Honour to ſerve your Ladyſhip) had the leaſt Hand in it.

Niece. Then I am eaſy — Pray, Sir, tye it on for me — Bleſs me! How white a Hand you have!

Sim. O, dear Madam, and your Ladyſhips Neck ſo near, I am aſham'd you ſhou'd look upon't.

Niece. You certainly uſe Art with it.

Sim. Nothing but Almond-Powder, as I am a living Creature, Madam.

Niece. Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Sim. Samuel Simple, Madam.

Niece. Simple, what an innocent Sound it has — heigh ho!

Sim. Well, ſhe's taken as ſure as can be. [*Aſide.*

Niece. Prithee tell thy Maſter one thing! that nothing but a dull *Vulcan* wou'd have ſent a *Mars* to be Spokeſman of his woeing — What a Complexion's there!

Sim. It's all my own as I live, Madam.

Niece. Such Lips too! What Dalliance muſt in private grow upon 'em!

Cun. Death! ſhe courts the Coxcomb!

Gov. Away, away, ſhe does but fool with him.

Niece. So! he's touch'd, I ſee. [*Aſide.*] Come nearer, prithee, you muſt not be ſo ſtrange! What a ſoft handful of Pleaſure's here! [*Takes his Hand.*

Sim. I'll ſwear! and ſo there is! well! there's no reſiſting; I'll e'en take pity of her.

Niece. Thy Maſter's Hand, to thine, is Bear's-ſkin ſtuff'd, compar'd to Down of Doves. O what a Pillow for a Maiden-Cheek were here! Tell me, are you married, Sir?

Sim. No, I ben't, ſeriouſly.

Niece. Will you give me leave to ſend to you?

Cun. O Women! Women! Blind as the falſe Love you're form'd for. Death ſhe doats on him!

Gov. What's that to thee? Prithee mind her not, there be thoſe can doat as well as ſhe.

Cun. Away Bur!

Gov. How!

Cun. Hang off Fleſh-Hook, faſten thy itchy Claſpe upon ſome dry Toadſtool, that will kindle with thee, and burn and ſtink together.

Gov. Oh abominable! Why doſt not love me?

Cun. Avaunt *Sycorax!* Haunt me no more! Love! the Devil! I tell thee, double Dotard, I took thee but as Phyſick to my diſtemper'd Stomach, and now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Gov. Oh Villain!

Cun. Doſt thou not ſee a Sight might turn all Lovers Brains, and make 'em curſe the very Thoughts of Woman.

Neice. Ha, ha, ha, I think I have touch'd him now; ha, ha, ha.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Sim. Why only 'cauſe you laugh, Madam. Hi, hi, hi.

Cun. She has but mock'd my Folly ſure, or finds not yet the Boſome of my Purpoſe.

I'll try her, and may chance to let her ſee,
A Trick to mortify her Vanity. [*Ex. Cun.*

Niece. I laugh to think of thy Maſter now; how he'd ſtare and curſe if he knew of this.

Sim. Ha, ha, I can't but laugh at him too; for to ſay the truth, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it, he is but a Fool at the bottom.

Neice. Well, Sir, for this time you ſhall leave me, but don't you boaſt now how my fooliſh Tongue has betray'd my Heart: Be diſcreet and I'll ſend to you.

Sim. You'll be ſure.

Niece. If you're but ſilent.

Sim. O! I am mute as a Mouſe in a Cheeſe; or a Gooſe in a Hay-Reek; or a Fiſh in a Kettle; as dumb as a dead Woman.

Niece. We are obſerved; there's my Hand at parting.

Sim. And there's mine—Umh!—Good by—Ah! [*Exit. Niece.*

Niece. So, *Governeſs*, I need not aſk where you have been?

Gov. Oh, Child! never was Woman ſo abus'd.

Simple *Re-enters.*

Sim. D'ye hear, Madam, I had forgot to tell you—— If you think fit, I'll come and ſee you again in the Evening?

Niece. By no means, don't offer it till I ſend for you.

Sim. Well, well; in the mean time, when I'm gone, you may think of Things a little, as a——Why I may be convey'd by ſtealth into your Chamber, or ſo; I'll lie under the Bed till Midnight, rather than be ſeen; or you may put me into one of your Comb-Boxes; or whelm a *China-Baſon* over me, or any thing: Ah! I can creep in at a little Hole.

Niece. O! I durſt not venture for my Life; I charge you on my Love, never to offer to come again till I ſend for you.

Sim. Well, well, *Verbum ſat*, as the *Latin* Saying is, *A Wink to the Wiſe is enough*——We won't let the Knight know a Title of this.

Niece. By no means! that wou'd ſpoil all: But pray be gone, we are ſuſpected.

Sim. Well, well, for the Things that are paſt then, d'ye ſee, let us—— let us tell no body of it, that we may keep 'em ſecret.

[*In a Whiſper.*

Neice. Well! now I'll make a firm Tryal of your Love: As you love me then, not one Word, Sigh, or Syllable more, but take your leave this Moment, and be gone.

Sim. Um, gh, gh, um, gh. [*Shuts his Mouth, as unwilling, and* Ex.

Niece. Ha, ha, now do I fanſy all Lovers are much the ſame Fools. How now, *Governeſs*, what eaſing your Heart with your Eyes: What's the Cauſe, pray?

Gov. [*Crying.*] Ah! take thou warning by my Misfortunes, the Cauſe is falſe Man, Child: Ah! Lady, I have been gull'd with a ſhining Pebble for a Diamond, a very Glow-worm, that I thought had Fire in't, and it proves as cold and brittle as a broken Looking-Glaſs.

Niece. And how cou'd your Experience be ſo impos'd upon, to think that ſuch a youthful *Spring* cou'd doat upon thy *Autumn* Furrows?

Gov.

Gov. Oh! had you heard him but proteſt——

Niece. I ſhou'd have laugh'd at your Credulity; didſt thou not ſee me mock thy Folly in wanton Imitation with that Fooliſh Fellow? Cou'd'ſt thou be ſo Dull? Alas! thou were't but his Bait to fowl with, not the Prey; the Net, the Springe, the Stale to catch another Bird with.

Gov. Nay, he call'd me Bird indeed.

Niece. And thou ſo blind as not to perceive it was thy own Daughter, that he loves—there lies his Siege, and thou were't only taken as an Outwork to the Place: Examine and you'll find it ſo: Farewel——I'll vex him ſtill. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Gov. My Daughter! how! my own Fleſh and Blood my Rival! I'll rival her: I'll ferret her Affection with a Vengeance: A young ſly Gipſie, has ſhe no Shame in her; no Senſe of Modeſty; is it ſo warm with her already? Ah! brutal Slut, in Love with a young Fellow! Foh! here ſhe comes, I'll mumble her: Juſt parted from him, I ſuppoſe——

Enter Mirabel.

So, Gentlewoman! where have you been, pray?

Mir. No where, Mother but at work in my own Chamber.

Gov. What in your own Chamber too! fine Work, I believe. Come, Huſſy, ſpeak, and if thou canſt with Modeſty, what have you been doing with your hopeful Help-mate there?

Mir. Help-mate!

Gov. Come, come, your *Cunningame*, Huſſy: Don't think to impoſe upon me; I am not ſo blind with Age yet, nor Deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am ſure you are not. Pray, Madam, what ails you, are not you well?

Gov. No, nor ſick, nor mad, nor in my ſenſes, nor ſleeping, nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing: I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. What do you mean, Mother?

Gov. I mean to be reveng'd, you Flirt.

Mir. On whom, pray?

Gov. On thee, Monſter.

Mir. Revenge ſhou'd follow Injuries: Have I wrong'd you Madam?

Gov.

Gov. Ah! 'tis not your Cunning, nor your *Cunningame* can blind me: Don't I know you have the Impudence to be in Love with him, you Harlot.

Mir. I am ſure they muſt have a great deal of Impudence that told you ſo; I never ſpoke three Words to the Gentleman in my Life, nor he to me.

Gov. O aſtoniſhing!

Mir. I have heard, indeed, that he has made ſome Offers of his Love to you, and if he has abus'd, or wrong'd your good Nature, ſo heartily I hate him for't, that I would join with you in utmoſt Malice to revenge it.

Gov. May I believe thee?

Mir. You may upon my Life, Mother.

Gov. Then thou thy ſelf ſhall quit me of his Baſeneſs. Ah! Child, he has given me *Ixion*'s Plague; never ſuch a Maſculine Cloud ſo airy and ſo ſubtle was e'er embrac'd by poor believing Woman—— But, if I live, I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapon: Thou art young, follow him; tempt his Deſires with all the ſubt'leſt Baits of Women. He cannot freeze at ſuch a ſpringing Beauty: And when thou haſt him faſt by the Amorous Gills, draw him, drag him, drown him on the Hook of thy Diſdain, and make this baſe Diſſembler know, thou haſt reveng'd thy Mother's Wrongs with Scorn for Scorn.

Mir. This is a very odd Undertaking, Mother; how it may ſucceed I can't tell, but I promiſe you, on my Word, I'll try.

Gov. Ah! I'll warrant thee, a young Woman may bring any thing about with a young Fellow: Come along, and I'll ſlip thee at him this moment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory, *and* Simple.

Sir *Greg.* Why *Sam! Samuel!* thou art not ſtark mad, art thou? Wilt not thou tell me how my Miſtreſs does?

Sim. Your Miſtreſs! Hi, hi.

Sir *Greg.* Yah, yih! Why what the Devil ails the Fellow? Did ſhe receive the Thing that I ſent her kindly or no? *Sirrah?*

Sim. Sirrah! Humh. Then to anſwer your Queſtion, and your Language in order — *Firſt*, I muſt tell you, *Knight*, (plain *Knight*, d'ye

d'ye obſerve me) the Thing that you ſent her, by the Thing that you ſent, was, for the Thing's ſake, that was ſent to carry the Thing that you ſent, (d'ye obſerve me) very kindly receiv'd; ſo much for your Queſtion: And now for your Language—— *Firſt*, Sir, there's a Receipt in full of all my Wages, and now you owe me nothing: *Secondly*, There's the laſt caſt Coat you gave me, and now, Sir, I owe you nothing, (my Waſtcoat's my own, and I'll keep it.) But the *Sirrah* is yours again, Sir. *Thirdly, and laſtly*, I am my own Man again: And, *Fourthly*, in the *Fifth* Place—— Fare you well.

Sir *Greg.* Why, *Sam! Sam!* Prithee let me ſpeak with thee a little: I lay you my Life ſome Hare has croſs'd him.

Sim. Knight, if you be a Knight, ſtop there, and don't ſet up for a Lady-Maker; becauſe perhaps, there are ſome Ladies that are as fond of making Gentlemen—— D'ye ſee! As for the Lady, whoever ſays ſhe is not a fine Lady; a delicate Creature, and a Perſon of perfect Honour, I ſay he is a Poltron, a Raſcal, and if he does not keep his Tongue between his Teeth, I'll give him a Chuck o'the Chin, ſhall chop it in two, and ſtrike him dumb during Life.

Sir *Greg.* Prithee Pox! why in ſuch a Paſſion Man, I know no body ſays any other of her.

Sim. If you do, Sir, I expect, as you are a Man of Honour, you ſhould let me know it—— Any Man that dares but think of it in my hearing, ſhall hear of it from a Perſon that he little thinks of. People muſt not ſuppoſe that ſome Ladies Favours are common; or that Promiſes and Proteſtations are Things of no moment between Parties and Parties; and I ſay ſtill, whatever may have paſs'd between a certain Lady, and a certain Party, whom for ſake's ſake I won't name; ſtill, I ſay, the Lady is a Perſon of Honour, and being a Perſon of Honour, ſhe is not to be treated but as a Perſon of Honour.

Sir *Greg.* Why I ſay ſhe is a Perſon of Honour.

Sim. You ſay ſhe is a Perſon of Honour; what's that to me, Sir, I want to ſee the Man that does not ſay ſhe's a Perſon of Honour.

Sir *Greg.* If I cou'd not find in my Heart to kick my Shoe in thy Face, Buckle and all; I am an Aſs, and no Gentleman.

Sim. Kick your Shoe at me! don't do it Knight, I give you fair Warning; I ſay don't do it; your Shoe's but thrown away if you do;

do; 'tis but plaguing your ſelf to no purpoſe: For why ſhou'd not one Man have as good an Eye as another, and when one Man's as good as another, why ſhou'd not a Lady pleaſe her own Fancy? Look ye I name no Parties——becauſe I really ſtand all this while in the cold——but when you ſee me next, you'll find for a certain Lady's ſake, if there's a Tally-man to be found in *Europe*, I ſhall appear like a Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Sir *Greg.* If this Fellow been't out of his few Wits, then am I out of my Five Senſes; either the ſight of the Lady has bewitch'd him, or elſe he's drunk, or elſe he walks in his Sleep, or elſe he's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, or one of the three, or ſomething or other I'm certain: Yet, now I think o'nt, ſhe has not us'd me ſo civilly as her Unkle promis'd ſhe ſhou'd, though that does not ſignify a Fillup; he ſays I ſhall have her, and if ſhe won't come too in a fair way, E-gad ſhe ſhall faſt her ſelf into a Stomach for Sir *Gregory*. [*Exit.*

Enter Y. Outwit, *and Mr.* Credulous Outwit *in the High-way, arm'd.*

Y. *Out.* So, we are got to the bottom of the Hill before him; here from behind this Hedge we may ſeize him.

Cre. So we may, indeed, Sir; but where are the other two Gentlemen, won't they lay hold on him too; for if the young Man ſhou'd reſiſt, how do you know but he may frighten me, and then get the better of you?

Y. *Out.* O! they are ready poſted on the other ſide; we can't miſs. Look ye, Sir, if you'll be rul'd, and travel this Road but one Week with me, you ſhall live better upon't all the Year after, than the beſt Preferment in your College's gift.

Cre. Do you really think ſo, Sir? for, ſeriouſly, I wou'd not do an ill thing; but, really, my Allowance from my Unkle has been extremely ſmall, and twenty Pounds, at this time, would be an inconceiveable Service to me.

Y. *Out.* With what conſiderate good Huſbandry the Fool turns Rogue? [*Aſide.*] Ay, ay, Sir, you'll find this a quicker Revenue than your *ſic Probas*, *Ergo*'s & *Igitur*'s, and I am ſure you have Logic enough to prove, that *Omne utile eſt honeſtum.*

Cre. That's true, indeed, Sir; beſides, you know, *Neceſſitas non*

habet legem. And, really, if it were not to do me a mighty Piece of ſervice, I wou'd not do a baſe thing for the whole World.

Y. *Out.* Nor I, upon my Credit, Sir: But truly it is a little hard, that when one Gentleman wants ten Pieces, or ſo, that another, who, perhaps, has ten thouſand, ſhall be Brute enough not to ſupply him.

Cre. Why, really Sir, that's exactly my Caſe; and, ſeriouſly, I don't know any great Obligation one has to be ſo rigidly juſt to ſuch ſort of People, that a—— really——— in a manner, don't deſerve what they have.

Y. *Out.* How quiet the Fool's Conſcience is! — Odſo! take your Piſtol, Sir——— I hear ſome body, let's not be ſeen yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Gentry *in Man's habit, Sir* Thr. *and* Priſcian.

L. *Gen.* Where's Mr. *Outwit?*

Sir *Thr.* There he ſtands, ready at his Poſt, behind the Hedge— but, hark you, Spouſe, you muſt bate a little of your uſual Courage in your Reſiſtance, that you mayn't frighten the Scholar into a Retreat.

Priſ. He tells you right, Madam.

L. *Gen.* Go, Fools! teach your Granums: You are always full of your Advice when there's no occaſion for't. Where's the Purſe?

Priſ. There 'tis, of the Comedians Coin, all Counters.

Sir *Thr.* We'll turn em into Gold before Night, Boy.

L. *Gen.* Away——— *Exeunt* Priſ. *and Sir* Thrifty. Look how that Fool loiters now! Hey, *William!* along, along with the Horſes, we ſhall not get to *London* to Night.

Y. Outwit, *and* Credulous *Enter, and preſent Piſtoles.*

Y. *Out.* Stand.

Cre. Sir, we are Gentlemen, really under neceſſity, and hope you won't take it ill; for, upon my Word——— for my part——really, you'll find me very Civil——therefore, pray Sir, don't make a Diſturbance—— but, really, conſider your own Danger———

[*All the while trembling.*

Y. *Out.* Blood, Sir— Deliver, or you are a dead Man.

Cre. O bleſs me.

L. *Gen.*

L. *Gen.* Look you, Raſcals, I'm alive yet, and till I am dead, I'll ſee you damn'd before I'll part with a Farthing. [*Draws.*

[Priſcian, *and Sir* Threadbare *ruſh in from behind, and ſeize her.*]

Priſ. Nay, then, if you're ſo hot a Spark, Sir, we muſt ſecure you.

Cre. O dear! I am glad they came. [*Aſide.*

L. *Gent.* Well Gentlemen, I am in your power, but treat me like a Man, at leaſt; my Money, I preſume, is all you have occaſion for, there 'tis, and all I have, indeed; a good round hundred Pieces.

Y. *Out.* Is this all, Sir?

L. *Gen.* My laſt Farthing, upon my Honour, Gentlemen—Pray, Sir——

Cre. O! don't hurt the Gentleman——Sir, you really look like a civil Gentleman, and if I had the Honour to be better acquainted with you, you'd find me another gueſs Man than you take me for, I can aſſure you; and if ever you travel to *Cambridge*, Sir, I ſhall be very proud to ſee you in our Buttery, Sir——

Sir *Thr.* Huſh, is the Devil in you? [*Stops his Mouth.*

Y. *Out.* Come, Sir, we muſt ſecure you from following us.

L. *Gen.* As I am a Gentleman I never will ſtir.

Y. *Out.* We don't intend you ſhall, Sir, for we will bind you to your good Behaviour——

L. *Gen.* Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Sir *Thr.* We'll only leave you on t'other ſide the Hedge, Sir—— Here, do you hold the Money, while we ſecure him.

Y. *Out.* Away with him—— [*Exit.* Priſ. *Sir* Thr. *and Lady* Gen. Why, look you, Sir, did not I tell you? Shew me e'er a Page in *Seneca* now, that will furniſh a Man ſo ſpeedily? Here's that will mend your Commons with a witneſs! You'll have no longer need to ſize your Belly out with Rumps, Kidneys, and Cues of ſingle Beer. Here's that will make a Beggar fat in a Fortnight. *Aurum palpabile, & potabile*, Sir.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, I am apt to think the Gentleman cou'd not want this; for, by his Habit, he ſeem'd to be a Perſon of Fortune.

Y. *Out.* Let Fortune take care of that; you and I will never want, Sir, while others have it.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, it is a little hard there ſhou'd not be a more equal Diſtribution of Fortune's Benefits.

Y. *Out.* Mum. [*Re-enter* Priſcian, *and Sir* Threadbare. Is all ſafe Bullies?

Sir *Thr.* Secure; the Gentleman thinks himſelf moſt happy in his Loſs, with his ſafe Life and Limbs, and redoubles his firſt Vow, as he is a Gentleman, never to purſue us.

Y. *Out.* Away then —— Let's diſperſe; Mr. *Credulous* and you ſhall bear the Purchaſe, while I and *Priſcian* take ſome other Courſe: At the *Three-Cups* in St. *Giles*'s we all meet; but remember the Booty is not to be open'd till all are preſent; the Loſer ſaid an hundred, and it can weigh no leſs.

Cre. Sir, I am ſure I wou'd not wrong you, or any Gentleman of a Shilling to gain never ſo much by it.

Y. *Out.* O! never talk of that.

Sir *Thr.* Come, Sir, I'll guide you. [*Ex.* Cre. & Thr.

Y. *Out.* Ha, ha, ha, where's the Thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Gentry.

L. *Gen.* Here, Mr. *Outwit*, all Fellows now.

Y. *Out.* 'Twas neatly done, i'faith, Girl; now to turn that Bag of Counters into current Pieces, & *Actum eſt.* You know the Place.

Priſ. I have told her, Sir,—the *Three-Cups* in St. *Giles*'s.

Y. *Out.* Good—Is the *Conſtable*'s Dreſs ready for Sir *Thr.*

Priſ. All ready, Sir, not a Hair of his falſe Beard wanting.

Y. *Out.* Excellent! The moment he has ſeiz'd the Scholar, then ſend me immediate Word on't; then come I, in his Couſin's own ſhape, by meer Accident, to bring him off. But, Father, you muſt pay the Reckoning; ſince you are ſo fond of Wit, I'll beggar you if you pay the Price of mine, Sir; for when this Cheat's ripe, Sir, you'll find it will beget another, Sir; that Third a Fourth, and ſo onward to an endleſs Generation— You had better come to Compoſition, Father, or I ſhall bubble you without Mercy; you'll find it chea-

per,

per, Father, than this wiſe way of ſtarving me: For I will cheat none but you, Dear Father. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE *a Garden.*

Enter Niece *and* Mirabel.

Niece. AND ſo your Mother, to revenge her own Quarrel to him, has oblig'd you to make Love to Mr. *Cunningham.*

Mir. Yes, is not it a very notable Project? What a ſubtle Devil muſt this Love be, when it can make ſuch egregious Fools of old Folks? But I had forgot to tell you, Madam, I have undertaken to go through with it too?

Niece. How!

Mir. Not without acquainting you with it before hand.

Niece. Oh! your Servant — Try him you'll find him flexible, I dare ſay.

Mir. Ay, but then how am I ſure to be ſtubborn my ſelf; my Honeſty is the beſt Part of my Portion, and I ſhou'd be loath to ſpoil my Marriage by playing the Fool with him.

Niece. I fanſy there's no fear of that, for he writ me a Letter t'other Day, and propos'd you as a Wife for Sir *Gregory*; 'tis in his Power to ſerve you, if you can like the Man.

Mir. I cou'd like the Ladyſhip ſtrangely — And as for the Man, I had as leive have a Fool, as one that's ſo wiſe, he'll always think me a Fool — Wou'd he wou'd tempt me.

Niece. Here's Company let's go into the Arbor.

Mir. No, I muſt beg your Pardon —— My Mother expects me.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sir Oliver, *and Sir* Gregory. [*With Muſick.*

Sir *Ol.* Why, now you take the right Courſe, Sir *Gregory*, — Muſick

ſick will melt her; I cou'd force her; but a Heart, you know, that's gently won is a Man's own for ever? Have you a good Conſort?

Sir *Greg.* O! a curious Noiſe as ever you ſaw, Sir —— Indeed, I wou'd have had the lame Woman with the Dulcimer, and old *Gratears* the Blind Cymbal, but they ſent me word they were juſt hir'd to Play Country Dances at my Lord Mayor's.

Sir *Ol.* Why, then ſhe muſt take the Will for the Deed; a Woman muſt be wooed a hundred ſeveral ways, you may try a thouſand ſometimes before you touch 'em in the right Vein; but that once found! Ah! they lye as ſnug, and as tame in a Man's Arms as a ſucking Rabbit.

Sir *Greg.* O, dear! ah! I warrant 'em they are pretty ſoft Fools when their Cloaths are off.

Sir *Ol.* Why, did you never try, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* Yes, yes, I have try'd, Sir, but 'twas to no purpoſe: I remember the laſt time I was upon my Knees to our Chambermaid, ſhe run her Elbow in my Throat till ſhe had almoſt ſtrangled me, and then broke my Head with a Bedſtaff to fetch me to life again.

Sir *Ol.* Why, is it poſſible! What did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?

Sir *Greg.* Never, really, Sir, I never cou'd get one to hold ſtill ſince I was born.

Sir *Ol.* Hey day! what come to *London* with a Maidenhead, Knight! A Gentleman of your Rank, and ride with a Cloakbag? Never an Hoſteſs by the way to leave it with? No Tapſter's Siſter? Nor head Oſtler's Daughter?

Sir *Greg.* O! well mock'd old Witmonger —— I keep it for your Niece.

Sir *Ol.* Don't ſay ſo for ſhame, ſhe'll laugh at thee; why, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny, Man, he may give it to a Beggar in the Summer time, and ne'er be call'd to account for it; the ſillieſt Wife is not Fool enough to expect it.

Sir *Greg.* 'Ad wou'd I had known that, I cou'd have ſtopt a Beggar's Mouth by the way curiouſly, that rail'd at me, becauſe I'd give her nothing —— But now for the Muſick, Sir!

Sir *Ol.* You'll find her in the Garden, her Ear muſt reach it; I'll leave you, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* Now, ſtrike up my Boys. [*Muſick Plays and* Exit.
Well! I'll ſay it, this was cruel fine! ſhe muſt like it—— Now, Gentlemen, you may go.

Niece *from the Arbor.*

Niece. Whoſe cou'd this Muſick be? 'twas pleaſant at the Seaſon; it muſt be *Cuningham!* Who's there?

Sir *Greg.* Madam, I am your humble Servant—— Good morrow to you.

Niece. Pſhaw! An ill Day, and a thouſand follow thee.

Sir *Greg.* 'Slight that's ſix hundred more than any Almanack has.

Niece. Was this thy odious Muſick, then?

Sir *Greg.* Odious, Madam!

Niece. Horrible! Coud'ſt thou ſuppoſe ſuch Stuff wou'd pleaſe a Woman of any Taſte.

Sir *Greg.* Taſte! why, Madam, I did not deſign you ſhou'd eat it; but if your Taſte were never ſo dainty, you might have lik'd it; for I'm ſure it coſt me Sauce.

Niece. Sure there is no Impudence more provoking than the dull ſtupidity of a ſufficient Fool? How durſt you do this! Wretch! Ideot! For had'ſt thou but an Inſect's Underſtanding, thou wou'dſt have known how mortally I hate thee, I thought I had enough before abus'd thee; the Mocks and ſpiteful Language I have given thee, wou'd have ſerv'd ten reaſonable Men! In my Conſcience! thou devoureſt more Affronts, than twenty Midnight Drunkards wou'd throw away on Strangers in the Streets! And ſtill thy greedy Maw's not ſatisfied! All the Scorn of Coyneſs, or Ill-nature can't ſuffice thee.

Sir *Greg.* Hey day! why ſure you are not in earneſt, Madam?

Niece. Oh! Inſatiable! not yet content! why wilt thou beggar my Deriſion? In faith, thou'ſt all I have, I've not another Scorn to throw at thee, if I knew where to borrow but Contempt, I'd mortgage all my Kindneſs to ſupply thee? Nay, prithee, leave me, now thou grow'ſt unreaſonable.

Sir *Greg.* Say you ſo, forſooth! I gad I'll fetch one then, ſhall jerrymumble you. [*Exit.*

Niece. So! he's gone with this Flea in his Ear to my Unkle, I ſuppoſe: No matter, I know my Cue.

Enter

Enter Cunningham *at a diſtance.*

Cun. I met the Muſick going away; but can't yet learn what Reception ſhe gave him!

Niece. Ha! there's ſomebody upon the watch already, I ſee—Now, [*Aſide*] to change my Note!——Indeed, I little thought this two Days ago, Sir *Gregory!*

Cun. Ha, Sir *Gregory!* 'tis *Lucinda*'s Voice.

Niece. But 'tis our fooliſh Nature to affect Ill-humour moſt where moſt we like!

Cun. Confuſion! am I then fool'd at laſt, and by a Fool?—'Tis e'en ſo, faith; Fortune has remember'd her great Boy——And I'm an Aſs.

Niece. Of all Mankind, at firſt, methought I cou'd not bear him ——We never met but wrangled.

Cun. Ah! curſe of your Coyneſs! it never comes but like a Storm of Hail, to bring fair Weather in the Tail on't. Fair Words, I'm ſure, may cheat a Man, but Biting and Scratching gives him certain Hope; there's not one Match in twenty made without it; when their Tongues quarrel, their Lips are ſure to come to a right Underſtanding.

Niece. And yet to ſee how ſtrangely Fancies alter!

Cun. There is indeed a wonderful Variety in 'em! O! Woman! Weathercock.

Niece. I wou'd have ſworn once 'twou'd never have been a Match.

Cun. Fire! I'll hear no more——How cou'd I dream of better than a Younger-brother's Fortune? A Maid with nothing, or ſome old Soap-boilers Widow without Teeth?

Go home, blind Fool, and bid thy Hopes Deſpair,
Or humbly fix thy nè plus ultrà *There.* [Exit.

Enter Sir Oliver *and Sir* Gregory.

Sir *Ol.* You amaze me, Sir *Gregory!* ſhe cannot ſure! ſhe won't! ſhe dares not do this.

Sir *Greg.* Nay, then believe your own Eyes, Sir—There ſhe is.

Sir *Ol.*

Sir *Ol.* Let's obſerve——She's thoughtful.

Niece. Not but you'll find, Sir *Gregory*, through all this Fondneſs I can diſſemble yet; you have my Heart 'tis true, but ſhall not know you have it.

Sir *Ol.* What's that? What's that?

Sir *Greg.* Hay!

Niece. For 'tis Man's Nature to inſult an eaſie Conqueſt; the Food of Hope, if frankly given, but ſurfeits your Deſires.

Sir *Ol.* Why, you——Oones, Sir? let me tell you, you don't deſerve this.

Sir *Greg.* O dear! why, I don't ſay I do, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* You don't indeed! indeed you don't. [*Angry.*

Niece. Thus by the little feign'd Abuſes, that I gave you, I now ſhall prove your Temper, and your Truth of Love; for if you Love, I am ſure, you'll bear 'em; I'm ſure, at leaſt, my Heart endur'd a Violence while I ſpoke 'em.

Sir *Ol.* Are you a Fool now, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* O, dear! yes, Sir, I ſee it plain now, by my being ſo much in her Favour!

Sir *Ol.* But you are out of mine, Sir, I can tell you. Offer to ſow Strife between my poor Niece and I; I cou'd find in my Heart to make her unſay it all again——Good morrow, Niece, good morrow.

Niece. Good morrow, Sir, and to you, Sir *Gregory*, many fair ones.

Sir *Ol.* You are a Coxcomb, I tell you——How doeſt thou do, Child, this Morning?——A Fool!——Did you ſleep well, Child? It's well Fortune took care of an Eſtate for thee; for thou'dſt ſtarve by thy Underſtanding.

Sir *Greg.* Ads heart! now I'm bang'd o'both ſides.

Niece. Pray, Sir, is there any difference between you?

Sir *Ol.* Yes, a great deal, I hope, Child, as much as between a Man and an Owl!

Sir *Greg.* Ah! it's no matter for that, I'm a Knight as well as you, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Abuſe a Lady's Kindneſs——Wilt thou take the Air to Day, Niece?

Niece. Indeed the Day's inviting, Sir, if Sir *Gregory* will pleaſe to favour us with his Company.

Sir *Ol.* D'ye hear? d'ye hear? ſhallow Brains! d'ye hear't continued to your Face, to your Teeth!

Sir *Greg.* Well, well, Lawd! why ſure!—I have done, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Don't provoke me another time, then.

Sir *Greg.* Madam—you have dropt your Breaſt-Knot.

Niece. Pray wear it, Sir; in time a better Favour may fall to you.

Sir *Greg.* Well, well, I have no Malice, mun, I forgive you all.

Sir *Ol.* Now, I leave you to redeem your Credit with me, let me have a better Account of your next Atack; or—— [*Exit.*

Sir *Greg.* Ah, ah, ah, you little Rogue! were you caught i'faith! What! I was not to know I had your Heart, was I! we over heard you, mun, when you were ſighing alone for fear I ſhou'd be falſe to you. Ah! you handſome Devil you, are not you glad to find me true now at laſt.——Hay!

Niece. Let me ſee——ay, he's out of hearing——

Sir *Greg.* O dear! Now I will ſo pay off thoſe Cherry Lips of thine. [*Offers to Kiſs her.*

Niece. Stand off—Monſter! [*Strikes his Ear.*

Sir *Greg.* How!

Niece. Incorrigible Coxcomb! was not thy laſt Abuſe ſufficient! a Man with half an Ounce of Brains wou'd have died on't, run to the next Tree or River to have hang'd or drown'd himſelf, rather than bear ſuch infamous Uſage.

Sir *Greg.* Ay! you may well call it infamous indeed! it's ſo ſhameful.

Niece. And will thy groveling Spirit ſtill endure it then? What Villainous impenetrable Stuff is thy Skull made of? will nothing pierce it?

Sir *Greg.* Yes, yes, aſſure your ſelf, unkind Words may do much. [*Half crying.*

Niece. And doeſt thou want 'em Flint-head? Hav'n't I conſum'd my Woman's Spleen to ſtir thee? Will no hard Uſage batter thee?

Sir *Greg.* Yes, yes, I know you wou'd knock my Brains out if you cou'd. Why did not you offer to do it before your Unkle, Miſtreſs, I gad he wou'd have flead your Backſide for you.

Niece. Why thou greater Ideot than I thought thee, wou'dſt thou have me tell my Unkle, that I deſign to fool thee: Prithee call him back that I may uſe thee better, and make thee yet a greater Fool—Doeſt not thou wear my Favour there?

Sir *Greg.* Yes, and here too with a Pox to you.

[*Holding his Hand to his Ear.*

Niece. If thou but knew'ſt with what Contempt thou haſt it, how many Cordial Curſes came along with it, thou'dſt tremble but to handle it.

Sir *Greg.* 'Pſhaſh! Pox! take it again! I'll ſee it burn'd before I'll be thus plagu'd with it.

Niece. No! on hazard of thy Life I charge thee wear it ſtill, till one that merits it demands it from thee; bear it, like the beaten Aſs his Burthen, from one dear Friend to another; if mine be but ſo wiſe and apprehenſive, as my Opinion ſpeaks him to my Heart, it ſtays not long on thy deſertleſs Head; I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear any thing of mine, tho' I ſhou'd freely give it thee, but thou ſhalt ſweat and tremble while thou haſt it, as if ſome poiſonous Toad had crawl'd upon thy naked Breaſt, which to remove were equal Terror to endure. Now as you like this, Sir, be troubleſome another time, and ſo good morrow to you. [*Exit.*

Sir *Greg.* O! that I had but the Courage now to daſh my Brains out, Ingenuity enough to hang my ſelf without Pain: I'm ſure it's time I were dead ſome way or other, if a Man cou'd but find it out without Hurt or Danger. Who cou'd think now that a handſome Lady cou'd be ſuch a Devil in her Heart? Lawd! if ſhe's ſuch a Fury now, what a ſwinging Witch will ſhe make when ſhe's an old Woman? What to do with her the Devil knows; for if I complain to her Unkle ſhe'll uſe me better again, and then he'll uſe me worſe, ſo that between 'em both I am box'd, and banded, and ſweeten'd, and ſour'd, and friended, and fool'd, and blam'd, and bubled, and vext, and plagu'd, and as miſerable for ought I ſee, as if I was married to her—— Oh! here comes my Friend *Cunningham*, I'll make my Moan to him.

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart—She ſticks in ſpight of Reſolution.

Sir *Greg.* O, *Cunningham!*

Cun. Sir *Gregory!* the Favourite! the Victor! the Town's happy Man!

Sir *Greg.* 'Pſhaw! prithee none of your Jeers upon me, I come to thee for Comfort, and thou makeſt a Jeſt of my Misfortunes!

Cun. I, Sir! what by applauding your Fortune, and giving you Joy of your Succeſs?

Sir *Greg.* O! pray hold your Hand, I have been bobb'd enough already, and now you're for coming over me a new way!

Cun. What do you mean? Pray, Sir, explain your ſelf.

Sir *Greg.* Wilt thou have the truth in a Word, I have been made the rankeſt Aſs that was ever born to a thouſand Pound a Year—— I'll ſwear I did not think my whole Body, Cloaths, and all, cou'd have yielded ſo many ſcurvy, mangy Names, as my Miſtreſs has call'd me.

Cun. Is't poſſible?

Sir *Greg.* Faith! its true, ſhe preſented me with this Favour before her Unkle, and as ſoon as his Back was turn'd, ſhe fell a curſing me ſo heartily for wearing it, that one ſide of my Skull has ak'd ever ſince, and yet in a manner ſhe forced me to wear it too, till a certain Friend of hers ſhe ſaid, that better deſerv'd it, and to whom ſhe deſign'd it as a Token ſhou'd take it from me.

Cun. O, bleſt Diſcovery, how have I wrong'd her Truth and Goodneſs! Sir *Gregory*, now I'll prove my ſelf your Friend, indeed! pull it off this Minute! you are not ſure of a moment's Life while 'tis about you. I know the Man that lies in wait for you, and it.

Sir *Greg.* How! the Man that lies in wait, ſay you?

Cun. Ah! plague of her Favour, ſay I! I prize my dear Friend's Life above a thouſand of 'em—— Let's ſee't——I know more of this Buſineſs than you are aware of.

Sir *Greg.* Do you ſo? Then, faith, you ſhall e'en take it; for I'm ſure its not for my Wearing, ſhe told me that her ſelf.

Cun. The only true thing ſhe ever told you——Thank you, Sir, now I am the Man that ſays, let her Spark do his worſt, you ſhall live in ſpight of him.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, Sir! I'd fain live my time out, methinks.

Cun. He that ſays otherwiſe muſt lie in his Throat, Sir; for once I'll ſtand his Fury, and wear it for you, Sir; Monſieur *Simple* may put on as big Looks as he pleaſes, but I'll keep it for my Friend's Sake in ſpite of him

Sir *Greg.* *Simple!* what is he my Rival! my own Man that was.

Cun. Ev'n he I can aſſure you, Sir——Pray tell me, did not you ſend him to her with a Handkercher yeſterday.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, faith, and ſo I did, and when he came back he talk'd as big, and as pleaſant, and as ſawcy, and as wild as a Madman!

Cun. This, Sir, confirms what I was Witneſs of—I ſaw her give him ſuch Encouragements, that nothing but a Woman doating, cou'd have made her Modeſty ſubmit to, and the Vanity of his Conqueſt it ſeems has run the poor Fellow diſtracted.

Sir *Greg.* Nay, diſtracted he muſt certainly be, for he talk'd to me, as if he had Courage, and I'm ſure he never had any when he was in his few Senſes—But can a Woman of her Rank be ſo oppoſite to common Senſe and Reaſon, as to fall in Love with ſuch a Scoundrel?

Cun. Lord! how you talk, Sir, Reaſon in Love! and in a Woman too! Why not one Man in a thouſand can pretend to it, 'tis the Prerogative of Love to make wiſe Folks Wittals; and always the ſtronger the Paſſion, the greater the Fool? How many prepoſterous Examples of it have we about this Town, pray? How many young Fellows marry their Mother's Maids? How many rich old Widows part with their Jointures, for Conjugal Comfort, to wild young Fellows, that mind 'em no more than they do their Eſtates, juſt take Poſſeſſion of 'em once, and after never come near 'em! And how many doating old Fellows marry young Girls to bring them Heirs, perhaps, of an Enſign's getting! Nay, have not we ſeen a great Lady bring her Stable into her Chamber, and fall in love with her Horſe-keeper?

Sir *Greg.* Did ever Love play ſuch Jades Tricks, Sir?

Cun. O, thouſands! thouſands, Sir, 'twere endleſs to recite 'em; but you are happy in this early Warning, Sir; 'tis well you know her, and well you've 'ſcap'd her—if you had married her!

Sir *Greg.* O, Lord, ay!

Cun.

Cun. What a ſwinging Stag's Head had you had in a Fortnight!

Sir *Greg.* Five a Top, I'll warrant me.

Cun. Ev'n down into the Country again, Sir, and let her find ſome other Fool's Head to plant on—Here comes her Unkle, not a Word to him of what I've told you, that may breed Ill Blood, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* No, no, I'll diſſemble to him as ſhe does to me, faith—away. [*Ex. Cun.*] *Enter Sir* Oliver.
Tho' to ſay the Truth, I dare not tell him the Truth, for fear ſhe ſhou'd break my Head for't.

Sir *Ol.* Well, Sir, are you ſatisfied with my Niece now, pray?

Sir *Greg.* O yes, Sir, perfectly, I have not the leaſt Scruple remaining.

Sir *Ol.* I think ſhe has taken Pains to convince you of her Inclinations.

Sir *Greg.* Lord, Sir, I am as well ſatisfied of 'em, as if I were married to her, I don't think ſhe cou'd love me better if I were her Huſband.

Sir *Ol.* You can't imagine how heartily you provok'd me, when you bely'd her Goodneſs to me——You vext me to the Blood!

Sir *Greg.* Why, really I was a Fool, Sir, I did not know half as much of her then, as I do now. Plague on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Niece.

Niece. Ha! the Favour's gone, I ſee! it muſt be *Cunningham* that has it; how I applaud his Apprehenſion, his Wit has Life in it, I'll ſend him another Token for't immediately, and by the ſame Fool of a Meſſenger—Oh! Sir *Gregory*, where have you been this Age? How cou'd you be ſo long from me?

Sir *Ol.* Well ſaid Niece! What ſo fond before your Unkle! what wou'd ſhe do in private then?

Sir *Greg.* Only give me a kick of the Guts, I ſuppoſe, and call me Raſcal. [*Aſide.*

Niece. But where's my Favour Servant! the Love-knot I gave you?

Sir *Ol.* Odſo! that's true, Niece, and I never thought of it——The Favour, Sir, the Love-knot ſhe gave you?

Sir *Greg.* Hay!

Sir

Sir *Ol.* What, dumb, deaf, bewitch'd—Oones! the Favour, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* A Pox of all Lady's Favours, I ſay, I'm ſure they are damn'd troubleſome to me! ——The Favour Sir!

Sir *Ol.* Ay, the Favour, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* Why, Sir, I was way-laid for it by three or four ſwinging Bullies, and they all ſix of 'em drew upon me at once, and —look you, Sir, in ſhort Life's Life, and a Favour's but a Favour, and ſo I parted from't.

Niece. O unfortunate Woman! my firſt Kindneſs ſlighted thus!

Sir *Ol.* Oones! Sir, I muſt tell you, I am very lowſily aſhamed of you: what the Devil have you parted with your common Senſe for ever? Will you never come together again?—I muſt ſeem to teize him a little—for now I ſee his Heart's ſet upon her, I don't know but I may make him take her with nothing. [*Aſide.*] Come, come, Niece, 'twas but a Trifle——Let it paſs.

Niece. 'Tis not the thing, Sir, but the manner of his parting with it that grieves me!

Sir *Greg.* O diſſembling Gipſey! if I durſt but ſpeak now, or cou'd but be believ'd when I do ſpeak, I cou'd tell a Tale wou'd make all her impudent Hair ſtand ſtrait up an end.

Niece. Well, Sir, at your requeſt, I'll ſhew at once my Duty, and my Love in forgetting it, and to confirm my Affection ſtronger yet——Here, Sir, pray wear this Diamond, and let me judge of your Sincerity by your keeping it.

Sir *Greg.* Ah! you know it won't be long, like a cunning Witch, as you are! [*Aſide to her.*

Niece. You had beſt part with that now as you did with the Favour.

Sir *Greg.* Yah! why ſo I had, I ſuppoſe, or I ſhall have but an indifferent Life on't, as you have handled the matter, truly.

Niece. But you muſt promiſe me, dear Sir *Gregory.*

Sir *Greg.* Yah! you coaxing Devil!

Sir *Ol.* Ah! why this is as it ſhould be now—There's Muſick in this, no more words then—On *Tueſday* next prepare to tune your Inſtruments, you ſhall ſtay no longer, faith, Knight. [*Slaps his Back.*

Sir *Greg.* Well, well, Sir, the ſooner the better.

Sir *Ol.* Niece, you hear me.

Niece.

Niece. I'm all Obedience, Sir—Whatever you've heard me ſay, —Remember I hate you ſtill—Cordially. [*Ex. with Sir* Ol.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, ay! a Plague on't—I know your Mind to a tittle, —Now can't I forbear laughing to hear the old Knight talk as familiarly of *Tueſday* next, as if we really lov'd one another—Tho' if I am not damnably miſtaken, our Wedding is as far off, as 'twas ſeven Year before I ſaw her. If he ſhou'd bring it about, I gad he muſt conjure; for if he does not raiſe the Devil to fright me into it, I fanſy I ſhall never have natural Courage enough to board her.

Lovers make talk of Joys
And pretty Toys
And Cooing;
I'm ſure I only find
Bobbs, Blows, and Noiſe
In my poor Wooing. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Sir Oliver, *and Young* Outwit.

Sir *Ol.* O That ever I was born! or ſhou'd live to have a Son, whoſe Face is the Fore-runner of ill Fortune! I never ſee thee without ſome Vexation at the Heels of thee. I knew there was Miſchief in thy very Looks; that before thy Mouth open'd, ill News wou'd come out on't.

Y. *Out.* With ſubmiſſion, Sir, I think I bring you very good News, to give you timely notice how you may ſave at once your Kinſman's Life, and the perpetual Infamy that his ſuffering the Law wou'd bring upon your Family—None of our Name were ever hang'd yet, Sir—What a miraculous Eſcape 'twas that I heard on't?

Sir *Ol.* Ah! wou'd thou had never heard on't.

Y. *Out.* Ay! that's true too, Sir, ſo it had never been done; but to ſee how critically fortunate ſome People are! Sir, if I'm alive, he was carry'd to Juſtice *Bind-over*'s Door, nay the Conſtable's Hand was upon the Knocker, and that I ſhou'd (before he had power to raiſe it) juſt ſtep in to his redemption, was I confeſs prodigious: in two Minutes more his *Mittimus* had been ſign'd for *Newgate*, and then at ſuch a Juncture too! the Seſſions on *Thurſday*; condemn'd on *Friday*; Sentence on *Saturday*; Dungeon on *Sunday*, and a *Pſalm* in a Cart on *Monday:* Terrible *Tyburn* Ceremonies, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Prithee no more on't——I don't like the Subject——Where did you leave the Wretch?

Y. *Out.* He's in the *Conſtable's* Hand, now in the *Hall*, Sir—And, poor Gentleman, his Accuſer with him.

Sir *Ol.* What is his Accuſer?

Y. *Out.* Oh! a Judge's Son, they tell me, Sir; one that in a Fit of Malice will hang a Man, and it ſhall not coſt him a Farthing.

Sir *Ol.* Ho! within there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Call up the Folks in the *Hall*——I had much hope of him for a Scholar too! A thing thou wer't never fit for: I had plac'd half the Comfort of my Life in him.

Y. *Out.* If you are wiſe, he may be redeem'd yet, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Cou'd I but lop him from my Family, he ſhou'd hang for me, I'd ſave no Thief, to make the Proverb good upon me. [*Enter Sir* Threadbare *as a Conſtable, with* Credulous, *and Lady* Gentry, *(as a Man.)*] Oh! your Servant, Sir——you are in a hopeful way, indeed.

Cre. Ah! Sir, I am a ruin'd Creature, 'tis true——but don't, ah! don't kill me quite, Sir, your Reproaches are as terrible as the Gallows I deſerve, Sir.

Y. *Out.* Nay, good Sir, don't grieve him, and hurt your ſelf too.

Sir *Ol.* Hold your Peace, Sir——Come but once in ſeven Year to ſee your Unkle, and then brought home by a Conſtable?

Y. *Out.* Dear Sir, don't ſpeak ſo loud, for your own Honour's ſake: Don't profeſs to love a Man of Wit, and ſhew none your ſelf, Sir?

Sir *Ol.* Diſſolute Villain?—Are you the Gentleman, Sir, that ſay you were robb'd by this Perſon?

L. *Gen.* The unfortunate one, Sir, that fell into the Hands of four Highway-men, whereof this Fellow, whom, for Manners ſake, I wou'd call your Kinſman as little as I cou'd, was one, the reſt are fled, but I may yet overtake 'em, Sir, and I have ſworn to hang one of 'em, tho' it coſt me Five hundred Pound in the Proſecution.

Sir *Ol.* O Graceleſs Rogue!

Y. *Out.* Not ſo loud, good Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Were theſe your College-Lectures? Theſe your Degrees, Sir. Nine Years at the Univerſity for this Fellowſhip!

Y. *Out.* Take your Voice lower, dear Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Well, Sir, what was your Loſs, pray?

L. *Gen.* The Conſtable can tell you that, Sir—the Money's yet untouch'd in his Hands; 'twas an Hundred Pieces when I fill'd the Purſe, Sir—but I ſhalln't receive it?

Sir *Ol.* Not receive it, pray why ſo, Sir? Don't you own it all you loſt?

L. *Gen.* All the Money, Sir—but I had a Diamond-Ring too, which one of his Gang took a Fancy to, it was the Inſtrument of a firm Contract between a great Lawyer's Daughter, and my ſelf.

Y. *Out.* I told you what he was, Sir! Pray Sir what does the Diamond concern this Gentleman?

L. *Gen.* As much as my Money did, Sir, he ſhall anſwer both, now I have him, or ſwing for't.

Y. *Out.* Look you, Sir—don't be Pert—for, Blood! if I meet you in another Place——

Sir *Ol.* Is the Devil in you?

L. *Gen.* Pert Sir!

Sir *Ol.* Are you mad?

Y. *Out.* What does he mean by ſwing for't?

L. *Gen.* The Gallows: If you have a mind to hear of me, Sir, you'll find me at the Seſſions—— Mr. Conſtable ſecure your Priſoner. 'Death, Sir, I did not come here to be Brow-beaten.

Sir *Ol.* Hold, Sir, pray let me ſpeak with you.

Cre. Ah! Dear Sir. [*Crying.*] Ah! don't anger him, good Couſin.

Sir *Ol.* Now who's the Fool? Was this a Time, when we are in his Power too—— Pray, Sir, what will ſatisfy you?

L. *Gen.* Sir, I expect the Sum in my Purſe unbroken, and an hundred *Marks.*

Y. *Out.* A Hundred Raſcals.

L. *Gen.* No, Sir, nor Five hundred ſuch, with you at the Head of 'em.

Y. *Out.* Blood! Sir—take your Courſe you ſha'n't have a Shilling.

Sir *Ol.* Oones! is the Fellow drunk? do you know what you ſay?

Y. *Out.* A Hundred Dogs-Dungs—Death, Sir, do your worſt.

Sir *Ol.* You do yours, I'm ſure. Who's loud now, Fool?

Y. *Out.* Blood! an Hundred *Marks!*

Sir *Ol.* Wou'd you have the Fellow hang'd?

Y. *Out.* Nay, Sir, I aſk your pardon—you may do what you pleaſe, but if it were my Buſineſs—if he wou'd not take Threeſcore Pound, I'd ſee him rot before I'd give him a Farthing.

L. *Gen.* Sir, I ſhall not bate you a ſingle Half-penny.

Sir *Ol.* And, pray Sir, what's Seven Pound more, that all this Coyle's about it?

Y. *Out.* Nay, Sir, pleaſe your ſelf, if you don't think Seven Pound worth ſaving, with all my Heart.

Sir *Ol.* What's that to you, Sir, ſave your own Money—'twou'd be mighty wiſe indeed in ſuch a Caſe as this, wou'd not it? Go, Mr. *Wiſdom*, live by your Wits, go.

Y. *Out.* I practiſe all I can, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Blockhead!—Sir, if you pleaſe to walk into the next Room, I'll pay you the Money, and Mr. *Conſtable*, pray do you be Witneſs of the full ſatisfaction.

Y. *Out.* Hark you, Sir; ſince you will play the Fool one way, be wiſe another, at leaſt; don't give your Money for nothing, for its all loſt if you don't ſtop the *Conſtable*'s Mouth too.

Sir *Ol.* Dear, Mr. *Impertinence*, keep your Wiſdom for your own Affairs—Why cou'd thy thick Scull imagine now I did not deſign to do that of my ſelf—As for you, my precious Kinſman, whom I deſign'd for a *Welch-Paſtor*, I will now turn out like á wild Goat, to graze upon the *Welch-Mountains*—go—will you pleaſe to walk this way Gentlemen? If I had been rul'd by you now.

[*Exit Sir* Ol. *La.* Gen. *and* Conſtable.

Y. *Out.* I am very ſorry for your Misfortune, Couſin.

Cre. O Dear! O Miſerable! What will become of me?

Y. *Out.* I'm thinking what Courſe of Life you can turn your ſelf to.

Cre. O! Good Sir! I wou'd turn to any thing that's honeſt.

Y. *Out.* Ay, that's the thing, Sir. Honeſt! why you'll ſtarve in any Buſineſs of that kind.

Cre. Why then, can you think of any other thing, Couſin, that you are ſure a Man can't be found out in.

Y. *Out.* Nay, that's not the thing neither; for a Man may be a profeſt Rogue, if he has but Induſtry and Aſſurance enough to go thro' with it; if you were but Clerk to ſome *Suburb* Juſtice of Peace now—or Informer to the Society—or—it's a mighty matter to have the Protection of the Law——

Cre. Ay, ſo it is, indeed Couſin, I believe they'd find me for their purpoſe; for tho' I ſay it, I am a Man of very reform'd Principles.

Y. *Out.* I'll think of ſomething for you.

Cre. Pray let it be ſafe tho', good Couſin.

Y. *Out.* I'll warrant you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Maſter *Credulous*, your Unkle deſires you to forbear the Houſe, and has order' me to take you a Lodging of Twelvepence a Week, in *Thieving-lane*, and when the Servants have din'd, he ſays he'll ſend you Diet, every Day from their Table.

Cre. Ah! this is an unfortunate Welcome, Couſin.

Y. *Out.* 'Tis ſo indeed—I'll do what I can for you.

Cre. Do you think, Couſin, I cou'd not pick up a Penny by writing a *News-Paper?*

Y. *Out.* Humh! Why that's a good thing too; but I'm afraid, Couſin, your Invention is not quick enough for that; but I'll think of it.

Cre. Pray ye do—You'll bring my Couſin Word where I lodge.

Serv. Yes, Sir——

Y. *Out.* I'll come and viſit you.

Cre.

Cre. Ah! Couſin, you are the only Friend I have in the World now—Good by. [*Exit* Credulous, *and* Servant.

Y. *Out.* So! This was the luckieſt Cheat I e'er claim'd ſhare in; of double Profit too—Puts Money in my Pocket, and him out of Favour, that ſtood between me and my Expectation: My Father's *Cambridge* Jewel, much ſuſpected to be his Heir; now I think there's a Bar in's Hopes.

Enter Sir Threadbare, *and Lady* Gentry, *with Money.*

Sir *Thr.* It chinks, it chinks; make haſte Boy.

L. *Gen.* Where ſhall we meet?

Y. *Out.* Meet! Death! we'll never part—let me kiſs thee, dear Rogue, thou haſt perform'd to a Miracle—by *Mercury* I cou'd dwell upon thy Lips for ever. [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir *Thr.* Hold, hold, Sir, that's no part of the Booty.

L. *Gen.* What have you to do to bid him hold—Cou'd not I have done it my ſelf?

Sir *Thr.* Ay, but if you ſhou'd have forgot, you know, Spouſe—

L. *Gen.* 'Pſhaw—At the old Place in St. *Giles*'s.

Y. *Out.* I'll be with you in half an Hour. [*Ex. Sir* Thr. *and L.* Gen.

Enter Cunningham, *and* Mirabel.

Mir. It ſeems then, Sir, I'm deceiv'd! why I have been told by twenty People, you were directly in Love with me.

Cun. No you're not deceiv'd, for I dare ſwear you did not believe any one of 'em.

Mir. That's more than you know, perhaps.

Cun. I'm ſure on't—for when Men ſay they love without hope, they lie. Now, pray lay your Hand upon your Heart, and tell me, did you ever give me the leaſt Encouragement?

Mir. Now, Sir, pray lay your Hand upon the ſame place, and tell me, did I ever ſhew you any ſign of my Diſlike?

Cun. Perhaps no——but if you had, I might have cur'd that by Flattery; but you do worſe, you ſhew Indifference, and that's the Devil to get over.

Mir. How do you know but a little Flattery may cure that too?

What

What the Duce have I nothing about me that deſerves a civil thing to be ſaid to it?

Cun. Have I any thing about me, Madam, that deſerves to be laugh'd at?

Mir. You are the moſt phlegmatick Creature.

Cun. And you are the merrieſt Gentlewoman. [*Leering.*

Mir. Suppoſe I really love you, Sir.

Cun. Why then, if I were not very Phlegmatick, you'd be ruin'd; for 'tis Six to Four I ſhou'd like you, and if I ſhou'd marry you, I ſhou'd ruin my ſelf.

Mir. Are you then really ſo indifferent, as you ſeem to be?

Cun. Are you not wiſer than you ſeem to be?

Mir. Why, what ails me?

Cun. You ſeem to me, either to be out of your own Wits, or think me out of mine: Now if you'll give me leave, I'll propoſe a thing to you, which muſt, at leaſt, prove one of us mad, if we ſhou'd not agree to it; tho' don't ſuppoſe at the ſame time, I don't think you a very pretty Creature; but I wou'd have you a wiſe one too.

Mir. Pray inſtruct me, Sir.

Cun. Why you know *Lucinda* and Sir *Gregory* are deſign'd to marry one another, and have both a great deal of Money; now you and I having very little, do you think it wou'd not be better, if you took Sir *Gregory*, and I *Lucinda?*

Mir. Nay the thing wou'd be more reaſonable, I confeſs; but how are they to be taken? that's the Queſtion.

Cun. As they do Woodcocks, in a Springe: Rely you upon my Conduct, I'll ſecure you the Knight; in the mean time you muſt help me to crack the Shell of the Lady's Coyneſs, by wearing this Favour.

Mir. Why ſhe ſent it to you?

Cun. Therefore you muſt wear it——I find her a little hard in coming to, and have no way but Jealouſy, to extort a plain Confeſſion in my favour.

Mir. Well, I'll wear it, do you look to the conſequence.

Cun. I'll warrant you——Now you have Senſe——Odſo! here comes the Knight——meet me here in a quarter of an Hour, I'll give Inſtructions (that are infallible) about him.

Mir.

Mir. Then I'll own you have Senſe. [*Exit* Mir.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir *Greg.* O dear *Cunningham!* I am overjoy'd I have found thee; I have been hunting for thee, till I'm all over in a ſweat.

Cun. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* O Man! I want ſome more of thy friendly Advice—— I have got a Diamond here, which I dare as well be burn'd as keep, and for the Heart's Blood of me, I don't know where to find its Maſter.

Cun. No, that's hard faith!

Sir *Greg.* It does belong to ſome body, I'm ſure—a Plague on him, wou'd he had it, for I'm all over in a Bath while 'tis about me, and ſhe that ſent it too is damnable waſpiſh, I had as good run my Eyes into the Fire, as look her in the Face till I have parted with it.

Cun. Ha! from *Lucinda*, my Life on't—let's ſee. [*Looking on the Ring.*] O ho! my Friend, have I found you 'faith —— I gad this was lucky.

Sir *Greg.* Hay! What, Dear *Cunningham?*

Cun. Do you ſee that little Flaw in the corner Sparkle, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* Where! where, Pray?

Cun. Why there, juſt at the South-Eaſt End of the North Angle.

Sir *Greg.* O lay! Ay, I ſee't now.

Cun. This is that very Ring, Sir, that ſo much Blood is threatned to be ſhed for.

Sir *Greg.* Hay! [*Frighted.*

Cun. A Tun at leaſt.

Sir *Greg.* O law! why that's more than a Man has in his whole Body.

Cun. What a prodigious Eſcape have you had, that this ſhou'd fall firſt into my Hands?

Sir *Greg.* O Dear ay! Well am I diſcharg'd on't then?

Cun. My Life for yours, now Sir—— [*Draws.*

Sir *Greg.* O law! What are you a doing?

Cun. What a Man of Prudence ſhou'd do, Sir—ſtand upon my Guard while I have it about me——let him come to my Face, I dare the Raſcal. Sir

Sir *Greg.* Well! what a Comfort 'tis to have a Friend behind ones Back: I ſwear, Dear *Cunningham*, I am almoſt aſham'd to ſee thee venture thy Life thus for me: Ods-heart! my Blood riſes to ſee thy Courage. Od! I'll draw, and ſtand by thee, tho' I fright my ſelf never ſo much for't.

Cun. By no means, Sir: More than One to One's a diſhonourable Feat.

Sir *Greg.* I'my Conſcience I ſhall owe my Life to thee.

Cun. You over-rate my Service, Sir — tho' I own I have been thinking of a Thing that wou'd really deſerve your Thanks. Suppoſe, Sir, I ſhou'd get your Miſtreſs for you?

Sir *Greg.* Ah! Dear Friend, there I'm afraid thy good Will's bigger than thy Wit.

Cun. Why does ſhe abuſe you ſtill, Sir?

Sir *Greg.* O moſt damnably! Every time worſe than other: And yet that old Fool, Sir *Oliver*, thinks as confidently the Day holds on *Tueſday*, as if ſhe did not wiſh me at the Devil: Sir, ſhe's ſo familiarly us'd to call me Names, that, I believe, in the very Church Ceremony, ſhe'd ſay, *I*, ſuch a one, *take thee Rogue, to be my wedded Raſcal.*

Cun. Well, Sir, dare you leave all to me yet?

Sir *Greg.* Faith that's juſt leaving nothing to thee — for I have no more hopes of her, than a Drummer has of a Regiment — I may put her in mind of her Duty, but I ſhall never command her.

Cun. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have a Device ſhall contract her to you whether ſhe will or no, and that when ſhe leaſt thinks on't.

Sir *Greg.* That's the only way, indeed? for if ever ſhe thinks on't, you'll as ſoon perſuade a Bear to the Stake, or a Gaming Lord to wave his Privilege to a Tradeſman.

Cun. She ſeems kind in publick, at leaſt?

Sir *Greg.* O law! yes, Sir, before Company ſhe'll wheedle, coax, and lie, like a Miſs to her Keeper; but in private ſhe is as wild, as fierce and curſt as a Cat in a Garret.

Cun. Still the greater will my Friendſhip prove — look you, Sir, here's a Letter, which I had juſt writ to her in your behalf, give it your ſelf, and if you don't immediately find an Abatement of her Severity to you, ſay I have deceiv'd you.

Sir *Greg.* I'll give it her this Minute——and if thou makeſt thy Words good, I'll give it under my Hand, that haſt more Wit than a Conjurer—— [*Exit.*

Cun. Ha, ha, how greedily the Gudgeon gobbles a Cheat. [*Enter* Mirabel.] O! you are come in time.

Mir. Well, Sir, what ſucceſs?

Cun. Follow the Knight, watch him cloſe; you'll ſee him give a Letter preſently from me to the Lady; when ſhe has read it, do you enter, and aſk him if he has not one for you, which, as he well may, he'll certainly deny; no matter, do you affirm he has, and from that Hint work up her Jealouſie; yet ſeem fearful of diſcovering Names, till you affect a Prudence in retiring.

Mir. What a malicious Creature do you make me?

Cun. What a Saint wou'd you make your ſelf now? Can you make me believe you don't a little naturally hate a Woman that has ſaid you have a Face as brown, and rough as a *French-Roll*; and tho' you have been beating-up for a Huſband theſe two Years; yet you have not rais'd one Man, that wou'd ever put you to the Queſtion.

Mir. Did you hear her ſay ſo?

Cun. And ten People more, at the ſame time.

Mir. Better be beating-up for a Huſband, than beaten-down to the Price of the firſt Man that does aſk her the Queſtion, as ſhe is by you, Sir? Poor ſpiteful Animal? [*Aſide.*

Cun. Look-ye, Madam, the more liberty you take with her, the ſooner you finiſh my Project, and give me leiſure to bring your's to perfection.

Mir. I ſhall return the Liberties ſhe takes, I believe.

Cun. The way's before you.

Mir. A French Roll! Hah, hah. [*Exit.*

Cun. So! ſhe's in fine order for my Buſineſs, which, barring the Devil's ſtepping in between, I think can't fail—— Hey-day! What have we here! Another Fool, the very Spawn of his Maſter, and, if poſſible, more ridiculous.

Enter Simple, *fantaſtically dreſt.*

Sim. Sir, I am your obedient humble Servant, Pray, Sir, can you do me the Favour to inform me how the Party does?

Cun. The Party! He takes me for a Scrivener ſure—— Pray, Sir, which of the Parties do you mean?

Sim. Excuſe me, Sir, I name no Names—— but I am under ſome Obligations to a certain Party, and wou'd willingly bring Matters to a concluſion, but, really, I don't find that I have heard from 'em.

Cun. Oh! upon my Life, I know her.

Sim. Not from me, Sir, you don't hear me name her; know what you can, talk a whole Day with me, you'll be ne'er the wiſer, you'll find nothing come from me, Sir.

Cun. I dare ſay, Sir, no body will expect it; but, really, you are ſo remarkably Honourable in your Amour, that all the World talks of your Secrecy, I mean to Sir *Oliver*'s Niece, Sir.

Sim. Sir, you aſtoniſh me! I thought all the World had known her Name was a Secret.

Cun. That's the Reaſon ſo many People whiſper it, Sir.

Sim. Well, Sir, they can't ſay it came from my Lips, however: But, Sir I have been inform'd in my late retir'd Walks, 'twixt *Padington* and *Pancraſs*, that there have been certain Favours and Tokens ſent me from the Party, (whom, you can witneſs, I never nam'd) and theſe Tokens, Sir, really, have never come near me.

Cun. How! Pray, Sir, what were the Tokens?

Sim. A Love-Knot, and a Diamond, Sir—really, the thing is not well—I am apprehenſive of ſome diſhonourable Practice againſt me.

Cun. Sir, your Apprehenſion's good, and if you'll take my Word, Sir *Gregory* is the Man that wrongs you; mere Spite and Envy of your ſucceſs with his Miſtreſs: For when you were at *Padington*, he intercepted the Gifts at *Pancraſs*.

Sim. Traytor! His Miſtreſs too! Poor Animal! He had never known what it was to appear like a Gentleman, but that I ſometimes, in pure Friendſhip, us'd to dreſs him—— Sir, do you think I ought not to demand the Combat of him?

Cun. 'Troth the Wrong deſerves it, Sir, but if you cou'd be reveng'd of him without that Hazard, wou'd it not be better?

Sim. Sir, I fear no Hazard, where the Honour of the Party is concern'd; beſides I know him to be a rank Coward.

Cun.

Cun. Nay, then a Man might venture: But how will the Lady bear the Apprehenſion of your Danger?

Sim. Why, really, that gives me ſome Concern: And 'tis poſſible the Fright might kill her; therefore I don't know if a private Revenge wou'd not do the Thing altogether as well. Pray, Sir, what was your Propoſal?

Cun. Why thus, Sir, I have already promis'd to contract him to Mrs. *Lucinda*, your Miſtreſs, by a Device; now when he thinks he has bobb'd you of the Lady, you ſhall ſtand behind the Arras, and be a Witneſs of his being bobb'd, by my putting a falſe Lady upon him.

Sim. Sir, deſtroy me, but this wou'd make me laugh immoderately.

Cun. We'll fobb him, Sir, here's my Hand on't.

Sim. Sir, no Perſon alive wou'd be more tranſported to ſee him well fobb'd, than my ſelf: But now you talk of Fobbing, Sir, really I muſt tell you, I begin to wonder why the Lady does not ſend for me, as well as to me, according to her Word of Honour; for, I proteſt, I have kept out of Town (to keep my Word) theſe two Days, on purpoſe to be ſent for: And, really, upon my Credit—— Look you, not to make a Jeſt of the Thing, Sir——I am almoſt ſtarv'd with walking.

Cun. O! Walking gets a Stomach, Sir?

Sim. Ay, but then it gets one no Proviſions, Sir; not but I have had a Stomach too, but then I loſt it again, and got it again, as often, Sir, as a Man ſhall get and loſe the ſight of *Paul's*, in a Walk to *Chelſea*.

Cun. Why don't you go to her your ſelf, Sir?

Sim. Sir, there's a Trifle call'd a Vow has paſs'd between us to the contrary, which renders the Thing impoſſible: But, Sir, ſhall I beg the Favour of you, if you meet the Lady's Footman running before her empty Coach, in an Orange-tauny-Livery, that you wou'd direct him and the Horſes now to *Iſlington*, for I can't but think ſhe will ſend for me yet.

Cun. Sir, I'll certainly do it——You are going thither?

Sim. This very Minute, Sir, and ſhall not return till ſent for; and

there he'll certainly find me, looking upon the Pipes, and Whiſtling. [*Exit.*

Cun. Ha, ha. A pretty Amuſement for a Lover, truly, tho' I think there's but little difference in the beſt of us. But now to my own Affair——

Enter Niece, *and Sir* Gregory.

Niece. A Letter for me! 'tis impoſſible! no body of common Senſe cou'd ſuppoſe I'd receive it from thy Hands—— Why wilt thou follow me, to provoke me ſtill to abuſe thee?

Sir *Greg.* Look-ye, Forſooth, don't you be too huffy neither, leaſt upon reading that Letter you ſhou'd find reaſon to think better of me, and then look like a Fool for all the confident things, you have ſaid, and done to me.

Niece. Prithee, Dear Ideot, don't have ſo much Aſſurance—is it not enough I do thee the Grace to receive this from thy Hands, (a thing that almoſt makes me ſick to do) but you muſt talk too?

Sir *Greg.* Well, well, Mrs. *Frumps*, do you read the Letter pray, and then your Tongue will run to another Tune, I believe.

Niece. Stand away—— farther—— farther yet——you ill-manner'd Changling—did not you ſee I was going to read it?

Sir *Greg.* Oh! oh! I may ſtay in your ſight at leaſt; you did not uſe to endure me in the ſame Room: The very Superſcription has done ſome good upon you, I ſee.

Niece. Ha! 'tis *Cunningham*'s Hand! but what an odd Direction 'tis—*To the Faireſt in the Family*—I think I may venture to take it to my ſelf without Vanity—I wrong his Wit to doubt it. How pleaſant 'tis to make this Fool the mutual Meſſenger of our amorous Secrets, and his own Diſquiet. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Greg.* O ho! ſhe nodds at me already: Ah! it will all come in time.

Niece. Is it poſſible thou canſt laugh yet? I wou'd have undertook to have kill'd a Spider with leſs Venom than I have ſpit at thee.

Sir *Greg.* 'Pſhaw! I don't mind you now, Mun. Read your Letter will you?

Niece.

Niece. Back then, Owl's-Face——[*Reads.*] *Take it as a Proof of Love, that for your ſake I mortify another's Vanity: A Folly that needs but little Art to flatter it, and yet if rightly us'd, may ſerve*——

Sir *Ol.* [*Within.*] —— My Niece? why there ſhe is, in the next Room.

Niece. Ha! my Unkle's coming!—Sir *Gregory!* why do you keep that Diſtance! you did not uſe to be ſo ſtrange!

Sir *Greg.* Ah, ah, ah, your Servant, forſooth, what is your proud Stomach come down then? And now, Madam, I have a Word or two to throw in your Ear—— look you, Madam, in the firſt place——I——

Niece. He don't come yet; why thou ſaucy Iſſue of ſome marching Grenadier! how dareſt thou offer to come near me, tho' I call'd thee; I'll make thee know, that to obey's as criminal as to contradict me.

Sir *Greg.* Ads haſh, Madam! you'll find I won't take things as I have done; I'll contradict you in ſpite of your Teeth, and obey you to plague you, and you ſhall obey me, tho' I plague my ſelf; for I'll marry you whether you will or no; nay, tho' I have no mind to it my ſelf: Only for the Tricks ſake, I'll trick, Madam, and make you as miſerable a Wife, as you wou'd me an horrible Huſband; and there's the Reſolution of a provok'd Lover, that in pure Revenge will throw himſelf away upon you. [*Going.*

Neice. The Fool begins to talk Reaſon.

Enter Mirabell.

Mir. Sir *Gregory*, your Servant! pray, Sir, have you no Letter for me?

Sir *Greg.* Not I, Madam —— I brought one from Mr. *Cunningham* to Mrs. Miſerable there, that ſhall be, and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mir. I am afraid, Madam, Sir *Gregory* has made a Miſtake, and has given you my Letter.

Niece. Ha! what do I ſee! the very Favour I ſent him, I am confounded—but will ſeem as unconcern'd as ſhe. [*Aſide.*] You have a mighty pretty Ribon here—— The very ſame——Pray where might you buy it?

Mir. Really, Madam, I don't know—I was only deſir'd by a Friend to wear it—— But had you any Letter tho'?

Niece. Yes—I vow its very pretty—ſome Lover's Preſent, I preſume.

Mir. One, that wou'd have me think he's a Lover—— But pray, Madam, was not there ſome Miſtake in that Letter?

Niece. My Heart's too full to anſwer her—— I'll give it her, and ſeem ignorant of all—O dear, yes, he gave me a Letter, I cou'd not imagine from whom—— I have open'd it too, and if you had not come, was juſt a going to read it.

Mir. Nay, there's no harm, Madam. [*Reads to herſelf.*

Niece. Can he then be the Villain that he ſeems? He is— The Subject of the Letter too confirms him ſo! Where's all my Pride of Spirit now, that ought to tear him from my Heart? Abus'd, and made the Stale, the Property of another's Hope! Confuſion! how ſhe ſmiles in Triumph o'er my Folly!

Cunningham *at the Door.*

Cun. So! my Mine ſucceeds I ſee! the Train has taken; 'twill bounce anon.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. O Torture! to my Face! ſure ſhe dares not own her Treachery. Your Letter ſeems to pleaſe you, Madam.

Mir. Yes, truly, I can't but laugh to think how ſome Peoples Vanity expoſes 'em; and how ridiculouſly Women of little or no Beauty will rail at thoſe, that really have it.

Niece. Has any Body rail'd at you, Madam?

Mir. Um—a little! My Features did not pleaſe 'em it ſeems. My Face was only a French Roll or ſo—— Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Ha! the very Words I ſaid to *Cunningham!* betray me too!

Mir. And yet the Perſon that they thought liked theirs better, is Fool enough, it ſeems to find ſomething in my Face, that they have not; poor Creature! ha, ha, ha.

Niece. He's here! he dares not own it ſure.

Cunningham

Cunningham *Enters.*

Cun. I hope, Madam, you receiv'd my Letter. [*To* Mir.

Mir. I had this Moment read it, Sir.

Niece. Nay then he dares be any thing——The Proof's too plain.

Cun. And may I flatter my ſelf that my Expectation's anſwer'd.

Mir. If that Ladies Uneaſineſs is any Evidence you may.

Cun. Then you think I may laugh ſecurely?

Mir. Ay, and heartily! ha, ha, ha.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Ungrateful! perjur'd Wretch!

Cun. Madam!

Niece. O! thou haſt wrong'd the tendereſt Heart that ever liſten'd to the faithleſs Vows of Man.

Cun. I had little Reaſon to think ſo from the Encouragement I ſaw you give two Fools before my Face.

Niece. I learnt from thee before that ſervile Artifice of Diſſembling: But tell me! was I then credulous and vain, to think your Vows ſincere? O! I had fill'd the Meaſure of my Hopes in thee, my Duty, Intereſt, Friends, and Fortune, not conſider'd, when they ſuppos'd Fidelity demanded 'em.

Cun. Suppoſe me then no more the Thing I ſeem'd; but as your Heart, your Hopes, and tend'reſt Wiſhes wou'd create me, yours ſincere, and only yours. I knew there was no other Way at once to give my Hopes a Certainty—But this, this innocent Deceit of ſeeming Falſe to ſtir your Jealouſie; and if you don't applaud the Stratagem, you wrong the Heart you now complain'd of.

Niece. Is't poſſible?

Mir. Ev'n ſo indeed, Madam, and if you don't pardon my Part of the Jeſt we made of you——I'll ſwear you'll allow no Body Wit but your ſelf.

Niece. Well! you have fool'd me fairly; but how I ſhall make you amends——

Cun. That's eaſily done; you ſhall make me a Huſband, and I have engag'd Sir *Gregory* ſhall make her another; when I am a little re-

cover'd from the Surprize of my own good Fortune, I'll tell you how.

Thus tho' ador'd, the Fair one falſly Coy,
That wou'd with Doubts the Lover's Hope deſtroy,
Once touch'd with Jealouſy confirms his Joy.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT V.

SCENE Cunningham's *Lodgings.*

Enter Cunningham, *Y.* Outwit, Priſcian *and Sir* Threadbare.

Cun. YOu'll pardon me, dear *Outwit*, that I did not before truſt you with my Deſign upon your Couſin *Lucinda*; but ſince you have told me how I may ſerve you in this new Attempt upon your Father, I have not now the leaſt Fear or Doubt remaining.

Y. *Out.* Faith, I can't blame your Caution, in ſo critical a Point, but I am glad I have it in my Power to ſerve you, not only for our old Acquaintance ſake, but the Pleaſure too of biting my Father; nay, I'll make him pay the very Muſick to your Wedding: Is the Conſort ready, Knight?

Sir *Thr.* Oh, Sir! we are half the Conſort our ſelves; we two are the Tabor, and Pipe, that muſt make his Purſe dance out of his Pocket.

Priſ. Yes, Sir, you'll find us, & *cantare pares*, & *reſpondere parati.*

Y. *Out.* Say you ſo, my Lads; faith, we'll ſing Harveſt Home with a melodious Horn-Pipe.

Sir *Thr.* My Wife has engag'd to bring the Ladies.

Y. *Out.* And I'll undertake the young Coxcombs ſhall follow 'em.

Sir *Thr.* But 'tis time, Gentlemen, we were tuning our Inſtruments.

Y. *Out.* Let's away from the back Door. Adieu.

Priſ.

Priſ. Fiſtula dulce canit volucres dum decipit auceps.

[*Exit Y.* Out. *Sir* Thr. *and* Priſ.

Enter Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. So! very well —— Reach me the black Gown —— Are none of the Gueſts come yet?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I believe there's one below in the Parlor now.

Cun. What is he?

Serv. Really, Sir, I can't be poſitive; but I ſuſpect him to be a Fool, that ſome Pawn-broker's old Faſhion Cloaths have made half a Gentleman: I think he ſaid his Name was *Simple.*

Cun. The very Perſon I wanted, ſhew him up immediately.

Serv. He's here, Sir.

Cun. Ah! Monſieur *Simple!* moſt opportunely welcome! you are come in the very Criſis of your Revenge, I expect Sir *Gregory* every Minute! Well, how is it?

Sim. Periſh me, Sir, if I am not in a very untoward Condition, for between Love, and Cold, and Hunger, and one thing or other I am really almoſt ſtarv'd, Sir, —— Pray, Sir, has not this unkind Lady ſent for me yet?

Cun. Truly, not that I hear, Sir! I fanſy there's ſome unfriendly Meſſenger employ'd between you.

Sim. Why then it muſt be ſo; for in all Appearances, I'm poſitive the Lady muſt be a Perſon of Honour; and cou'd not have ſo little Wit, as to think to make a Fool of me —— But really I was never ſo cold ſince my firſt peeping into the World; that River is exceſſive bleak, and in my Conſcience, I have been ſeven Mile in length upon the Banks of it; where really, Sir, I believe I have not ſeen leſs than Five thouſand Sticklebacks. And I am really of Opinion, that there are Gudgeons too —— Miller's Thumbs I ſaw in vaſt Quantities, I believe I told above fourſcore —— I'll make a little bold with your Sweat-Meats.

Cun. And welcome, Sir.

Sim. 'Tis ſtrange now, I have really no Taſte in any thing.

Cun. O! Love, Sir, diſtracts every thing but it ſelf. [*Servant whiſpers.*] Udſo! I have News for you.

Sim. For me! what is it for this Plumb's ſake?

Cun. Nay, hear me, Sir.

Sim. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth, I hear more than I eat, Sir——

Cun. Sir *Gregory*'s come, and you ſhall ſee him fobb'd immediately.

Sim. No! that wou'd be an immoderate Pleaſure.

Cun. Stand unſeen there but two Minutes, and I'll find an opportunity to call you in and place you at the Table with the Lady I deſign to ſham upon him.

Sim. Sir—— cou'd not I drink firſt?

Cun. By and by, I'll put her Health to you—— Here he comes, away.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir *Gregory!* Your moſt faithful humble Servant. This is indeed the greateſt Honour was ever done to my poor Habitation.

Sir *Greg.* Phoo! prithee pox of Compliments, Man, I'll do thee this Houour every Day of the Week when I'm married, but my Head's upon other things now; for to tell you the truth, I am up to the Ears in Love and Spite.

Cun. St! the Lady's in the next Room—— if ſhe ſhou'd hear you all's unravell'd.

Sir *Greg.* Ad! 'twas well you told me; for I was juſt going to baul out how terribly I ſhou'd laugh at her, when I have got her whether ſhe will or no.

Cun. Oh! but don't uſe her too ſeverely neither.

Sir *Greg.* No, no, I'll only vex her a little, or ſo.

Cun. Hang it ev'n forgive her all.

Sir *Greg.* No, faith! I muſt crab her, ſhe muſt be Vinegar'd! I long dearly to fetch a little Verjuice out of her; for you know ſhe has been damnable ſawcy to me.

Cun. O! you'll ſoon tame her.

Sir *Greg.* So I will, faith, for before I bed her, I'll very fairly ſee her Legs tied to the bottom Poſts, her Hands to the Head-board, and a Gag in her Mouth, that ſhe may neither kick, bite, baul, ſcratch, nor run away.

Cun. For all this, I ſhall ſee you and your Lady live as quietly as two Tortoiſes.

Sir *Greg.* Nay it's all one to me, whether we do or no; ſhe may be a Tortoiſe, for ought I know at the bottom, but hitherto, I am ſure, I have ſeen nothing of it in her, but a damn'd thick Shell.

Cun. Well, Sir! now to the Proof on't.——[*Soft Muſick.*] That's the Signal of her Approach—— Come, Sir, get into this Gown with me, put your right Hand through this Sleeve—— Mind you your Part, and I'll warrant her your own.

Sir *Greg.* Well, faith! this will be pure! Now I begin to ſmoak it; do you place her in that Chair, and I warrant you, I'll grope her out.

Cun. Here ſhe comes—— lie ſtill.

Enter Mirabel.

Lady this homely Roof, and courſer Entertainment, are too much honour'd by ſo fair a Preſence; but where ſincere Affections are both Hoſt and Gueſt. The Place takes little from their full Delight.

Enter Simple.

This only Friend I have made bold t'invite to be the private Witneſs of our contracted Faith.

Mir. Your Friend's moſt welcome, Sir, and when our Hands are link'd in that firm Chain, that muſt unite us ever: Fame ſhall belie my Virtue, if e'er it ſpeaks me, but an obedient Wife; in witneſs of this Truth I yield my Hand.

Cun. And thus devoutly I receive it.

Mir. O! you graſp me, Sir, too hard.

Cun. Think it but a Lover's Zeal, and Pardon it. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Poor Sir *Gregory!* methinks I pity him! how ſtrangely wou'd he rave to ſee this Interview.

Cun. O! you're ſtill too much concern'd for him: You know he gave his Intereſt up to me, and ſhou'd you pity one that ſlights you?

Mir. That Thought, indeed, revives my Reſolution——No more Delays then, but for ever make me yours.

Cun. Thus then——

Sim. Hold, Sir, begging your Fair Lady's pardon too—give me leave firſt, at leaſt, in one friendly flowing Glaſs, to particularize my ſeparate Satisfaction, that I conceive at this time in your united

Felicity, and that ridiculous Animal, Sir *Gregory*'s eternal Diſappointment.

Mir. Since 'tis your Friend's Propoſal, Sir, I pledge it. [*Drinks.*

Cun. 'Twas kindly offer'd.

Sim. Deſtroy me, but ſuch a Banquet once a Week, wou'd make me grow fat in a Fortnight. [*Aſide.*] But, pray Sir, now proceed in your Ceremony.

Cun. Thus then— *Before the ſacred Powers Above,*
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love;
And with this Hand, the Heart that owns the ſame,
To burn for ever in this ſacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that to a Wife are due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life ſhall ſtand,
Irrevocably ſeal'd with Heart and Hand.

Sim. Well, now cou'd I walk bare-foot to *Berwick*, and back again, and laugh at the Jeſt all the Way, without Baiting. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Thus too— *Before the ſacred Powers Above,*
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love:
And with this Hand, the Heart that owns the ſame,
To burn for ever in this ſacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that are a Husband's due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life ſhall ſtand,
Irrevocably ſeal'd with Heart and Hand.

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha, ha, Faith, and ſo it ſhall, Madam, for here's the Hand that owns the Heart that you have ſworn to obey.

Cun. And, Faith, Sir *Gregory*, here's Witneſs of the Contract.

Sir *Greg.* Now, now, what Names have you to call me, pray?

Mir. Huſband, Sir.

Sir *Greg.* [*Coming out of the Gown.*] Hay! Ods-Nails! I am cheated, wrong'd, fool'd, abus'd.

Sim. Extremely fobb'd, indeed, Sir.

Cun.

Cun. Why did not I tell you, Sir, you ſhou'd find her another Woman?

Sim. Nay, ſhe is not the ſame, Knight——I can witneſs, ha, ha.

Sir *Greg.* What the Devil, have you brought my own Man to laugh in my Face too——Sir, ſince ſhe is not the ſame, I muſt tell you, I'll have another, if there were but another Lady in *Europe*: You'll find, Sir, that I won't be married in Blind-man's-Buff.

Cun. Why; 'twas your own Agreement, Sir——And if you knew the Care I have taken of you, you'd down of your Knees, and thank your Stars it was no worſe.

Sir *Greg.* A Fire of my Stars, I did not care if my Stars were all of a light blaze. I am ſure I may thank you that 'tis as bad as it is.

Cun. Are not you aſhamed! Your very Inhumanity has drawn Tears from the Lady.

Mir. Ah me! Is this the Promiſe of my Hopes? Why was I flatter'd with imaginary Joy? Muſt I ſuffer for another's Fault? Is Pride, Perverſeneſs, and ill Uſage then the only way to conquer Mens Affections? If Tears, Submiſſion, Gentleneſs, and Obedience have no Charms, my Merit's poor indeed, and I deſerve the Slights that I foreſee muſt fall on me.

Sir *Greg.* Why, Faith, upon ſecond Thoughts, this is ſome thing Civiller than *Rogue* and *Raſcal.*

Cun. Ods-precious! Madam, dry your Eyes for ſhame! I have no longer Patience to ſee ſuch Youth, Beauty, and ſuch Vertue thrown away on one that never can deſerve 'em——Go, Sir, return again to her that knows you better; that gives you Language fitter for you; that means to treat you to your Merit; to abuſe, to baſle and diſgrace you: *Fool*, *Slave*, *Raſcal*, *Monſter*, is the Converſe you delight in: We ſell no ſuch Ware; if you look here for Blows, and full-mouth'd Curſes, you are deceiv'd; pray, ſeek elſewhere——Meekneſs, Obedience, Vertue, are the Goods we deal in.

Sim. And, pray, Sir, has not your Wiſdom yet diſcover'd the Party, for whoſe ſake the other Lady ſo horribly abus'd you, ha, ha.

Sir *Greg.* Why you little ſorry Son of a——Hark-ye, *Cunningham*, do but make half as much a Fool of that whole *Jackanapes*,

for

for laughing at me; and let things go as they will—Here's my Hand, I'll forgive thee all over. [*Aside.*

Cun. O Fie! Sir, your Mind can't be ſo ſoon alter'd. You'll like no Woman that won't fling a Slipper in your Face; break your Head with a Fan-handle, or bore your Noſe with a ſilver Bodkin.

Mir. Theſe Qualities you'll never find in me: But in a fond obedient Wife, the readieſt and the humbleſt Servant.

Cun. 'Death! but he ſhall not, Madam; let his groſs Ignorance feel the loſs of you—I've a Thought will do; I'll diſannul this Contract yet, and ſee you better married.

Sir *Greg.* 'Slife! but you ſhall not, Sir, [*Taking her Hand from him.*] ſhe's mine, and I am hers, and as long as we are one another's, according to Law, let me ſee the Man that dares divide us. If you are my Friend, Sir, prove it; and don't pretend to do me a good Turn, and then hit me o' the Teeth with it. I am ſure, conſidering how damnable Ill I ſucceeded with the t'other, this Lady can't blame me for being a little cautious at firſt.

Mir. If it were only Caution, Sir, indeed I can't blame you.

Cun. Nay, Sir, get the Lady's Conſent, and I have no Objection——

Sir *Greg.* Lady's Conſent! ſo I have, Sir——Look-ye here, Sir——[*Kiſſes her.*] there's my firſt Proof of Love to her—And now, Madam, to ſtop the Mouth of my Friend's Impertinence for ever, give me a round Smack as a Proof of your Love to me. There's for you, Sir; are you ſatisfied Now, Sir? [*She Kiſſes him.*]

Cun. Nay, now I own your Wit too hard for mine; indeed you have carry'd her, in ſpite of me.

Sim. And now, Sir, I hope you'll own that there are Ladies that may be carry'd too in ſpite of other People, ha, ha.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, but it muſt be when thou'rt her Coachman then, for if ever thou carrieſt a Lady, without Horſes to help thee, I'll be bound to be a Hack-Driver as long as I live.

Sim. Sir, There are Perſons, indeed, that are ridiculous, and very obnoxious to Ladies, and ſuch Fools, indeed, do miſs of 'em—

Cun. Nay, no Diſſenſion here, I beſeech you, Gentlemen—Mr. *Simple*, I'll do you Buſineſs effectually——

Sim.

Sim. Sir, I'm convinc'd that my Conduct has deſerv'd it ev'n of the Lady her ſelf, Sir.

Cun. Sir *Gregory*, hark-ye—— you ſhall laugh at him very ſpeedily——

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha.

Cun. In the mean time, I have ſtill contriv'd you a new and better Revenge upon your other Miſtreſs.

Sir *Greg.* How! How! Dear Rogue, my Spleen's on tip-toe at the very Thoughts on't.

Cun. Why, let your Contract with this Lady be yet conceal'd; and to her Unkle, ſtill ſupport a Face of ſeeming Inclination to her, which will make him ſo eager for the Match, that he'll e'en force her to offer her ſelf to you; then may you burſt into a Laugh in his Face; turn upon your Heel to her, and bid her Look for a Huſband where there is a Man Fool enough to be ſo: Thus you humble her proud Stomach; return her Coyneſs with Contempt, and treble all your late Diſgraces upon her Shame; and let your Bride, her Rival's Vertue, triumph o'er her Falſhood and her Folly.

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha, and if I don't do it, ſay I have no more Spleen than a Cucumber. Faith, and I'll plague the old Fellow too, for he has us'd me almoſt as ſcurvily as his *Niece*. Come, Madam, let's to Bed, and ſo to Church as faſt as ever we can drive.

And then, Madam Minx, *to her ſorrow ſhall ſee,*
What a Husband ſhe'as loſt in miſſing of me:
How my Spleen will be tickled, when ſhe finds that to flout her,
I have bobb'd her proud Heart, and am married without her.

Exit Sir Gregory *and* Mirabel.

Cun. Why, how now Friend! What! in a Brown-ſtudy?

Sim. Why, really, Sir, I am a little ſurpriz'd I don't hear from the Lady yet.

Cun. O! the good Minute will come before Night, my Life on't.

Sim. Well, Sir, Lovers indeed muſt have Patience. I'll e'en take another Turn by the *New-River*, where, if Love were not an Enemy to Laughter, the Thoughts of your fooling the Knight

wou'd

wou'd at leaſt be a two Hours Entertainment to me: But I think now of borrowing an Angle-Rod, to paſs away the time with; you know my Walk, Sir, if ſhe ſends, you'll certainly find me upon the ſame Bank, juſt by the Eddy, fiſhing for *Millers-thumbs*. [*Exit.*

Cun. I'll certainly take care, Sir—[*Enter Y.* Outwit.] Hah! *Outwit!* Well how go Squares?

Y. *Out.* Bravely Boy! All's a-foot: The Knight's Lady has prevail'd with my Couſin, your Miſtreſs, upon an Aſſurance that you will meet her there; and ſhe has wheedled the old *Governeſs* to go with her: And they are all now at the Maſquerade, in the next Street; upon which I have alarm'd my Father, that Sir *Gregory* is fallen off, for Neglects, and ill Uſage, and that he is now violently bent upon a rich Widow, (whom the Knight's Lady muſt perſonate) and to complete his Revenge, is reſolv'd, unleſs ſuddenly prevented, to marry her immediately: Now this, Sir, will make my Father eager, at any Rate, to recover Sir *Gregory*, whom, by a Mark, and the change of one another's Coats, you are to perſonate; and ſo diſguis'd, you carry off your Miſtreſs, and ev'n cheat the old *Governeſs* to aſſiſt you.

Cun. Admirable! But where's the old Knight, your Father?

Y. *Out.* I left him in the Street, ſtopping a Coach, with the Windows up, upon a Suſpicion that Sir *Gregory* was in the inſide on't, and ſo took that Opportunty to ſtep up, and prepare you for our next Scene—Here he comes.

Cun. I am ready for him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Ol.* Mr. *Cunningham*, your Servant: Pray, Sir, can you tell me any News of Sir *Gregory*?

Cun. No, really, Sir, but what I ſuppoſe your Son has told you, that he's certainly gone off.

Sir *Ol.* But what ſhou'd be the Reaſon, think you?

Y. *Out.* Shall I tell it you over again, Sir? I tell you, he's bewitch'd; my Couſin's ill Uſage, and your ſlack Performance of your Promiſe have quite turn'd his Brain, and if you don't immediately think of ſome Expedient to recover him, with full Hopes of his

his marrying your Niece out of Hand, you'll find him marry'd to the Widow before to morrow Morning.

Sir *Ol.* Ah! cou'd we but find him, I'd ſecure him my Niece.

Y. *Out.* Aſſure him but of that, Sir, I dare yet undertake to recover the Knight; for, to tell you the truth, he has invited me to his Wedding, and I am this moment truſted with their very Place of meeting.

Sir *Ol.* Nay, then, all's whole again; we have him, for I have already ſent to my Niece, to prepare her ſelf to marry him within this half Hour——Come, come, we'll call upon Doctor *Double-Chin* as we go; whip up the Ceremony, and tack 'em together like a new Pair of Stockings.

Y. *Out.* Right, Sir, but one of the Stockings is mine: Now ſince you have already bargain'd for yours, I ſhall not part with the t'other without a valuable Conſideration.

Sir *Ol.* What doeſt thou mean?

Y. *Out.* That my Knight, Sir, is the Fellow to your Niece, and if you ſell him her, I muſt ſell you him.

Sir *Ol.* 'Pſhaw, prithee, why you ſilly Rogue, doſt thou think I won't conſider thee.

Y. *Out.* Sir, you need not give your ſelf that trouble; I'll conſider my ſelf; for having nothing but my Wits to live by, I am reſolv'd not to ſtarve, by being a Fool.

Cun. This is no Time to haggle with him, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Why the Rogue is in the right, and I will encourage him; I love Ingenuity——there, Sirrah, there's Subſiſtence for the Vices of a whole Fortnight——Come, come along.

Y. *Out.* Sir, I can't ſtir one ſtep, if theſe two Pieces are not immediately made twenty.

Cun. Strike him quickly, Sir, before he raiſes his Price.

Sir *Ol.* Raiſes the Devil, Sir, who ſhall raiſe the Money?

Y. *Out.* Every Word you ſpeak, Sir, is a whole Pound out of your way: now I muſt have one and twenty.

Cun. I told you how 'twou'd be, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Why you impudent Son of a——

Y. *Out.* Another, Sir——twenty two.

Sir *Ol.* Um!

Y. *Out.* Have a care you don't reaſon with me, 'twill undo you.

Cun. You ſee his Humour, Sir: Faith e'en let him have it, tho' you fling it at his Head— The thing's richly worth an hundred, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Ol.* [*Aſide.*] Why doſt thou think I don't know that? I am biting him all this while—— There, Sirrah, there's your Money: Nay, prithee don't loſe no time to count it.

Y. *Out.* Always tell Money after your Father, Sir.

Enter a Servant haſtily.

Sir *Ol.* How now?

Serv. O! Sir, Mrs. *Lucinda* is no where to be found; we have enquir'd up and down, ſearch'd high and low; ſhe went out with a ſtrange Lady, Sir, and the old *Governeſs*, and left word with Mrs. *Mary*, that if your Honour enquir'd for her, ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd never come home again.

Sir *Ol.* Undone, undone, all's blown up again.

Y. *Out.* The Money's right, Sir.

Cun. This is a Misfortune, indeed Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Ah! Son! Son! now ſhew thy ſelf my Son: Help at this Pinch, and I'll——

Y. *Out.* Count me out thirty Pieces more, Sir—— without delay——take my word too for deſerving 'em, for I muſt begin to have ſome regard now to my Credit, Sir— Quick, Sir, or I don't bate you a Shilling of forty.

Cun. Faith, Sir, this is downright Extortion, I am really aſham'd—— I wou'd not give it him.

Sir *Ol.* You wou'd not give it him—! Then you'd loſe a thouſand Pound, Sir— There, there 'tis, bring me but to my *Niece*; if it is not right, I'll double the Sum.

Y. *Out.* Then, obſerve, Sir, your Niece is now in Maſquerade, at my Lady *Revels*, which is the general Rendezvous of all the young Coxcombs in Town: She has an Amour a-foot there, to my knowledge, that you don't know of, and very probably intends, this Night, to make a faſhionable End on't.

Sir *Ol.* The Devil!

Y. *Out.* Suſpend your wonder, Sir: You'd recover her, wou'd not you?

Sir *Ol.* O! Dear Son, at any Rate; at any Rate.

Y. *Out.* Then obſerve, Sir, we three, with ſuch Help as may be neceſſary, will all enter upon 'em diſguis'd, (for no body bare-fac'd is admitted) pretending to be a ſort of Anti-maſk, and ſo, at a proper Opportunity, (which I'll contrive) we may carry her off.

Sir *Ol.* Won't this Maſking take up too much time tho'?

Y. *Out.* Sir, they never ſtir thence till Morning: And for Diſguiſes, I can fit you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sir *Ol.* Well, well, is there nothing elſe wanting?

Y. *Out.* Only the charge of good Muſick, Sir; it muſt be good, that we and our Deſign may paſs the leſs ſuſpected; and I can provide you that, Sir, if you'll give your Word, before this Gentleman, to pay it.

Sir *Ol.* There's my Hand, coſt what it will; get the beſt in the Kingdom, I'll pay it all.

Y. *Out.* That's all you ſhall pay, upon my Word, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Let's away; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Cun. I neither doubt his Friendſhip, or his Wit:

But come the worſt, if his Attempt's o'erthrown,
My Reſolution then ſhall ſeize my own.

Enter in Maſquerade, Lady Gentry, Niece, Governeſs, *and Ladies.*

L. *Gen.* Come, Ladies, Muſick ſhall give us now her airy Welcome; 'twill be the beſt, I fear, this homely Habitation can afford.

Niece. For me, alas! my Welcome follows me, elſe I am ill come hither: You ſtill aſſure me, Madam, Mr. *Cunningham* will be here.

L. *Gen.* Madam, as on his Life depend on't.

Niece. Continue ſtill to let the *Governeſs* believe Sir *Gregory*'s the Man we wait for.

Gov. I marvel, Lady, the Knight's ſo ſlow in coming! Lovers o' th' latter Age were wont to ride with Spurs on.

L. *Gen.* He'll be here immediately—his Muſick's come already, Madam—He only ſtays to be perfect in ſome gallant Device to appear with, that he has been beating his Brains about.

Niece. Ah! poor Man! He may beat 'em to Pap before any thing comes out of 'em.

Gov. Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

Niece. Hardly two, I'm afraid.

Gov. Marriage will alter you.

Niece. I rather believe I ſhall alter my Marriage. [*Aſide.*

Gov. Nay, nay, I know you are for a Man of Wit, Forſooth: A *Cunningham*, I warrant you, one that has no more Honeſty than a Horſe-Courſer, and as little Conſcience as an Apothecary's Bill: A falſe proteſting Wretch: In my Heart, our Women are all won with ill Uſage, now a Days.

L. *Gen.* Truly, and ſo are the Men too, for ought I ſee.

Gov. Ah! in Troth, you've hit it, Lady—if true heartedneſs were the Thing, Mr. *Cunningham* might have prov'd himſelf an honeſt Man a-fore now, and ſome Folks never the worſe for't.

L. *Gen.* Nay, Men are indeed ſtrange Creatures.

Gov. Ah! they are no more what they were——.

Niece. Than you can be what I am now, *Governeſs.*

Gov. Well, well, you'll be wiſer one Day.

Niece. I'd willingly be happy firſt, methinks.

Gov. Then Sir *Gregory*'s the Man muſt make you ſo, and ſay I tell you ſo.

Niece. If I do but manage him right, I hope he will.

L. *Gen.* Hark! I hear his Muſick; this muſt be he. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Enter Sir* Oliver, *Y.* Outwit, Cunningham *in Sir* Gregory's *Cloaths, all mask'd, Sir* Threadbare *and* Priſcian, *as Muſicians*, &c. *who take out the Ladies to dance.*] So, ſo, our Company's well increas'd! What ſay you to a Dance, Ladies.

Niece. What ſay you, *Governeſs?*

Gov. Nay, nay, not I in Troth—my jaunting Days are done.

Sir *Ol.* Come, come, Widow, you won't ſpoil good Company, ſure! We'll have one Round in honour of Sixty three. Ah! you can foot it ſtill, if you were but well ſtir'd.

Gov. Well, well, a civil Word makes me do any thing.

Sir *Ol.* That I dare ſwear, by your bringing my *Niece* hither, with a Pox to you. [*Aſide.*

Cun. I think *Lucinda.*

Niece. Cunningham!

Cun. The ſame; fear nothing.

Niece. Why, where's the Danger?

Cun. Your Unkle's here.

Niece. You make me tremble.

Cun. Be eaſy, he's drawn into the Plot againſt himſelf.

Y. *Out.* That's your *Niece*, Sir, *Cunningham* has ſecur'd her already.

Sir *Ol.* I ſee't: We have caught her, i'faith, Boy.

Y. *Out.* Will you allow me Wit now, Father?

Sir *Ol.* Thou haſt earn'd thy Money faithfully, I muſt allow it.

Y. *Out.* I hope to give you a better Proof on't yet, before Night, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Let me but get over this Plunge, and I'll allow thee any thing.

Y. *Out.* That I'll engage you ſhall, Sir, before I have done with you.

Cun. At our ſecond meeting in the Dance, we loſe our Hands no more.

Niece. Are you prepar'd to join 'em?

Cun. The Prieſt ſtays for us: Has the *Governeſs* her Leſſon?

Niece. Yes, yes, ſhe takes you for Sir *Gregory*, and will follow us.

Gov. Ah! well ſaid, Sir Knight, ſtick cloſe to her, and recover the Time you've loſt—We have ſtaid this Hour for you.

Cun. When you ſee us go off in the Dance, I hope you'll go along with us?

Gov. Will I! What do you think I came hither for?

Sir *Ol.* Come, come, ſtrike up Gentlemen.

All dance, at the latter end of which, Cunningham, Niece, *La.* Gen. *and* Governeſs, *Exeunt, and the Muſick ceaſes.*

Sir *Ol.* [*Dancing on.*] Heyday! Heyday! What is the Muſick tir'd before us?

Sir *Thr.* [*In broken* Engliſh.] No, Sare, bote de Company 'ave done, you ſee, and is be gone.

Sir

Sir *Ol.* Ha! Who! What! Where's my *Niece?* Son! Son! my *Niece!* my *Niece!*

Y. *Out.* Are you mad, Sir, to diſcover your ſelf: Did not you ſee *Cunningam* go off with her?

Sir *Ol.* Diſcover the Devil; don't tell me, Sir, was not I to have gone along with him; for ought I know here may be a Contrivance——Hay! I-gad I don't like your Looks, I muſt tell you that, Sir——By the World I'll go after 'em. [*Going Sir* Thr. *and* Priſ. *ſtop him.*

Sir *Thr.* Holda, Sir, Diabolo, you muſt pay de Mouſique before you ſall goe.

Sir *Ol.* Muſt! Why how now Scoundrel!

Sir *Thr.* Me no ondraſtanda what you vil ſay de Scondrel. Me vil hava de Money.

Sir *Ol.* Suppoſe I won't pay you theſe five Hours.

Sir *Thr.* Den you ſall no be goe dis five Hores.

Sir *Ol.* Shalln't go, Sir!

Sir *Thr.* No, Diabolo, you no ſall goe.

Sir *Ol.* Why, Sirrah, ſuppoſe I have a mind to make you play before me in the Streets?

Sir *Thr.* I hava maka no Accord to play de Street, I ava agree to play only at de Ballat; if you no ava de minde to danca no more, you vil pay de Money, de Money vil letta you goe.

Sir *Ol.* A Pox on him for a ſputtering——a——here, Son, lay out; give 'em Twelve-pence a piece, and let's be rid of 'em.

Y. *Out.* Twelve-pence! that's but a Crown, Sir!

Sir *Thr.* Una Corona! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Ol.* Yah, yah. Why, what a plague do you laugh at, Sir? I believe a Crown wou'd make you all laugh and dance too in your own Country.

Y. *Out.* Sir, for your own ſake laugh again, and ſay you only meant it as a Jeſt, you'll be expos'd for ever elſe.

Sir *Ol.* Expoſe a Rump, Sir; I am not to be laugh'd out of my Money.

Y. *Out.* Death! Sir; they are all *Italians.*

Sir *Ol.* Why, what then, Sir, mayn't an *Italian* be a Scoundrel, as well as an *Engliſhman?*

Y. *Out.* Lurd! Sir, I wou'd not have this heard for the Univerſe: Does not the whole Nation adore 'em, Sir? Is any Man allow'd common Senſe, among the better Sort, that is not raviſh'd with their Muſick? And is any thing a more faſhionable Mark of a Gentleman, than to pay an extravagant Price for't?

Sir *Ol.* A Pox of the Faſhion, Sir, they'll get no ſuch Marks from me, I can tell you—— If any thing in Reaſon will ſatisfy 'em—— let's know what 'tis—for I am in haſte.

Y. *Out.* I'll try what I can do with 'em, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* [*To himſelf.*] What cou'd they mean by going off without me? Unleſs my *Niece* diſcover'd my being here, and ſo ran away out of fear—that's the beſt I can hope of it—if not, I am chous'd, and that Rogue, my Son, is at the bottom of it.

Y. *Out.* Nay, but Gentlemen, bate us but one ten Pound.

Sir *Ol.* How! Bate ten Pound! why, what the Devil's the whole Sum then?

Y. *Out.* Why, Sir, they are Five of 'em, and it ſeems they never ſtrike a Note under twenty Guineas a Man?

Sir *Ol.* Twenty Hang-Dogs!

Y. *Out.* And, Faith, there's no making 'em bate a Shilling, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Oones! do they know what they ſay, why that's a hundred Guineas?

Y. *Out.* Sir! A hundred! what at—hay! Five of 'em at twenty—let's ſee—um—um—fourſcore—Gad 'tis a hundred, Sir. But we had not time to make a Bargain with 'em: Faith, Sir, I ſee no Remedy, you paſs'd your Word to pay 'em.

Sir *Thr.* Diabolo! For vate is all dis, doe nothing? Me vil be no affronta——Me vil ava de Money, or you ſall ava my Life——taka your Spada. [*Draws.*

Y. *Out.* Have a care, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Hoity, Toity? O your Servant, Gentlemen! What I am to be robb'd then, it ſeems. I beg your pardon——I took you for Fidlers, but I find by your Tools you are Gentlemen of another Trade—very good! There's your Money, Sir—as fairly robb'd, I yield

I yield it—but to aſk a hundred Pound with five Fiddleſticks in your Hands, was an Impudence ten times beyond it—Theſe are Thieves, Sirrah—— Highwaymen, and I am robb'd.

Y. *Out.* Indeed, Muſicians, Sir, and you are only bobb'd; for coſt what it wou'd, 'twas your own Agreement to pay 'em.

Sir *Ol.* Yes, yes, and you have provided 'em with admirable Inſtruments, I thank you.

Y. *Out.* Sir, the Gentlemen are taking their Leaves.

Sir *Ol.* O your Servant! your Servant, Gentlemen—— You are damnably well bred, I muſt confeſs—— but 'tis no matter, ſome body ſhall pay for't, let me but recover my *Niece*, and Sir *Gregory* ſhall find it all in his Bill, faith.

Enter Governeſs.

Gov. Oh! Sir *Oliver!* undone, undone.

Sir *Ol.* So! ſhe's robb'd too, I hope.

Gov. O! Sir, my Heart-ſtrings are broke—— I have ſcarce Life left to tell you the Misfortune.

Sir *Ol.* Misfortune! Why what the Devil's the matter with thee, thou haſt not been raviſh'd, haſt thou?

Gov. Ah! Sir, wou'd that were the worſt on't! Your *Niece!* your *Niece!* Sir.

Sir *Ol.* What! broke her Leg?

Gov. O worſe, worſe! ſhe has broke all Bonds of Obedience, and is moſt notoriouſly——

Sir *Ol.* With Child.

Gov. Married, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* The Devil!

Gov. To that abondon'd falſe Diſſembler, *Cunningham.*

Sir *Ol.* Then wou'd ſhe were with Child—— But who was the Prieſt? for firſt I'll hang him.

Gov. E'en your own Kinſman, Sir, Mr. *Credulous Outwit*, that you deſign'd for the *Welch* Benefice.

Sir *Ol.* Good! I ſav'd him from one Halter, and he has helpt my *Niece* to another—— Haſt thou any more ill News?

Gov. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Sir *Ol.* To my *Niece* too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Gov. No, Sir, to my Daughter; ſhe's Lady *Gooſe* now, and that's all I have left to comfort me—— And ſee where they come all in a Cluſter——

Enter Sir Gregory, *and* Mirabel, Cunningham, *and* Niece, *Young* Outwit, *L.* Gentry, *Sir* Threadbare, Priſcian, *and Mr.* Credulous.

Sir *Ol.* Hey-day! Rebellion in Triumph! ſee what your Care's come to now, Mr. Politick? Where's your Wit at a Pinch now, Sir?

Y. *Out.* Here! here in this full Purſe, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Very fine! ſo you have been in the bottom of all this Roguery againſt me, and I am fairly cheated.

Y. *Out.* To your Hearts content, Sir, thanks to the little Wit your Fatherly Wiſdom turn'd a Grazing.

Sir *Ol.* Umph!

Sir *Greg.* Wit! ha, ha, ha, why didſt thou ever pretend to it, old Knight.

Sir *Ol.* 'Tis time I ſhou'd give it over indeed, when thou aſkeſt that Queſtion.

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha, why you are crabb'd, old Unkle, that wou'd ha' been.

Sir *Ol.* And you are married to a great Fortune, that ſhou'd ha' been.

Sir *Greg.* Yes, yes, if Rogue, Slave, Raſcal, Kicks, Thumps, and Bobbs of the Face were to be coin'd, ſhe wou'd have been a deviliſh Fortune indeed; 'ſlife, Sir, I wou'd not have had her with that Flint-hearted Tongue of hers, tho' ſhe were ſtuck all o'er with Diamonds, tho' her Backſide were all beaten Gold, her Eyes to drop nothing but Pearls, and the reſt of her Rock to make Hogſheads of Wine inſtead of fair Water.

Cun. That I dare ſwear he wou'd not, Sir, if it had been only in pure Friendſhip to me.

Sir *Greg.* Nay, faith, I wiſh thou hadſt 'ſcap'd her too, and then ſhe might have been eaten up with the Green-ſickneſs: Look you, Sir, in ſhort, I have made this Gentlewoman a Lady, in ſpite to her, and have married her in ſpite to you, and will love her, in love to

my ſelf, and to let you all ſee what Honour ſhe has miſs'd the being Mother of, before to Morrow Morning, I'll ſo ſpur up my Knighthood that I'll get her with Squire.

Niece. Well, Sir *Gregory*, you have made me ſo heartily 'ſham'd of my Folly, that from henceforth I am reſolv'd here to give my ſelf up to Love, Gentleneſs and Obedience.

Sir *Greg.* Ay, ay, this is afore your Unkle's Face! but for all that, who will have a Plaiſter upon his Forehead afore Morning?

Y. *Out.* You ſee, Sir, all's irrecoverable——Nothing thrives but what I have a Hand in——You had better allow me two hundred a Year, than ſo much a Week.

Sir *Ol.* O! I cannot think of parting with any thing before I die.

Y. *Out.* Then I ſhall certainly think of nothing but your Death, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* Peace, I ſay—I'll think again.

Sir *Greg.* Well, *Cunningham*, now I proclaim thee a Man of thy word; for I think I have ſufficiently ſpited my Miſtreſs, and have as heartily ſowr'd the old Gentleman! look how ſhe looks! And now if I cou'd but plague my Man *Simple* a little, the full Joys of my Spleen wou'd be compleat——

Cun. That you may do immediately, for here he comes.

Enter Simple, *with an Angle-rod.*

You, Madam, muſt join with us. [*To Niece.*

Sir *Greg.* Ha, ha, ha, why, how now, *Sam! Sam!* Boy! What haſt thou been bobbing for Gregs, and in the mean time, let thy Miſtreſs ſlip through thy Fingers like an Eel, ha, ha, ha.

Sim. Gudgeons indeed are eaſier taken; for I hear this Lady, d'ye obſerve me, has caught you, Sir—But really my Buſineſs at preſent is with this Lady.

Niece. Away, ungrateful Man.

Cun. Hark you, Sir, 'tis now too late to expoſtulate: The Lady I find is betrayed as well as you; it ſeems ſhe ſent above a dozen times to you, and the falſe Brother, that was employ'd between you, as often brought word you wou'd be with her in a Quarter of an Hour.

Sim. Sir, if I have ſeen any living Creature, but a few Miller's Thumbs,

Thumbs, ſince I laſt ſaw you, I wiſh this Angle-Rod might never go through me.

Cun. What ill Fate was this? Why, Sir, the Lady took it ſo to Heart, that out of pure ſpite to her ill Fortune, ſhe is really married to another.

Sim. Why then periſh my Heart, Sir, if I don't pity her—— Yet if ſhe has undone herſelf, ſhe may thank her ſelf for't—— I cou'd do no more than I cou'd do—— I kept my word, if ſhe wou'd not believe it, 'twas her own Fault, ſhe might have had Patience to have ſpoke with a Man tho'.

Cun. That was a Fault indeed, Sir.

Sim. Nay, extreamly Faulty—— Day and Night ſhe might have commanded me, and that ſhe knew well enough, I told her ſo between her and I—Madam, ſays I, when you find your ſelf never ſo little uneaſie at my being from you, do but ſend me the leaſt word, I'll come and relieve you in an Inſtant, and becauſe a Fellow has play'd the Raſcal with us, for her to go and throw her ſelf away upon this, and that, and t'other, and I can't tell what—'Pſhaw! it was idly done; cou'd not ſhe have come to me her ſelf? And have been ſatisfied?

Cun. That had done it, Sir.

Sim. To a hair, Sir—but when People will follow their own Fancies——

Cun. Well! ſure never couple ſo narrowly miſs'd of one another.

Sim. And as it was, Sir, you ſaw I was within one of her, I was ſure all the while I was between the Knight and home—— Poor Creature it really gives me a Concern to ſee her take on ſo.

Cun. And yet I can't but ſay, Sir, her undoing, is her own doing.

Sim. But you'll find, Sir, the thing will really reflect upon me in the end; I ſhall hear of it, as I go along the Streets: People won't conſider it was not my Fault—— But will cry there goes the Ill-natur'd Gentleman, upon whoſe Account the Lady flung her ſelf away—— I ſhall certainly be blam'd about this. Fooliſh Woman. —— Beſide, Sir, I am really under a great Diſappointment my ſelf; for here have I turn'd my ſelf out of my Place upon her Account;

and now, Sir, inſtead of this, and that, and t'other, let me periſh, if I know where to eat.

Mir. Alas, poor Gentleman! Come, Sir, ſhall I ſpeak a good word for you?

Sim. Really, Madam, my Temper is ſuch, I don't know how to refuſe a Lady any thing.

Mir. O, Sir *Gregory* muſt be Friends with you.

Sir *Greg.* Well, *Sam!* what haſt thou to ſay now, Boy?

Sim. Why, really, Sir, I don't well know, but, methinks, here I don't know, things have been very odly contriv'd, Sir; but the ſhort of the matter is really this, ſince the Party we lately diſputed of ſeems to be otherwiſe diſpos'd of, that is to ſay, ſince you have miſs'd of the Lady, and I really have not got her, I think it wou'd not be improper if we two ſhou'd take one another again.

Sir *Greg.* Well, well, *Sam*, with all my Heart, a match, Boy.

Sim. Madam, I thank you—— And really the thing is much eaſier than it was. —Pray, Sir, where do you dine?

Y. *Out.* Nay, Sir, take it your own way—For my part I ſhall but loſe by this Allowance—— I have not fought out half my Weapons, yet, Sir—Beſides, Sir, I have a way of Fighting inviſible, many a Polt have you had within theſe twelve Hours, Sir, without knowing who it came from.

Sir *Ol.* How! make that appear, and I'll ſay ſomething to thee.

Y. *Out.* *Imprimis,* to let you ſee how profoundly your Apprehenſion was aſleep, Sir, I fairly ſtruck five Pieces out of you for theſe Gentlemen Beggars, of which Bounty your humble Searvant was the firſt publick Example, and private Sharer. You may remember, Sir, when you admir'd our ſpeaking *Greek* and *Syriack*, we were then only ſaying in vile Gibberiſh, that we wou'd not ſtir till we had pick'd your Pocket.

Sir *Ol.* But was that Wit your own, Sir?

Y. *Out.* 'Pſhaw! a ſlight Preface to the Volumes that are to follow.

Sir *Ol.* How!

Y. *Out.* What think you of a certain hundred Pieces given to redeem your Favourite Nephew, from the Hands of a Conſtable for being concern'd in a certain Robbery? which was indeed no Robbe-

ry, no Conſtable, no Thief, nothing real, but Top, Sides and Bottom, a fair Bite all over, Sir. And, laſtly, Sir, this memorable hundred Pounds worth of Muſick, which to crown my Triumph, Sir, are very generouſly return'd to play one Dance at my Couſin *Cunningham*'s Wedding.

Sir *Ol.* Well, Boy, ſince thou haſt ſatisfied me I have no Fool to my Son, I'll now let the World ſee, thou haſt a wiſe Man to thy Father—— Give me the Writing—— There's my Hand to it—— And now ſtrike up Muſick——

Wit ſhou'd be try'd before it claims regard.
Y. Out. *But fairly prov'd, like mine ſhould find reward.*

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Pinkethman taking *Bullock* by the Sleeve, ſpeaks.

Pin. HOLD! *Hold! Sir* Bullock! *You muſt ſtay, dear Rogue,*
And tack a Rhime or two to th' Epilogue.
Bul. *Pho! Pox! not I; beſide, your Jeſts are more in Vogue.*
If I don't think you're beſt alone, then rack me.
Pin. *Ay, but you know—I'm better—with an* Aſs *to back me.*
Bul. *O! Sir, for that, you'll find, indeed, dear Brother,*
That's but one Aſs's *backing of another:*
Now tho' the Jeſt is ſtale, of Aſs beſtridden,
It may be new to ſee the Rider ridden.
[Tripps up his Heels, and beſtrides him.
Pin. *Odſheart! the Dog will murther me——*
Bul. ——————————— *No, no;*
I'm only backing of my Friend, or ſo:
Now, pray Sirs, tell me, did you e'er ſee a Face,
[Shewing it to the Audience.
In every Circumſtance more like an Aſs?
And is't not juſt, that I ſhou'd now keep down,
The Aſs *that has ſo often rid the Town?*
But that thou may'ſt hereafter grow more Wiſe——
Heyday! What now?—— [*Pin.* ſtruggling.
Pin. ——————————— *I'll tell you when I riſe?*
[Throws *Bul.* over his Head, and mounts on him.
Bul. *Ods me! the Beaſt has thrown me——*

Pin.

Pin. ——————————*Down, Rogue, down:*
Thus Rightful Monarchs Re-aſcend their Throne.
So have I ſeen, and with as little Rout,
Britains *and* French *march Into Towns and Out:*
And thus by ſudden Turns of good and ill Luck,
Victorious Pinky *ſtrides the conquer'd* Bullock.
But now, to let you ſee your Conqueror's Virtue,
Tho', Slave, I have you down—— I ſcorn to hurt you.
Bul. *Well, well, I yield: Yet all this mighty do,*
But proves, that I'm an Aſs *as well as You.*
Pin. *Thus the ſole Glory we in Victors ſee,*
Is firſt to make Men Slaves, then ſet 'em Free.
Get up you Puppy——————
Bul. ——————*Well, now let's agree.* [Riſes.
And as you firſt propos'd befriend the Play.
Pin. *That's true—— Grant,* Gallants, *but your Smiles to Day,*
And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray:
Bul. *That every Lover to theſe Scenes inclin'd,*
May the ſame Favour from his Miſtreſs find.
Pin. *May all the married Dames preſerve their Spouſes,*
From Drink, late Hours, and ill reputed Houſes.
Bul. *May no ripe Virgin here, paſt Twenty tarry,*
But the firſt Swain, that Woes her, Love, and Marry.
Pin. *Widows that flameleſs lie, like unſtirr'd Fire,*
Be blown by Younger Brothers to Deſire.
Bul. *May you, that keep no Cows, that is, won't Marry,*
Skim the ſweet Cream-bowls of your Neighbour's Dairy.
Pin. *May all you, Soldiers, that have lain in Trenches,*
Good Winter-Quarters find, and ſoft—ſound Wenches.
Bul. *The Beaux ſtill make Subſcriptions for the Fair,*
And each Preſented Ticket cure Deſpair.
Pin. *Each Fair Nymph's Love, that's now abroad in Wars,*
Come laden Home, with His—and Her Arrears.
Bul. *May all the Gameſters make their Bubbles pay.*
And daily 'noint 'em for their Itch of Play.

Pin. *Each Miſs that pays her only Half Crown duly,*
Be ten-fold re-imburs'd it by a Cully:
Bul. *And may thoſe Cullies, whom their Charms ſo urge-on,*
Ne'er find Occaſion after for a Surgeon.
Pin. *So may thoſe Wiſhes wait on all that ſay,*
In hearty Claps, *they will ſupport the* Play,
And Cram the Houſe, *upon the* Author's-Day.

XIMENA;

XIMENA;

OR, THE

HEROICK DAUGHTER:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

——————Face nuptiali
Digna, & in omne Virgo
Nobilis Ævum. HOR.

THE PRAISED VIRGIN

A

HEROICK POEM

OF THE

VIRGIN MARY.

TO THE READER.

THE *Cid* of Monſieur *Corneille* (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made ſuch an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of *Europe*, that were I to be wholly ſilent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken, in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reaſon or Nature: But I hope I ſhall ſtand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not inſenſible what vaſt Odds will be offer'd againſt me, while I am entering the Liſts with ſo fam'd an Author as *Corneille*: but that ſhall not diſcourage me; for I look upon Truth in an Argument to be, like Courage in a Combat, the beſt Advantage a Man can have over his Antagoniſt: 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never ſo obſcure, if I am in the Right, his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder, than that a Watchman's plain Staff ſhould foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

BUT I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the *Theatre* ſome Inſight into the Merit and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators, who find themſelves unaccountably pleas'd with a pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reaſon to be ſo.

IT may perhaps be expected, I ſhould offer ſome Excuſe for not publiſhing this Piece till ſeven Years after its firſt Appearance on the Stage; and you will probably anſwer, I had as good have ſaid nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleneſs, or Indifference: For it having done my Buſineſs, when acted, I confeſs I wanted the modern Appetite for Fame, which Authors uſually think follows them into the Country after Publication. But if I had any real Cauſe to defer it, it was from an Obſervation I had made, that moſt of my Plays (except the firſt, *The Fool in Faſhion*) had a berter Reception from the Publick, when my Intereſt was no longer concern'd in them; I therefore ſuppos'd this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it: And I hope I may be allow'd the honeſt Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Coſt) ſo many Facts to ſupport it——Every Auditor, whoſe Memory will give him leave, cannot but know, that *Richard the Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakeſpear*, did not raiſe me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for ſeveral Years ſince it has ſeldom, or never, failed of a crowded Audience——*The Fop's Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*; who, it ſeems, had ſo much Wit in their Limbs, that they forc'd the Town to ſee it, till it laugh'd itſelf into their good Graces——*The Kind Impoſtor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, though it has ſince brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then diſappointed of as Author—— 'Twas at firſt a moot Point, whether the *Careleſs Husband* ſhould live or die; but the Houſes it has ſince fill'd have reproach'd the former Coldneſs of its Auditors——*The Wife's Reſentment* is another, though not an equal, Inſtance of the ſame Nature.

BUT not to take the Particularity of this Treatment wholly to myſelf, I confeſs it has ſometimes been the Fate of the better Authors:

Authors: Nor ought we ſo much to wonder at it, if we conſider, that there is in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any thing, with ſo much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the laviſh Applauſe, which is uſually heap'd upon his firſt Labours, is not perhaps ſo entirely owing to their real Admiration of the Work itſelf, as the mean Pleaſure they take in ſwelling him up to rival the Reputation of others, who have writ well before him: If he ſucceeds in a firſt Play, let him look well to the next; for then he is enter'd the Herd as a Common Enemy, and is to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy than the reſt of his Brethren: Of which nothing can be a ſtronger Inſtance, than the Torrent of Applauſe that was deſervedly thrown in upon *The Old Batchelor*, and the boiſterous Cavils that the next Year unreaſonably over-run the ſame Author's Play of *The Double Dealer*: And I am apt to believe, that after the Succeſs of *The Funeral*, it was the ſame Caprice that deſerted *The Tender Husband*; and that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

When the *Heroick Daughter* was firſt acted, I had the Curioſity (not having then any Part in it) ſometimes to ſlip unſeen into the Side-Boxes, where I met with the higheſt Mixture of Pleaſure and Mortification: The Pleaſure was in obſerving the Generality of the Audience in a ſilent, fix'd Attention, never failing, by their Looks or Geſtures, to diſcover thoſe pleaſing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would ariſe from ſo elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dreſs'd merry-making Criticks, who call themſelves *The Town*, whoſe private Wit was continually inſulting the publick Diverſion, by their waggiſh Endeavours to burleſque every thing, which ſeem'd to have a ſerious Effect on their Neighbours; and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who ſtood with his Hat over his Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmoſt Inſults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, ſome of the ſame Perſons (which had like to have made me laugh) came, and wiſh'd me Joy of

its

its Succeſs. But I have ſince ſeen frequent Inſtances, that the ſame ſort of Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with ſome leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been often known, by their overbearing manner of Applauſe, to make a wretched ſickly Play ſtand ſtoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together: But (as in mine, and moſt Caſes) when they are not ſo engag'd and marſhal'd, they naturally run Riot into Miſchief and Cruelty. Upon the whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage was ſo invidious a Task: and as it was with great Reluctance that I from hence reſolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, ſo I found it neceſſary (while I was a Player at leaſt) not to put People of mere Pleaſure and Fortune in mind, that I durſt pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Maſters of: And if, in breach of this Reſolution, I have ſince attempted, in the *Non-Juror*, to expoſe the Enemies of our Conſtitution and Liberties, it was becauſe I knew the Friends of the Government would ſecure me a fair Hearing, and from all ſuch Apprehenſions of being diſturb'd by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres*: not but I flatter myſelf, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair Play in the Characters of Sir *John Woodville* and *Charles*, who were no where ſhewn in a contemptible Light; and, I hope, it was no great Malice to make them amiable in their Converſion——If therefore I have not juſtly accounted for the Neglect, or Diſcouragement, which moſt of my other Plays met with at firſt, I ſhall, however, beg leave of the World to comfort my ſelf, with ſuppoſing, that their preſent Succeſs is now, one way or other, owing to their Merit: But I have rambled too far from my firſt Deſign, which was to give you

An EXAMEN *of the* Cid *and the* Heroick Daughter.

THE great Beauties of the *French* Play are, in the tender Compaſſion that riſes from the Misfortunes of the two Lovers *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*; but ſhould we not be much more ſenſible of their Diſtreſs, if before we ſaw them unfortunate, we were firſt rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Perſons and Virtues: They may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us ſimply as Lovers; but as *ſuch* Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly ſtrike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this point *Corneille* ſeems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Converſation between *Chimene* and her *Suivante*, whom *Chimene* deſires to repeat what Reaſon ſhe had to ſuppoſe the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favour'd Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival Don *Sanchez*. By the way ſhe owns, in the ſame Scene, ſhe has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a neceſſary Fact, nothing is ſo common, as to make ſome Perſon in the Play improbably deſirous to hear it over again. A poor Shift! we ſee through it, 'tis lazy——he could not but know, that *Artis eſt celare Artem.* After *Chimene* is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Perſon moſt worthy of her, ſhe thinks the News too good to be true, and is ſtill (though ſhe can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing; and ſo quaintly walks off, to as little purpoſe as ſhe came on.

IN all this Scene *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment, that can poſſibly draw to her the leaſt Eſteem from the Audience; we only as yet ſee her a marriageable young Woman, that is willing to have a Husband——A poor ſetting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is leſs faultily manag'd, for he never appears till he enters at once into his Diſtreſs of being oblig'd to revenge the Blow his Father had juſt receiv'd, upon the Father of his Miſtreſs, who gave it. This Incident is doubtleſs of uncommon Beauty; but had we been better acquainted with the Merit and Dignity of his Paſſion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occaſion, our Imagination would have

have had a much higher Alarm at the firſt Sight of them; and this was palpably evident, from the different Surprize his ſudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter* at *London*, to what I obſerv'd it had in the ſame Scene of the *Cid*, when acted at *Paris*.

In the *Engliſh* Play more Care is taken to make the Audience ſure, the Son brings with him the higheſt Sentiments of Courage, Love, and Honour, that muſt make a ſenſible Heart tremble at the immediate Diſtreſs, in which his firſt Appearance ſhews him involved.

The ſecond Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is ſecretly in love with *Rodrigue*; but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, ſhe reſolves to ſacrifice her Paſſion to her Glory; and, in order to it, uſes her utmoſt Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is ſomething ſo romantick, ſo cold, and inactive in this Epiſode, and ſo very little conducive to the main Deſign, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and ſupply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Belzara*, to whom I have given a more natural Intereſt to advance the Marriage of *Ximena*, which is to make Don *Sanchez* (whom *Belzara* is contracted to) deſpair of her. *Corneille* ſeems, even in this Scene too, to have loſt a fair Occaſion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, in no part of it, mentions the leaſt Motive to her Paſſion for him, unleſs that he is a *Jeune Cavalier*.

The next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Miſtreſs, and this is the firſt Scene of the *Cid*, that is made uſe of in the *Heroick Daughter*: This Quarrel ſeems too ſudden and unprepar'd, and wants the Terror that would naturally ariſe from it, if, as I obſerv'd, the Audience were prepoſſeſs'd with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whoſe approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give, by the Preparation of a whole firſt Act in *The Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrow'd, and previous to the firſt opening *Beauties* of the *Cid*: The Heroick Obligations that have paſſed between the two Lovers (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*) before

before they ſecretly entertain, or publickly avow, their Paſſion: The gentle manner of *Ximena*'s firſt ſoftening the Prejudice of *Alvarez*, the ſolemn Interpoſition of the King, to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Paſſion, and conſequently to move the Audience with a quicker Senſe of their enſuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only ſhewn, in their mere lawful Deſire of being vertuous Bedfellows.

THOUGH Terror ſeems the Favourite Paſſion of *Corneille*, and what he uſually paints in much more lively Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture, that ruins the Happineſs of theſe Lovers, loſes half its Force and Beauty, for want of Art or Pains in preparing it: For Terror muſt certainly riſe in proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conſpicuous: and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

BUT beſides all this, the Quarrel itſelf ſeems an Accident merely ariſing from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in a friendly Concluſion of their Childrens Marriage, as their ſo unforeſeen and violent Enmity: And though Surprize is a neceſſary Part of Tragedy, yet that Surprize is never to be abrupt; for when it is ſo, it is more apt to ſhock than delight us: we do not love to be ſtartled into a Pleaſure. As an Audience ought never to be wholly let into the ſecret Deſign of a Play, ſo they ought not to be intirely kept out of it; you may ſafely leave room for the Imagination to gueſs at the nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to ſurprize them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the ſecond Act of *Dryden*'s *All for Love*, where *Mark Anthony* ſeems confirm'd in his Reſolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once conſents to expoſtulate with her in Perſon, though you eaſily foreſee the Conteſt is to end to her Advantage, yet you are far from loſing the Pleaſure of your Surprize, while it is ſo artfully exe-

cuted : nay, you have a further Delight, from the private Applauſe you give to your own Judgment, in ſo rightly foreſeeing the Concluſion ; and to this Reaſon may be attributed the Succeſs of moſt Allegorical Writings——But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you ſee——What ? why, that the hopes of the young Couple's Wedding are all blown up : like enough, but the Audience have as yet no great Reaſon to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Beſides, the Scene is half over before you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can ſignify : ſo that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either loſt, or in pain, till the Author explains himſelf ; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leiſure to look ſo far back for the Propriety of what's paſt ; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or elſe what you *have* ſeen is but an Interruption to what you *are* to ſee ; the Caſe of many a modern Play. This Lazineſs, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair Play for his Money ; it will not let him ſee all the Play, nor is it enough to ſay, the Scene is notwithſtanding natural——If you cannot ſay it has Art, as well as Nature, you praiſe it but by halves.

I CANNOT omit another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is ſo inſolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject : Nor will his being a *Spaniard* excuſe it, they are all *Spaniards* in the Play ; and though a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not, by that Rule, to ſhew a *Frenchman* dancing, or a *Dutchman* drunk in a Tragedy. In ſhort, he is a mere *Miles Glorioſus*, and makes ſo diſagreeable a Figure, that we have much ado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Chimene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it neceſſary, in higher Juſtification of her Sorrows and Virtue, to make him more civiliz'd and rational in the *Heroick Daughter* ; his honourable and open Reconcilement to *Alvarez* ; his generous Compaſſion for the Diſtreſs of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Neceſſity of fighting him ; his Humanity and Honour (in caſe he fell

fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience, as well as *Ximena*, a more juſtifiable Regret for the Loſs of him——The only Reaſon *Corneille* ſeems to have for making him ſo brutal, is to introduce an unreaſonable Quarrel, from whence all the Diſtreſs of the Play was to riſe. I have likewiſe attempted to remove that Objection, by grounding the Jealouſy and Reſentment of the Count upon the ſubtle Inſinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (though diſhonourable) Intereſt of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obſtruct her Marriage with *Carlos*. This Expedient I thought would make the Count more excuſable in his violent Meaſures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whoſe Character here may better endure it.

THE next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge, which is deliver'd with ſo vaunting a Boaſt by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he thought it firſt prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the Behaviour of the Count, he ſeems to have carry'd his Point: for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleaſantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue*'s Preſumption, in calling him to an Account. In ſhort, they debate ſo heartily, that you begin to loſe your Apprehenſion of its coming to Miſchief; for even after they ſeem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is reſolv'd to have t'other Chance for reſuming the Debate, and ſays briskly to *Rodrigue*—— *Art thou ſo weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expoſe the Abſurdity of the Queſtion, than the ſhrewd Anſwer which is made to it, *viz. What are you afraid to die?* There is Reaſon in the Anſwer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Queſtion.

THIS ſort of Behaviour I could not be reconciled to, and have taken the liberty, in the firſt ſix Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined. And though I could not allow them to expoſtulate, while their Courage was only in queſtion; yet I could not help thinking the Lover, in ſome part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or

two to the Terrors of his Miſtreſs, and the certain Miſery his Honour was then going to reduce her to; which would have been ſtill unqueſtionable, though his Regard to her had here ſhewn its laſt Effort, to right his Injuries with a bloodleſs Reparation: For though he had before debated himſelf into a Reſolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural than to ſee Love turn back, and back again, for another laſt Adieu. I ſhall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene itſelf, as the ſhorteſt way of explaining how I have conducted it——When the Place of Meeting is juſt going to be appointed, *Carlos* ſtops ſhort——and ſays to the Count,

One Moment's Reſpite for Ximena's *ſake,*
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would ſpare her:
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her.
Nor need I bluſh, that I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since, with its Vengeance, her ſure Woes are blended;
O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood!
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears,
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at laſt impatient of his Reproaches; then *Carlos* recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows——

O! give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance;
Yet no——withhold it! take it, to acquit my Love,
That Sacrifice was to Ximena *due:*
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang; and ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieu,

And

And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewell, dear injur'd Softneſs——Follow me.

AFTER the Place of Meeting is appointed, *Carlos* troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

Poor Ximena——

Which had ſo compaſſionate an Effect upon our *Engliſh* Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakneſs, it was at leaſt ſuch a one, as they heartily forgave him.

THE next Scene of the *Infanta* (who is always dropping in, like cold Water upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reaſon again left out; our Difference otherwiſe is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being killed by *Rodrigue*; which is ſo ſlightly related, or to uſe *Corneille*'s own words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and received with ſo little Surprize or Curioſity, to know any Circumſtances of the Action, that, upon my firſt reading the *French* Play, I ſcarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavoured, in *The Heroick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more ſolemn and particular, and to prepare the probability of the *Cataſtrophe*, which I ſhall better account for in its Place: But in the laſt Scene of this ſecond Act it muſt be allowed, the *Cid* begins to ſeize upon the Heart of the Spectator; and this is one of thoſe great Beauties that have ſo juſtly given riſe to its Fame. The fluctuating Pity, that is ſo finely perplexed between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father; the happy Skill of throwing them both, in the ſame Inſtant, at the King's Feet for Juſtice and Mercy, and with Pretenſions ſo equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Antient or Modern, can boaſt of. The only liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the Father plead with more Reſignation, and rather to truſt his Cauſe to its ſimple Merits, than thoſe of his own paſt Services.

THE

THE next Act opens with *Rodrigue*'s appearing in the Apartment of his Miſtreſs, where he leſſens his Character, by juſtifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the ſame Servant *Elvire*, ſhe throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Senſe of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcuſable to hear; beſides, the main Action cools in the Converſation. This is avoided in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making *Belzara* the third Perſon in theſe two Scenes, who has an Intereſt in ſerving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or diſhonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we may have juſtly found fault with.

THE meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderneſs that is irreſiſtible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Aſſurance of being immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is ſomething ſo amiable in the Deſpair of *Rodrigue*, in his natural Diſregard of his Safety, for the reſiſtleſs Pleaſure of ſeeing his Miſtreſs; and we are apt to be ſo ſeized with the inſtant Idea of her tender Paſſion breaking through her filial Obligations to purſue him, that at the firſt ſight of them it is impoſſible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the moſt agreeable Tranſport and Aſtoniſhment: And ſince the Incident is *Corneille*'s, and not mine, it may be no Vanity to ſay, this Effect was evident from the Hurry and buſy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its firſt Preſentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflection on our *Engliſh* Taſte, to ſuppoſe we could be leſs ſenſible than our Neighbours of ſo palpable an Excellence: For *Corneille*, ſpeaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, ſays,

Qu'alors que ce malheureux amant ſe preſentoit devant elle, il s'elevoit un certain Fremiſſement dans l'Aſſemblée, qui marquoit une Curioſite merveilleuſe, & un redoublement d'Attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à ſe dire dans un eſtat ſi pitoyable.

BUT allowing it all this Admiration, I have ſome Reaſons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Heroick Daughter*, is not implicitely form'd upon the Model of that in the *Cid*. I cannot but think, that *Rodrigue*'s entring with an

an Anſwer to the laſt words of *Chimene*, muſt be unnatural, if you don't ſuppoſe him to have liſtened at the Door to her private Diſcourſe; and though 'tis poſſible moſt of our modiſh Criticks may own they would have liſtened in his Condition, yet that is no Proof that Liſt'ning, eſpecially in another Perſon's Houſe, is not always the Effect of Meanneſs, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reaſonable to let him approach her in a mute ſubmiſſive Addreſs, and, to give him time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Aſtoniſhment the moment ſhe ſees him: *Corneille*, after ſome fine Touches of their Diſtreſs, ſuffers him to proceed in Excuſe of his Offence; in which he ſeems too fond of ſhewing the Man of Honour, and the harſh Terms he uſes, in his Juſtification, are too choquant for the Ear of an injur'd Miſtreſs. Theſe are his words,

" *Car enfin ne attens pas de mon Affection,*
" *Un lâche repentir d'une bonne Action?*

And a little farther;

" *Je le ferois encore, ſi j'avois à le faire.*

This laſt Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughter*, and the firſt are ſoften'd, by only ſaying,

" ——*How ſhall I repent me of a Crime,*
" *Which, uncommitted, had deſerv'd thy Scorn?*

I HAVE endeavour'd, in the ſame Speech, to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the Regard he had to her Peace, in firſt endeavouring to reduce her Father into a Temper, that might have ended their Difference with a leſs fatal Reparation; and it ſeems to heighten the Diſtreſs of *Ximena*, when you ſee her Heart is full, and conſcious of the Obligation.

AFTER *Chimene* has anſwer'd his Plea, in the moſt ſublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to purſue him for her Father's Death, *Rodrigue* inſiſts, that her own Hand alone ought to ſatisfy her Vengeance.

Vengeance : I have here made bold to ſhorten their Arguments upon this Point, which ſeem a little too near the romantick, and have ſubſtituted one, which I thought more agreeable to Nature; where *Carlos* ſays,

Let not the Wretch, once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy Carlos, *once thought worthy of thy Arms,*
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Juſtice,
To draw the irkſome Pity of a Crowd,
Who may, with vulgar Reaſon, call thee cruel;
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And ſhew, like mine, thy Duty ſcorn'd Aſſiſtance.

BUT the greateſt Omiſſion in this Scene, is that *Chimene* ſo far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not ſo much as his Word of Honour, that *Rodrigue* ſhall appear to anſwer his Crime to the Law; ſhe is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and, on that account, only deſires him to leave her; her laſt Concern, when they part at the end of the Scene, is,

" —*Et ſur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te voye.*

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Intrigue: I have therefore endeavoured to give her a better Reaſon for releaſing him; when he reproaches her with want of Love, in refuſing his Deſire to fall by her Hand, ſhe replies—

Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this?
Art thou not now within my power to ſeize!
Yet I'll releaſe thee, Carlos, *on thy Word;*
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon
Before the King, in Perſon, thou wilt anſwer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

I DO not ſee how the Scene could poſſibly be ſaid to have a juſt Concluſion, but by this mutual Diſcharge of their Duty for the preſent: And when *Carlos* had given his Honour to appear, then

then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuſe for the Tenderneſs they fall into; which, though the *Reader* muſt be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the *Spectator*.

THE next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandering up and down alone in ſearch of his Son; a very ſlender Mark of his Wiſdom, and puts one in mind of a vulgar Saying——*To look for a Needle*, &c.———Nay, he does all this, though he has Five Hundred Friends in his Houſe (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cauſe of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuſe appears for his leaving them alone, or why ſome do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himſelf) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and quaint Antitheſes, that would be much prettier in an Epigram———At laſt he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs, tells him, there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him ſhew the Greatneſs of his Heart, in ſhaking off its Weakneſs for her. This ſeems unpardonable, and ſtains the Character of the Father; for to ſuppoſe him capable of changing his Miſtreſs, takes away half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour: which, had he not inviolably loved her, had only ſhewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Anſwer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great, which it might eaſily be, when he had ſo diſhonourable a Thought to oppoſe; ſo that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might ſay, unnatural. This Scene ſeems extremely cold, after the Spirit and warm Paſſion in the preceding one; Care ſhould be always taken, in ſuch Caſes, not to ſuffer the Attention to languiſh, but (as *Horace* ſays——*Semper ad eventum feſtinet*) when the Subject will not ſuffer us to exceed what is gone before, we ſhould at leaſt keep our Hearers awake, by being buſy about new Matter and Action, plainly neceſſary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that ſeems uſeful in this Scene, is the laſt Speech of it, which is the only one that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter*:

There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own Houſe, where his Son may be ſuppoſed, with more probability, to come to him: But *Corneille* honeſtly tells us, in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reaſon why he did not bring on Don *Diegue*, with his Friends about him, was becauſe thoſe Perſonages are generally ſupply'd by aukward Fellows and Candle-Snuffers—— A miſerable Sign of the Lowneſs of the *French* Theatre, when ſo great an Author is forc'd to reſtrain his Fancy, and to commit an Abſurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage——But this not being our Caſe here, I had the liberty of Writing as well as I could. After *Corneille* has done his Scene, I have given the Son a Soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compaſſion of the Audience; if your Curioſity is as warm as my Vanity could wiſh it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

THE two laſt Acts of the *Cid*, though in Nature they may be finely written, loſe half their Force for want of Art: All thoſe great Sentiments which *Chimene* utters to the *Infanta*, in the beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for ſhe is not only arguing her Caſe with one that has nothing to do with it, but ſhe is merely *talking* while ſhe ſhould be *doing*. We are impatient for the Iſſue of her Appeal to the King, and it is no Excuſe to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter ſtops her by the way, when it was in the Poet's Choice to have ſent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean time——In ſhort, the Author ſeems to want Matter for two Acts more, and is reduc'd to theſe Shifts to give the Audience full Meaſure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole firſt Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of conſequence transfers the Third Act of the *French* Play into the Fourth of the *Engliſh*; by which Expedient, the neceſſary Matter of the two laſt Acts of the one, are eaſily contain'd in the ſingle Fifth Act of the other.

THE next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's ſolemn Reception of *Rodrigue*, after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be ever ſo juſtly due to the Merit of the Action, yet

yet, *Non nunc erat his locus*; all this moves us not, and might have been ſuppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Buſineſs of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter*.

BESIDES, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, muſt either leſſen the Action, or his Character—— Any Friend, who was a Well-wiſher to his Intereſt, muſt certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made *Alonzo* give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd, if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might, at the ſame Inſtant, ſee the new Conflict it muſt naturally raiſe between her Paſſion and her Duty: For though the *King* is in the Play the Perſon moſt concern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is moſt concern'd that *Ximena* ſhould hear it, and it offends not either Manners or Probability, that the King is ſuppos'd to have heard it before.

WHEN *Ximene* returns to Court for Juſtice, the King, in hopes to appeaſe her, has a mind firſt to make a Diſcovery of her Paſſion, and cunningly tells her, that her Deſire of Vengeance is anſwer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds: At which *Chimene* fainting, his Majeſty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd ſhe has no mind to hurt him——This *Fineſſe* is needleſs, and ill becomes the Gravity of the Subject; there is nothing of it in the *Heroick Daughter*.

WELL! when all will not do, when ſhe finds it is ſo hard to make the King more ſenſible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, it is indeed Time to make her loſe her Senſes; for then, poor Lady! ſhe demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falſhood to the Aſſiſtance of her Duty, by propoſing her Perſon as a Reward to any Gentleman, that would be the Champion of her Cauſe, if he prov'd victorious: This is ſacrificing her Paſſion to her Duty with a vengeance. What an unconſolable Figure would ſhe have made, if Nobody had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well ſhe knew ſhe was handſome, or that might really have been the Caſe. But to be ſerious——

I THOUGHT it much more decent and natural, when ſhe was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occaſion of ſtepping in to her Aſſiſtance; 'tis he, therefore, that, in *Ximena*'s Name, demands the Combat; and that ſhe might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the leaſt Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to diſguiſe the Motive to it with his pretended Friendſhip for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and the neceſſary Orders about it, conclude the fourth Act of the *Cid*.

THE fifth Act begins with *Rodrigue*'s abruptly viſiting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuſe, before he was going to the Liſts. And though, in her firſt Words, ſhe pretends to be ſhock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no notice of it, but goes on with his Buſineſs, and ſhe as inſenſibly ſinks into Mildneſs and Temper to hear it. Here they ſeem too declamatory and romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid, by giving a more ſpirited Turn to the Paſſions, and reducing them nearer to common Life; and the Expedient, that introduces the Interview itſelf, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable Foundation: For to make theſe two Acts into one, in the *Heroick Daughter*, it was but to contrive this Scene naturally to follow the laſt, without leaving the Stage vacant; which is effected by the King's giving *Carlos* leave to take his Farewell of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat: And thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belzara* is preſent, and in the Court, ſeems more excuſable, than her receiving his Viſit in open Day, in her private Apartment. And that your Patience might not languiſh, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and though you ſee nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which, upon every diſtant Sound of the Trumpet, ſhe is differently thrown into. And I have always obſerv'd, that when any thing of moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon the Actors in ſight, it ſeems to give a double Delight to the Audience. This Incident is entirely my own, and yet, I flatter myſelf, not the leaſt artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez*, from the Combat too, is here prepar'd with ſuch Circumſtances, as might more

probably

probably lead *Ximena* into the Miſtake of his being the Victor but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making the Infanta's melancholy Paſſion break into the warmeſt Connection of the Story; and *Chimene* too, for want of having her Imagination ſtirr'd with ſuch various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory Account of her Calamities, which, in a laſt Act, ever ſurfeits the Attention.

AFTER the Combat, ſhe accoſts the King with a long Argument, on a Suppoſition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein ſhe begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez*, as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her Fortune, which ſhe is willing to ſettle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided ſhe may have leave to diſpoſe of her Perſon in a Nuhnery——All this the King hears without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue*'s being alive, which is not only improbable, but needleſly carries her Miſtake farther than it will bear, to be beautiful. In the *Heroick Daughter*, the very Inſtant ſhe hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Miſtake; which prevents that odd Project of compremizing the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer ſooner into Matter of more Importance. The King too here is only an Advocate, not a Tyrant, for *Carlos*; and *Ximena*, having made no Promiſe to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty; which, in the *Cid*, the abſolute Power of the King would impoſe on her. But here he is ſo tender of her Virtue, that he even ſuffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without leave——And now we come to the laſt Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Reſolution, not to truſt her Love in ſight of him that had killed her Father, but to ſhut her Sorrows from the World in a Cloiſter. And I am of opinion, it was impoſſible, under ſuch Misfortunes, to diſpoſe of her otherwiſe, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtue. Well! but though you grant me this, we are here ſtill at a loſs; this can be no abſolute Concluſion of the Play, the Matter ſtands juſt as it did three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then, and all we have done with them ſince comes to no more. *Corneille* ſeems to be plung'd in this Difficulty, and, in my humble Opinion, had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together

together with ſo wretched a Violation of *Chimene*'s Character: In ſhort, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her leave, for Decency's ſake, to be virtuous a Year longer; but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and ſhe tacitly conſents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father: As if a diſhonourable Action could be juſtify'd, by our ſtaying a Year before we commit it.

THERE ſeem'd therefore to me but one way, in nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the fundamental Cauſe of their Separation: If therefore, without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I ſee no Reaſon why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happineſs. By this Expedient their Story is inſtructive, and theſe Heroick Lovers ſtand at laſt two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now time to conclude.

NOTWITHSTANDING all our critical Amendments, it muſt be allow'd, that the firſt Happineſs of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject; without that, his Art and Genius are but miſemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more, than my not being a ſufficient Maſter of Style, that could make *The Heroick Daughter* leſs ſucceſsful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewiſe owing to the Subject, of which, perhaps, the chief Characters are too ſeverely virtuous for the Homeſpun Morals of our *Engliſh* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero muſt be virtuous, even to Romance, or he is inſufferable: but Good-Nature is ſo diſtinguiſhing a Characteriſtick of the *Engliſh*, that the *French* have no word to expreſs it; and the Perſons that *We* often *pity* in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be *hanged* by Poetical Juſtice. But we are ſo tender-hearted, that let the Characters of our Tragedies be ever ſo criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent and miſerable, reſign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Handkerchiefs of a whole Audience ſhall be wet with their Misfortunes. This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd*; where *Jaffeir*, after having been a Conſpirator againſt

againſt his Country from a private Revenge, after his betraying that Conſpiracy, and the Life of his deareſt Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife, whom his Weakneſs could not reſiſt, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at laſt, and dies ſurrounded with their Compaſſion: I am therefore convinc'd, that criminal Characters, ſo artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameleſs; and, perhaps, 'tis the Narrowneſs of the *French* Genius, that would never let their beſt Authors attempt to raiſe Compaſſion upon ſuch bold and natural Foundations. But, on the other ſide, it would be hard to infer from hence that Characters, nearer to Perfection, ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are moſt to be pity'd, when they are leaſt able to reſiſt them: I cannot therefore but inſiſt, that the *Cid* has all the Greatneſs, Dignity, and Diſtreſs in the Subject that Tragedy requires; and though it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taſte, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour, in the higheſt Inſtances of Self-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature. Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not unnatural to be virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than of thoſe who owe their Diſtreſs to their immediate criminal Conduct. But I am, notwithſtanding, willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius ſets himſelf to work, there may juſtly be room for Succeſs upon either Foundation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS oft, in form'd Aſſemblies of the Fair,
The ſtrait-lac'd Prude will no looſe Paſſion bear,
Beyond ſet Bounds no Lover muſt addreſs,
But ſecret Flame in diſtant Sighs expreſs;
Yet if by Chance ſome gay Coquette ſails in,
A joyous Murmur breaks the ſilent Scene;
Each Heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning Fire,
Feels eaſy Hope, and unconfin'd Deſire:
Then ſhuddering Prudes, with ſecret Envy burn,
And treat the Fops, they could not catch, with Scorn.
So Plays are valu'd, not confin'd to Rules,
Thoſe Prudes, *the Criticks call them, Feaſts for Fools;*
And if an Audience 'gainſt thoſe Rules is warm'd,
Or by the lawleſs Force of Genius charm'd,
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd:
Then every Feature's falſe, though ne'er ſo taking,
The Heart's deceiv'd, though 'tis with Pleaſure aking;
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable:
Thus far'd it with the Cid *of Fam'd* Corneille.
In France *'twas charg'd with Faults were paſt enduring,*
But ſtill had Beauties, that were ſo alluring,
It rais'd the Envy of the Grave Richlieu,
And, ſpite of his Remarks, *cramm'd Houſes drew:*
Of this Aſſertion, if the Truth you'll know,
Two Lines will prove it from the Great Boileau:
En vain contre le *Cid* un Miniſtre ſe ligue,
Tout *Paris* pour *Chimene* a les veux de *Rodrigue.*

In

In vain againſt the *Cid* the Stateſman arms,
Paris with *Rodrick* feels *Ximena*'s Charms.
This proves, when Paſſion truly wrought appears,
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Tears:
Yet think not, from what's ſaid, we Rules deſpiſe,
To raiſe your Wonder from Abſurdities.
As France *improv'd it from the* Spaniſh *Pen,*
We hope, now Britiſh, *'tis improv'd again:*
And though loſt Tragedy has long ſeem'd dead,
Yet having lately rais'd her aweful Head;
To-night, with Pains and Coſt, we humbly ſtrive
To keep the Spirit of that Taſte alive:
But if, like Phaeton, *in* Corneille's *Carr,*
Th' unequal Muſe unhappily ſhould err;
At leaſt you'll own from glorious Heights ſhe fell,
And there's ſome Merit in attempting well.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Ferdinand.*	King of *Caſtille.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Don *Alvarez.*	His late General, and Father of Don *Carlos.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Don *Gormaz*, Count of *Gormaz.*	The preſent General, and Father of *Ximena.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Don *Carlos.*	In love with *Ximena.*	Mr. *Wilks.*
Don *Sanchez.*	His ſecret Rival, tho lately betroth'd to *Belzara.*	Mr. *Elrington.*
Don *Alonzo.*	Officers of the Court.	Mr. *Thurmond.*
Don *Garcia.*		Mr. *Boman.*

WOMEN.

Ximena.	Daughter to *Gormaz.*	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Belzara.	Her Friend, forſaken by Don *Sanchez.*	Mrs. *Porter.*

The SCENE,

The Royal Palace in *Seville.*

THE *HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

ACT I.

Alvarez *and* Carlos.

Alv. ALLIANCE! ha! and with the Race of *Gormaz!*
My mortal Foe! The King enjoins it, ſaidſt thou?
Let me not think thou couldſt deſcend to ask it:
Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd;
Since I, to Age, have ſtood his Hate unmov'd,
Be not thou vanquiſh'd by her Female Wiles,
Nor ſtain thy Honour with inſulted Love.

Car. O taint not with ſo hard a Thought her Vertues!
Which ſhe has prov'd ſincere from Obligations:
'Tis, to her Suit, I owe my late Advancement.
You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive;
For which, at her Return to Court, ſhe ſwell'd
The Action, with ſuch Praiſes, to the King,
He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it:
She, conſcious of our Houſes Hate, ſurpriz'd,
And yet diſdaining that her Heart ſhould fall
In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,
Warm'd, with th' Occaſion, begg'd his Royal Favour
Would rank me, in the Field, the next her Father.
The King comply'd, and with a Smile inſiſted,
That, from her own fair Hand, I ſhould receive
The Grace. This forc'd me then to viſit her:
To ſay what follow'd from our Interview,
Might tire, at leaſt, if not offend your Ear.

Alv. Not ſo, my *Carlos*, but proceed.

Car. In brief;
The Queen, who now, in higheſt Favour, holds
The fair *Ximena*, ſoon perceiv'd our Paſſion,
Approv'd, and cheriſh'd it; our Houſes Diſcord
She knew, of old, had often ſhook the State;
Whereon ſhe kindly to the King propos'd
This happy Union, as the ſole Expedient,
To cure thoſe Wounds, and fortify his Throne:
Nay ſhe, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,
Chiefly to that Regard reſigns her Heart.
O! ſhe diſclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,
And builds no Merit but on ſtable Vertue.

Alv. If ſo, I ſhould indeed applaud her Spirit.

Car. Oh! had you ſearch'd her Soul, like me, you would
Repoſe your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.

Alv. On thee, at leaſt, I'm ſure I may; I know
Thou lov'ſt thy Honour equal to *Ximena*,

And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,
Keep but that Union ſacred ——
Car. When I break it,
May your Diſpleaſure, and *Ximena*'s Scorn,
Unite their Force, to torture me with Shame:
But ſee! ſhe comes! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you!
[Ximena *enters.*
Mark her Concern, the Softneſs of her Fear,
O'ercaſt with Doubt, and Diffidence to meet you;
One gentle word from you would chace the Cloud,
And let forth all the Luſtre of her Soul.
Alv. Hail! fair *Ximena*—beauteous Brightneſs, hail!
Propitious be this Meeting to us all,
With equal Joy and Wonder I ſurvey thee:
How lovely's Vertue in ſo bright a Form!
Thy Father's Fierceneſs all is loſt to thee;
Well have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houſes Jars,
And calm'd the Tempeſts that have wreck'd our Peace,
What we, with falſe Reſentments, but inflam'd,
Thy nobler Vertues have appeas'd with Honour.
Xim. Theſe Praiſes from another Mouth, my Lord,
Might dye theſe glowing Cheeks with Crimſon Shame;
But as they flow thus kindly from *Alvarez*,
From the Heroick Sire of my Deliverer;
As you beſtow them, my exulting Heart,
Though undeſerv'd, receives with Joy the Sound:
But for thoſe Vertues you aſcribe to me,
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence.
Carlos, I ſaw, was brave, victorious, great,
Compaſſionate——I am at beſt but grateful——
Cou'd I be leſs reduc'd with Obligations?
Cou'd I retain our Houſes antient Hate,
When *Carlos*' Deeds ſo greatly had forgot it?
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds ſhould never end,
It wou'd have choſe ſome other Arm to ſave me:
But if its kinder Providence decrees

Ximena's

Ximena's yielded Heart ſhould cure thoſe Ills,
And bind our Paſſions in the Chains of Peace;
Be witneſs that all-gracious Heaven! I've gain'd
The End, the Haven of my Hopes on Earth,
And fill'd the proudeſt Sails of my Ambition.

Alv. O *Carlos! Carlos!* we are both ſubdu'd!
Where can ſuch heav'nly Sweetneſs find a Foe?
What *Gormaz* may reſolve, his Heart can tell,
But mine no longer can reſiſt ſuch Vertue;
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakneſs,
And wrong *Ximena* to inſult *Alvarez*:
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory,
[*He joins their Hands.*
That I ſurrender to his Daughter's Merit
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give;
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.
[*Don* Sanchez *and* Alonzo *obſerving them.*
No Thanks, my Fair; for both, or neither, are
Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,
Let Love and mutual Gratitude repay.

D. *San.* Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins their Hands!
Alon. Forbear! is this a Time for Jealouſy? } *Apart.*
D. *San.* Thou, that haſt Patience then, relieve my Torture.

Car. O *Ximena!* how my Heart's oppreſs'd with Shame?
Thou giv'ſt me a Confuſion equal to
My Joy; I yet am laggard in my Duty,
I muſt deſpair to reach with equal Vertues
Dread *Gormaz*' Heart, as thou haſt touch'd *Alvarez*.

Xim. That Hope we muſt to Providence reſign;
The King intends this Day to ſound his Temper,
Which, tho ſevere, I know is generous,
In Honour great, as in Reſentments warm,
Fierce to the Proud, but to the Gentle yielding;
The Goodneſs of *Alvarez* muſt ſubdue him.

Alon. My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.
Alv. Sir, I attend his Majeſty,——I thank you.

Xim. Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Preſence?
Alon. Madam, I left him with the King this Inſtant,
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.
Xim. 'Twas his Command I ſhould attend him there.
Alv. *Come, fair* Ximena, *if thy Father's Ear*
Inclines, like mine, unprejudic'd to hear:
His Hate ſubdu'd, will Publick Good regard,
And crown thy Virgin Vertues with Reward.
[*Ex.* Alv. Car. Xim.

D. *San.* Help me, *Alonzo*, help me, or I ſink,
Th'Oppreſſion is too great for Nature's Frame,
And all my Manhood reels beneath the Load:
O Rage! O Torment of ſucceſsleſs Love!
Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, deſpis'd it;
But ſince your Hopes are blaſted in their Bloom,
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,
Forget the Folly, and reſume your Reaſon:
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,
Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Belzara.*
D. *San.* Why doſt thou ſtill obſtruct my Happineſs,
And thwart the Paſſion that has ſeiz'd my Soul?
A Friend ſhould help a Friend in his Extreames,
And not create, but diſſipate his Fears.
'Tis true, I ſee *Ximena*'s Heart is given,
But then her Perſon's in a Father's power;
He, I've no cauſe to fear, will ſlight my Offers.
Thou know'ſt th' Averſion that he bears *Alvarez*,
Bars, like a Rock, her Wiſhes from their Harbour:
While *Carlos* has a Fear, ſhall I deſpair?
Has not the Count his Paſſions too to pleaſe,
And will he ſtarve his Hate to feed her Love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair Occaſion of my timely Vows,
To torture *Carlos* with a ſure Deſpair,
And force *Ximena* to aſſiſt his Triumph?

Nay

Nay ſhe, perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,
In Pride of Vertue may reſiſt her Love,
Suppreſs the Paſſion, and reſign to Duty.

Alon. Why will you tempt ſuch Seas of wild Diſquiet,
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?
Belzara's Charms are yielded to your Hopes,
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;
Ximena ſcarce has Knowledge of your Flame,
Without Reproach ſhe racks you with Deſpair,
And muſt be perjur'd, could her Heart relieve you.

D. *San.* Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,
Forget it, ſmother in her Arms the Thought,
And drown the charming Falſhood in the Joy.

Alon. What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat
Obſcures your Honour, and deſtroys your Reaſon?

D. *San.* I am not of that lifeleſs Mould of Men,
That plod the beaten Road of vertuous Love;
With me 'tis joyous Beauty gives Deſire,
Deſire by Nature gives inſtinctive Hope:
The Phœnix Woman ſets herſelf on fire,
Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them deſire,
And in the Flames they raiſe themſelves expire.

Alon. Nor Love, nor Hope, can give you here Succeſs.

D. *San.* Let thoſe deſpair, whoſe Paſſions have their Bounds,
Whoſe Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die:
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,
Let her be barr'd by Obligations, Friends,
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Averſion, all
The common Letts that give the Vertuous Awe;
My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,
Cut thro them all, like yielding Air, my way,
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.

Alon. Farewel, my Lord, ſome other time, perhaps,
This Rapture may ſubſide, and want a Friend;
I ſhall be glad to adviſe, when you can hear.
But, ſee! *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,

That ſpeak ſome new Diſorder in her Heart.
Wou'd you be happy, Friend, be juſt; preſerve
Inviolate the honeſt Vows you've made her.
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occaſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Belzara.

Bel. I come, Don *Sanchez*, to inform you of
A Wrong, that near concerns our mutual Honour;
'Tis whiſper'd thro' the Court, that you retract
Your ſolemn Vows by Contract ſeal'd to me,
And with a perjur'd Heart purſue *Ximena*;
Such falſe Reports ſhou'd periſh in their Birth:
I've done my honeſt Part, and disbeliev'd 'em,
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd deſtroy them.

D. *San.* Madam, this tender Care of me deſerves
Acknowledgments beyond my Power to pay;
But Vertue always is the Mark of Malice,
Contempt the beſt Return that we can make it.

Bel. Vertue ſhou'd have ſo ſtrict a Guard, as not
To ſuffer even Suſpicion to approach it.
For tho', Don *Sanchez*, I dare think you juſt,
Yet while the envious World believes you falſe,
I feel their Inſults, and endure the Shame.

D. *San.* Malice ſucceeds when its Report's believ'd;
Seem you to ſlight it, and the Monſter's mute.

Bel. I cou'd have hop'd ſome Cauſe to make me ſlight it,
This cold Concern to ſatisfy my Fears,
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them true:

D. *San.* Then you believe me falſe?

Bel. Believe it! Heav'n!
Am I to doubt? What even your Looks, your Words,
Your faint Evaſions faithleſly confeſs?
Ungrateful Man! when you betray'd my Heart,
You ſhou'd have taught me too to bear the Wrong.

D. *San.* When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,
They flow from Pride, not Tenderneſs diſtreſs'd.

Bel. Inſulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd
Of Pride, complaining from a breaking Heart?
D. *San.* Behold th'unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!
Purſue you with the Sighs of faithful Paſſion,
You ſtarve our pining Hopes with painted Coyneſs;
But if our honeſt Hearts diſdain the Yoke,
Or ſeek, from ſweet Variety, Relief,
Alarm'd to loſe, what you deſpis'd ſecure,
Your trembling Pride retracts its haughty Air,
And yields to Love, purſuing when we fly.
Theſe laviſh Tears, when I deſerv'd your Heart,
Had held me ſighing to be more your Slave;
But to beſtow them when that Heart's broke looſe,
When more I merit your Contempt than Love,
Arraigns your Juſtice, and acquits my Falſhood.
Bel. Injurious, falſe, and barbarous Reproach!
Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs?
Or us'd with Rigour my once boundleſs Power?
Am I not ſworn, by teſtify'd Conſent,
By ſolemn Vows contracted, yielded yours?
But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,
Where th' Offender is himſelf the Judge?
But yet remember, Tyrant, while you triumph,
I am Don *Henrick*'s Daughter, whom you dare betray:
Henrick, whoſe fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,
Dares ſtep as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations.
D. *San.* Since then your ſeeming Grief's with Rage reliev'd,
Hear me, with Temper, Madam, once for all.
You urge our ſolemn Contract ſworn, I own
The Fact, but muſt deny the Obligation;
'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,
To *Henrick*'s dread Commands your Pride ſubmitted:
Since then your Merit's to Obedience due,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *Sanchez*;
Your Slights to me live yet recorded here,
Nor can your forc'd Submiſſions now remove them:

Ximena's ſofter Heart has rais'd me to
A Flame, that gives at once Revenge and Rapture.
How far Don *Henrick* may reſent the Change,
I neither know, nor with Concern ſhall hear;
Nay, truſt your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhuman! vain Provoker of my Heart,
I need not urge the Ills that muſt o'ertake thee;
Thy giddy Paſſions will, without my Aid,
Puniſh their Guilt, and to themſelves be fatal.
Ximena's Heart is fix'd as far above
Thy Hopes, as Truth and Vertue from thy Soul.
To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love;
There, faithleſs Wretch! indulge thy vain Deſires,
And ſtarve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty:
Gaze on her Charms, forbidden to thy Taſte;
Famiſh'd and pining at the tempting Feaſt,
Still rack'd, and reaching at the flying Fair,
Purſue thy Falſhood, and embrace Deſpair. [Exit

D. *San.* So raging Winds, in furious Storms, ariſe,
Whirl o'er our Heads, and are, when paſt, forgotten.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Why, *Sanchez*, are you ſtill reſolv'd on Ruin?
I met *Belzara*, in diſorder'd haſte,
At Sight of me ſhe ſtopt, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But Grief, alas! was grown too ſtrong for Words:
When turning, from my View, her mournful Eyes,
She burſt into a Show'r of guſhing Tears,
And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd:
O yet collect your Temper into Thought,
And ſhun the Precipice that gapes before you;
A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will ſee
Ximena parted from your Hopes for ever.

D. *San.* Why doſt thou double thus my new Diſquiets?
For Pains foreſeen are felt before they come.

Enter King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena, *&c.*

Alon. Behold the King! *Alvarez*, and her Father,
Be wiſe, tho' late, and profit from the Iſſue,
King. Count *Gormaz* you, and you *Alvarez*, hear;
Tho' in the Camp your Swords, in Court your Counſel,
Have juſtly rais'd your Fame to envy'd Heights,
Yet let me ſtill deplore your Race and you,
That from a long Deſcent of Lineal Heat,
Your private Feuds as oft have ſhook the State;
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?
Alas! the ſtubborn Claim of antient Rank,
Held from a two-days antedated Honour,
Which gave the younger Houſe Preheminence.
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes
Of Fear, deſtroy'd by this conteſted Title;
And what's decided by this endleſs Valour,
Whoſe Honour yet confeſſes the Superior?
While both dare die, the Quarrel is immortal:
Or ſay that Force, on one Part, has prevail'd,
Is there ſuch Merit in unequal Strength?
If Violence is Vertue, Brutes may boaſt it:
Lions with Lions grapple, and diſpute;
But Men are only great, truly victorious,
When with ſuperior Reaſon they ſubdue.
Can you then think you are, in Honour, bound
To heir the Follies of your Anceſtors?
Since they have left you Vertues and Renown,
Tranſmit not to Poſterity their Blame.
Alv. and *Gor.* My Gracious Lord——
King. Yet hold, I'll hear you both.
Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no Doubt,
This Quarrel, in your nobler Breaſt, was dying,
Had not, *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it.
Alv. I!
Wherein, my Gracious Lord, ſtand I ſuſpected?

King.

King. What elſe could mean that ſullen Gloom you wore,
That conſcious Diſcontent, ſo ill conceal'd
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,
When late the valiant Count was made our General?
Was't not your own Requeſt, you might reſign it?
Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with Honour,
Was it for you to circumſcribe our Choice?
T'oppoſe, from private Hate, the publick Good,
And, in his Caſe, whoſe Merit had prefer'd him?
When his fierce Temper, from Reflection calm,
Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire,
Was it well done thus to revive the Flame,
To wake his jealous Honour to Reſentment,
And ſhake that Union we had laid to heart?
If thou haſt ought to urge, that may defend
Thy late Behaviour, or accuſe his Conduct,
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas! my Lord, the World misjudges me;
My Hate ſuppos'd is not ſo deeply rooted,
Age has allay'd thoſe Fevers of my Honour,
And weary Nature now wou'd reſt from Paſſions.
The noble Count, whoſe warmer Blood may boil,
Perhaps is ſtill my Foe; I am not his,
Nor envy him thoſe Honours of his Merit.
Where Vertue is, I dare be juſt, and ſee it.
Your Majeſty has ſpoke your Wiſdom in
Your Choice, for I have ſeen his Arm deſerve it;
In all the Sieges, Battles, I have won,
I knew not better to command, than he
To execute: Thoſe Wreaths of Victory,
That flouriſh ſtill upon this hoary Brow,
Impartial I confeſs, his active Sword
Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

King. How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man?

Alv. Nor was the Cauſe of my Retirement more,
Than that I found it time to eaſe my Age,

Unfit

Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath
My Son the needleſs Pomp of my Poſſeſſions.
King. Is't poſſible? Couldſt thou conceal this Goodneſs?
Cou'd ſecret Vertue take ſo firm a Root,
While Slander, like a Canker, kill'd its Beauties?
Gormaz, if yet thou art not Paſſion's Slave,
Take thou thyſelf the Glory to reward him.
Gor. My Lord, the Paſſions, that have warm'd this Breaſt,
Yet never ſtirr'd but in the Cauſe of Honour.
Honour's the Spring that moves my active Life,
And Life's a Torment, while that's Right invaded.
Shew me the Man whoſe Merit claims my Love,
Whoſe milder Virtues modeſtly aſſail me,
And Honour throws me to his Arms a Friend.
In proof of this, there needs but now to own,
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*
Have turn'd my fierce Reſentments into Shame.
What can I more? My Words but faintly ſpeak me:
But ſince my King ſeems pleas'd with my Converſion,
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.
King. Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give
Your King this Glory of your mutual Conqueſt. [*They embrace.*
Xim. Auſpicious Omen!
Car. O tranſporting Hope!
D. *San.* Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces. [*Apart.*
King. O *Gormaz!* O *Alvarez!* ſtop not here,
Confine not to yourſelves your ſtinted Virtue;
But, in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,
Secure to your Poſterity your Peace: [Carlos *and* Ximena *kneel.*
Behold the lifted Hands, that beg the Bleſſing,
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,
And to your Heirs unborn tranſmit the Glory.
Gor. Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,
Whoſe Heart by Obligations was ſubdu'd.
Alv. Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

King.

King. O manly Conqueſt! O exalted Worth!
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?
To grace this Triumph of *Ximena*'s Eyes,
Let publick Jubilee conclude the Day:
Sound all our ſprightly Inſtruments of War,
Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets, ſpeak the general Joy.
Alv. Raiſe high the Clangor of your lofty Notes,
Sound Peace at home——
Gor. And Terror to our Foes.
King. Let the loud Cannon from the Ramparts roar,
Gor. And make the frighted Shores of Africk *ring,*
Car. Long live, and ever-glorious live, the King.
[*Trumpets and Volleys at a Diſtance.*
Alv. O may this glorious Day for ever ſtand
Fam'd in the Rolls of late recorded Time.
King. This happy Union fix'd, my Lords, we now
Muſt crave your Counſel in our State's Defence——
Letters this Morn alarm us with Deſigns
The *Moors* are forming to invade our Realms;
But let them be, we're now prepar'd to meet them.

The Prince that would ſit free from foreign Fears,
Shou'd firſt with Peace compoſe inteſtine Jars;
Of Hearts united while ſecure at Home,
His raſh Invaders to their Graves muſt come.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Don Sanchez.

RElentleſs Fortune! thou haſt done thy Part,
Neglected nothing to oppoſe my Love;
But thou ſhalt find, in thy Deſpight, I'll on;
Wer't thou not blind indeed, thou hadſt foreſeen
The Honour done this Hour to old *Alvarez*,
His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,
(Which I well know th' ambitious *Gormaz* aim'd at)
Muſt, like a Wildfire's Rage, embroil their Union,
Rekindle Jealouſies in *Gormaz*' Heart,
Whoſe fatal Flame muſt bury all in Aſhes:
But ſee, he comes, and ſeems to ruminate,
With penſive Grudge, the King's too partial Favour.

Gormaz *on the other Side.*

Gor. The King, methinks, is ſudden in his Choice--
'Tis true, I never ſought (but therefore is
Not leſs the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,
That I deſir'd the Office——He has heard
Me ſay, the Prince, his Son, I thought was now
Of Age to change his pratling Female Court,
And claim'd a Governor's inſtructive Guidance——
Th'Advice, it ſeems, was fit——but not th'Adviſer——
Be't ſo——why is *Alvarez* then the Man?

He

He may be qualify'd, I'll not diſpute
But was not *Gormaz* too of equal Merit ?
Let me not think *Alvarez* plays me foul——
That cannot be—he knew I would not bear it——
And yet why he's ſo ſuddenly preferr'd——
I'll think no more on't——Time will ſoon reſolve me.

D. *San.* Not to diſturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,
May I preſume——

Gor. Don *Sanchez* may command me.
This youthful Lord is ſworn our Houſe's Friend,
If there's a Cauſe for jealous Thought, he'll find it. } [*Aſide.*

D. *San.* I hear, my Lord, the King has freſh Advice receiv'd
Of a deſign'd Invaſion from the *Moors* :
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour ?

Gor. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,
But yet their Grounds ſeem'd doubtful at the Council.

D. *San.* May it not prove ſome Policy of State ?
Some bugbear Danger of our own creating ?
The King, I have obſerv'd, is skill'd in Rule,
Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,
And——for the Publick Good——can give Alarms
Where Fears are not, and huſh them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis ſo ! he hints already at my Wrongs. [*Aſide.*

D. *San.* Not but ſuch Prudence well becomes a Prince :
For Peace at home is worth his deareſt Purchaſe :
Yet he that gives his juſt Reſentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,
And ſees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,
Muſt have more Vertues than his King to bear it—
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not underſtood,
Nay, hope, my jealous Fears have no Foundation ;
But when the Ties of Friendſhip ſhall demand it,
Don *Sanchez* wears a Sword that will revenge you. [*Going.*

Gor. Don *Sanchez*, ſtay——I think thou art my Friend,
Thy noble Father oft has ſerv'd me in
The Cauſe of Honour, and his Cauſe was mine.

What thou haſt ſaid, ſpeaks thee *Balthazar*'s Son,
I need not praiſe thee more——If I deſerve
Thy Love, refuſe not what my Heart's concern'd
To ask; ſpeak freely of the King, of me,
Of old *Alvarez*, of our late Alliance,
And what has follow'd ſince; then ſum the Whole,
And tell me, truly, where the Account's unequal.

D. *San.* My Lord, you honour with too great a Truſt
The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years;
Yet for the Time I have obſerv'd on Men,
I've always found the generous open Heart
Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.
O! 'tis the Curſe of manly Vertue, that
Cowards, with Cunning, are too ſtrong for Heroes:
And ſince you preſs me to unfold my Thoughts,
I grieve to ſee your Spirit ſo defeated,
Your juſt Reſentments, by vile Arts of Court,
Beguil'd, and melted to reſign their Terror.
Your honeſt Hate that had, for Ages, ſtood
Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foe's Defiance,
Now ſapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submiſſion.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Stateſman;
While you were yet his Foe profeſs'd,
He durſt not take theſe Honours o'er your Head;
Had you ſtill held him at his Diſtance due,
He would have trembled to have ſought this Office.
When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,
I ſaw too well the Secret on the Anvil,
And ſoon foretold the Favour that ſucceeded.
Alas! this Project has been long concerted,
Reſolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him,
Laid out and manag'd here by ſecret Agents;
While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,
But, from his ſweet Repoſe, was dragg'd t'accept it.
O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear

Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,
And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he ſtole
From you.

Gor. O *Sanchez*! thou haſt fir'd a Thought,
That was before but dawning in my Mind:
O! now afreſh it ſtrikes my Memory,
With what diſſembled Warmth the artful King
Firſt charg'd his Temper with the Gloom he wore,
When I ſupply'd his late Command of General.
Then with what fawning Flattery to me,
Alvarez, Fear diſguis'd his trembling Hate,
And ſooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

D. *San.* Not Flattery, my Lord; tho I muſt grant,
'Twas Praiſe well-tim'd, and therefore skilful.

Gor. Now, on my Soul, from him 'twas loathſome Daubing——
I take thy Friendſhip, *Sanchez*, to my Heart;
And were not my *Ximena* raſhly promis'd——

D. *San.* *Ximena*'s Charms might grace a Monarch's Bed,
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope;
Or, if it durſt, ſome fitter Time ſhou'd ſhew it,
Reſults more preſſing now demand your Thought;
Firſt eaſe the Pain of your depending Doubt,
Divide this fawning Courtier from the Friend.

Gor. Which way ſhall I receive, or thank thy Love?

D. *San.* My Lord, you over-rate me now——but ſee,
Alvarez comes——now probe his hollow Heart,
Now, while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:
My Lord, I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Gor. I am thy Friend for ever.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. My Lord, the King is walking forth to ſee
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horſemanſhip;
If you're inclin'd to ſee him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since Duty calls me not, I've no Delight
To be an idle Gaper on another's Buſineſs.
You may indeed find Pleaſure in the Office,
Which you've ſo artfully contriv'd to fill.
Alv. Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm ſorry ſuch a Thought
Can reach the Man, whom you've ſo late embrac'd.
Gor. Men are not always what they ſeem: This Honour
Which, in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the Price of thoſe Embraces bought.
Alv. Ha! bought! for Shame ſuppreſs this poor Suſpicion:
For if you think you can't but be convinc'd,
The naked Honour of *Alvarez* ſcorns
Such baſe Diſguiſe——yet pauſe a moment—
Since our Great Maſter, with ſuch kind Concern,
Himſelf has interpos'd to heal our Feuds,
Let us not thankleſs rob him of the Glory,
And undeſerve the Grace by new falſe Fears.
Gor. Kings are, alas! but Men, and form'd like us,
Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd:
The bluſhing Court, from this raſh Choice, will ſee,
How blindly he o'erlooks ſuperior Merit.
Cou'd no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez*?
Alv. Worn more with Wounds and Victories than Age,
Who ſtands before him in great Actions paſt?
But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,
Which will but ſhock what Reaſoning may convince.
Gor. The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez*! how I thank thee!--[*Aſide.*
Alv. You have a vertuous Daughter, I a Son,
Whoſe ſofter Hearts our mutual Hands have rais'd
Ev'n to the Summit of expected Joy;
If no Regard to me, yet let, at leaſt
Your Pity of their Paſſions rein your Temper.
Gor. O needleſs Care! to nobler Objects now
That Son be ſure in Vanity pretends,
While his high Father's Wiſdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our Great Monarch's Son,

His

His proud aſpiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;
Think not of him, but your ſuperior Care,
Inſtruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe
His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;
Teach him to bind the Loyal Heart in Love,
The Bold and Factious in the Chains of Fear;
Join to theſe Vertues too your warlike Deeds,
Inflame him with the vaſt Fatigues you've born,
But now are paſt, to ſhew him by Example,
And give him in the Cloſet ſafe Renown.
Read him what ſcorching Suns he muſt endure;
What bitter Nights muſt wake, or ſleep in Arms,
To countermarch the Foe, to give th' Alarm,
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.
Mark him on the Charts the Order of the Battel,
And make him from your Manuſcripts a Hero.

Alv. Ill-temper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,
Whoſe tortur'd Patience is thy only Friend.

Gor. Thou only to thy ſelf can'ſt be a Friend;
I tell thee, falſe *Alvarez*, thou haſt wrong'd me,
Haſt baſely robb'd me of my Merit's Right,
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,
The living Practice of experienc'd War;
This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,
At once his great Example, and his Guard:
His unfledg'd Wings from me had learnt to ſoar,
And ſtrike at Nations trembling at my Name:
This I had done, but thou, with ſervile Arts,
Haſt fawning crept into our Maſter's Breaſt,
Elbow'd ſuperior Merit from his Ear,
And, like a Courtier, ſtole his Son from Glory.

Alv. Hear me, proud Man——for now I burn to ſpeak,
Since neither Truth can ſway, nor Temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with Scorn thy ſland'rous Rage:
Thou! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir!

Thou guide the Paſſions of o'er-boiling Youth,
That can'ſt not in thy Age yet rule thy own!
For ſhame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, ſelf-judging Pride,
Correct the Meanneſs of thy groveling Soul,
Chaſe damn'd Suſpicion from thy manly Thoughts,
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.

Gor. Superior! Ha! dar'ſt thou provoke me, Traytor?

Alv. Unhand me, Ruffian, leſt thy Hold prove fatal.

Gor. Take that, audacious Dotard! [*Strikes him.*

Alv. O! my Blood!
Flow forward to my Arm, to chain this Tyger.
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,
And quit my Honour of this vile Diſgrace.
[*They fight*, Alvarez *is diſarm'd.*
O feeble Life! I have too long endur'd thee.

Gor. Thy Sword is mine; take back th' inglorious Trophy,
Which wou'd diſgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear;
Now, forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince
This Martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits;
And from this wholeſome Chaſtiſement, learn thou
To tempt the Patience of offended Honour [*Exit.*

Alv. O Rage! O wild Deſpair! O helpleſs Age.
Wert thou but lent me to ſurvive my Honour?
Am I with martial Toils worn grey, and ſee
At laſt one Hour's Blight lay waſte my Laurels?
Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceleſs?
Has it ſo often prop'd this Empire's Glory,
Fenc'd like a Rampart, the *Caſtilian* Throne,
To me alone diſgraceful? to its Maſter uſeleſs?
O ſharp Remembrance of departed Glory!
O fatal Dignity, too dearly purchas'd!
Now, haughty *Gormaz*, now guide thou my Prince;
Inſulted Honour is unfit t' approach him:
And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,
Old Servant, worthy of an abler Maſter,

Leave

Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,
And to revenge him, grace ſome nobler Arm.
My Son!

Enter Carlos.

O *Carlos*! can'ſt thou bear Diſhonour?

Car. What Villain dare occaſion, Sir, the Queſtion?
Give me his Name, the Proof ſhall anſwer him.

Alv. O juſt Reproach! O prompt reſentful Fire!
My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame,
And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return.
Up, up, my Son—I cannot ſpeak my Shame——
Revenge, Revenge me!

Car. O my Rage! of what?

Alv. Of an Indignity ſo vile, my Heart
Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.
A Blow! a Blow, my Boy!

Car. Diſtraction! Fury!

Alv. In vain, alas! this Feeble Arm aſſail'd
With mortal Vengeance the Aggreſſor's Heart:
He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, inſulted;
Therefore to thy young Arm, for ſure Revenge,
My Soul's Diſtreſs commits my Sword and Cauſe:
Purſue him, *Carlos*, to the World's laſt Bounds,
And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his Brow
Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Proweſs;
Oh! I have ſeen him dreadful in the Field,
Cut through whole Squadrons his deſtructive Way,
And ſnatch the Gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.

Car. O rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,
That burns to know him, and eclipſe his Glory.

Alv. Tho' I foreſee 'twill ſtrike thy Soul to hear it,
Yet ſince our gaſping Honour calls for thy
Relief—O *Carlos!* 'tis *Ximena*'s Father——

Car.

Car. Ha.

Alv. Pauſe not for a Reply—I know thy Love,
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,
And ev'n lend a Sigh to thy Diſtreſs.
I grant *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;
But wounded Honour muſt ſurmount them both.
I need not urge thee more, thou know'ſt my Wrong,
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine;
Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkneſs mourn,
Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return:
But haſte, o'ertake this Blaſter of my Name,
Fly ſwift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame. [Exit.

Car. Relentleſs Heaven! is all thy Thunder gone?
Not one Bolt left to finiſh my Deſpair?
Lie ſtill my Heart, and cloſe thy deadly Wound;
Stir not to Thought, Reflection is thy Ruin:
But ſee, the frighted poor *Ximena* comes,
And, with her Tremblings, ſtrikes thee cold as Death.
My helpleſs Father too, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
Begs his Diſmiſſion to his Grave with Honour.
Ximena weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:
Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arreſts my Arm;
O double Torture of diſtracting Woe!
Is there no Mean betwixt theſe ſharp Extreams?
Muſt Honour periſh, if I ſpare my Love?
O ignominious Pity! ſhameful Softneſs!
Muſt I, to right *Alvarez*, kill *Ximena*?
O cruel Vengeance! O Heart-wounding Honour!
Shall I forſake her in her Soul's Extreams,
Depreſs the Vertue of her filial Tears,
And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?
Shall that juſt Honour that ſubdu'd her Heart,
Now build its Fame relentleſs on her Sorrows.
Inſtruct me, Heav'n, that gav'ſt me this Diſtreſs,
To chuſe, and bear me worthy of my Being!

O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul
Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!
For Heav'n can tell what Pangs I feel to ſave thee!
But, hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!
'Tis ſinking, gaſping, while I ſtand in Pauſe,
Plunge in my Heart, and ſave it from the Billows.
It will be ſo——the Blow's too ſharp a Pain,
And Vengeance has, at leaſt, this juſt Excuſe,
That even *Ximena* bluſhes, while I bear it;
Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,
Muſt, when that Honour's ſtain'd, abjure my Love.

O Peace of Mind, farewell! Revenge, I come!
And raiſe thy Altar on a mournful Tomb.

ACT III.

Garcia *and* Gormaz.

Gor. THE King is Maſter of his Will and me:
But be it as it may——what's done's irrevocable.
Gar. My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,
And, while thus obſtinate, inflame your Fault.
When Sovereign Power deſcends to ask of Subjects
The due Submiſſion, which its Will may force,
Your Danger's greater from ſuch ſlighted Mildneſs,
Than ſhou'd you diſobey its full Commands.
Gor. The Conſequence, perhaps, may prove it ſo.
Gar. Have you no Fear of what his Frown may do?
Gor. Has he no Fear of what my Wrongs may do?
Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;
When I am cruſh'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.
Gar. The raſh Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,
Without ſome Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuſe.
Gor. I am myſelf the Judge of what I feel;
I feel him falſe, and feeling muſt reſent.
Gar. Shall it be deem'd a Falſhood to accept
A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?
Gor. He ſhou'd have wav'd it; firſt conſulted me:
He might have held me ſtill his Friend ſincere,
Have ſhar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;
But baſely thus to out me of my Right,

By

By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have reſented.
Gar. But in this Violence you offend the King,
The Sanction of whoſe Choice claim'd more Regard.
Gor. Why am I fretted with theſe Chains of Honour,
Leſs free than others in my juſt Reſentments;
Who, unprovok'd myſelf, do no Man wrong,
But, injur'd, am as Storms implacable.
Gar. My Lord, this ſtubborn Temper will undo you.
Gor. Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be ſatisfy'd.
Gar. Be yet perſuaded, and compoſe this Broil.
Gor. My Reſolution's fix'd; let's wave the Subject.
Gar. Will you refuſe all Terms of Reparation?
Gor. All! all! that are not from my Honour due!
Gar. Dare you not truſt that Honour with your King?
Gar. My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.
Gar. What's then in ſhort your Anſwer? For the King
Expects it on my firſt Return.
Gor. 'Tis this,
That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.
Gar. My Lord, I take my Leave.
Gor. Don *Garcia*'s Servant. [*Exit* Garcia.
Who fears not Death, ſmiles at the Frowns of Power.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Lord, your Leave to talk with you.
Gor. Be free.
I did expect you on this late Occaſion.
Car. I'm glad to find you do my Honour right,
And hope you'll not refuſe it wrong'd *Alvarez*.
Gor. He had a Sword to right himſelf.
Car. That Sword is here.
Gor. 'Tis well; the Place——and let our Time be ſhort.
Car. One Moment's Reſpite for *Ximena*'s ſake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would ſpare her;
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,

May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her,
Nor need I bluſh, that I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since with its Vengeance her ſure Woes are blended:
Not for myſelf, but for her tender ſake,
I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.
Let not her Vertues ſuffer for her Love;
O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood:
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears;
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.

Gor. What you have offer'd for *Ximena*'s ſake,
Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid;
And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.
Submiſſion 'tis in vain to hope, for know
I have this hour refus'd it to the King.
Thy Father's Arts baſely betray'd my Friendſhip;
I felt the wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it,
We're now on equal Terms: but if his Cauſe
So deep is in thy Heart, that thou reſolv'ſt,
With fruitleſs Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,
Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruin.

Car. Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart, } *Aſide.*
And bar this preſſing Provocation's Entrance.
Have I, my Lord, in Perſon wrong'd you?

Gor. No.

Car. Why then theſe fatal Cruelties to me?
That I muſt loſe, or wrong *Ximena*'s Love?
For ſhe muſt ſcorn me, ſhou'd I bear my Shame;
Or fly me, tho' my Honour ſhou'd revenge it.

Gor. Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.

Car. Not to you?
Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I bluſh to name,
To proſecute this fatal Reparation?
Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here;
Had you the Spirit to confeſs your Error,

Your Heart's Confuſion had ſubdu'd *Alvarez*,
And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.
Gor. If thou comeſt here to talk me from my Senſe,
Or think'ſt with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,
Thou offer'ſt to the Winds thy forceleſs Plea.
I will not bear the mention of his Truth;
His Falſhood's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,
And juſtifies a worſe Revenge than I have taken.
Car. O Patience! Heav'n! O tortur'd Rage! Not ſpeak!
The pious Pangs of my torn Soul inſulted!
Have I for this bow'd down my humble Knee,
To ſwell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,
And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?
O give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance:
Yet no—withhold it, take it to acquit my Love!
That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieus,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace;
Farewel, dear injur'd Softneſs——follow me.
Gor. Lead on——yet hold! ſhould we together forth,
It may create Suſpicion, and prevent us:
Propoſe the Place, I'll take ſome different Circle.
Car. Behind the Ramparts, near the *Weſtern* Gate.
Gor. Expect me on the Inſtant.
Car. Poor *Ximena!* [*Exit.*
Gor. Deep as Reſentment lodges in my Heart,
It feels ſome Pity there for *Carlos'* Paſſion——
It ſhall be ſo——his brave Reſentment's juſt: [*Writes in Tablets.*

And hard his Fate——both Ways——this Legacy
Shall right my Honour, and my Enemy. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Belzara *and* Ximena.

Bel. Look up, *Ximena*, and ſuppreſs thy Fears,
What tho' a tranſient Cloud o'ercaſt thy Joy,
Shall we conclude from thence a Wreck muſt follow?
Xim. Can I reſiſt the Fears that Reaſon forms?
Have I not cauſe to tremble in the Storm?
While Danger, Ruin, and Deſpair's in view?
Can I reflect on good *Alvarez*' Shame?
Whoſe generous Heart took pity on our Love,
And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?
Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, ſtung with his Diſgrace,
Breaking like Fire from theſe weak-holding Arms,
And not ſink down with Terror at his Rage?
Muſt I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?
If by his Arm my hapleſs Father falls,
Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?
If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword ſhould bleed,
Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?
One gave me Life, ſhall I not revere him?
The other is my Life, can I ſurvive him?
Bel. Her Griefs have ſomething of ſuch mournful Force,
That tho' not equal to my own, I feel them.
Xim. Carlos you ſee too ſhuns my Sight, no News,
No Tidings yet arrive, tho' I have ſent
My ſwifteſt Fears a thouſand ways to find him.
Who can ſupport theſe Terrors of Suſpenſe?
Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,
Carlos may yet arrive, and ſave your Peace:
He is too much a Lover to reſiſt
The tender Pleadings of *Ximena*'s Sorrow;
One Word, one Sigh from you arreſts his Arm,
And makes the Tempeſt of his Rage ſubſide.
Xim. And ſay that I could conquer him; with Tears,
And Terrors could ſubdue his piteous Heart,
To yield his Honour and its Cauſe to Love,

What

What will the World not ſay of his Compliance?
Can I be happy in his Fame's Diſgrace?
Can Love ſubſiſt on Shame, that ſprung from Honour?
Shall I reduce him to ſuch hard Contempt,
And raiſe on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?
Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief:
Let him reſiſt, or yield to my Diſtreſs,
Or Shame, or Sorrow's ſure to meet me.
Bel. *Ximena* has, I ſee, a Soul refin'd,
Too Great, too Juſt, too Noble to be Happy:
True Vertue muſt deſpair from this vile World
To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward.
But ſee, your Servant is return'd! Good News,
Kind Heaven!

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, haſt thou ſeen Don *Carlos*?
Page. Madam, where your Commands directed me,
I've made the ſtricteſt Search in vain to find him.
Xim. Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou gav'ſt me?
Bel. Nor haſt thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?
Has no one ſeen him paſs, or heard of him?
Page. As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards
The Gate, inform'd me, that he ſaw him ſcarce
Ten Minutes hence paſs in diſorder'd Haſte
From out this very Houſe alone.
Bel. Alone?
Page. Alone, and after ſoon my Lord, wrapt in
His Cloke, without a Servant, follow'd him.
Xim. O Heav'n!
Bel. No Servant, ſaidſt thou?
Page. None, and as
My Lord came forth, the Soldier ſtanding to
His Arms, he ſign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd,
Beſure you ſaw me not.

Xim. Then Ruin's ſure,
They are engag'd, and fatal Blood muſt follow:
Excuſe, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,
One Moment loſt may prove an Age too late. [Exit.
Bel. Howe'er my own Afflictions preſs my Heart,
I bear a Part in poor *Ximena*'s Grief,
Tho' even the worſt that can befall her Hopes,
May better be endur'd than what I feel!
O! nothing can deſtroy her Lover's Truth,
Carlos may prove Unhappy, not Inconſtant;
Whate'er Diſaſters may obſtruct her Joy,
The Comfort of his Truth is ſure to find her;
That Thought, ev'n Pains of parting may remove,
Or fill up all the Space of Abſence with Delight.
But I, alas! am left to my Deſpair alone,
Confin'd to ſigh in Solitude my Woes,
Or hide with Anguiſh what I bluſh to bear.
In vain the Woman's Pride reſents my Wrongs,
Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire ſtill,
And with new Force inſults my Heart's Reſiſtance.

Enter Alonzo *haſtily.*

Alon. Your Pardon, Madam——Have you ſeen Lord *Gormaz*?
I come to warn him that he ſtir not hence,
The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors.
Bel. Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpoſe;
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.
Alon. Then 'tis indeed too late: I wiſh my Friend,
The raſh Don *Sanchez*, has not blown this Fire.
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Griefs,
And, as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falſhood?
Bel. Alas! I durſt not; knowing that her Friendſhip
Wou'd for my ſake ſo coldly treat his Vows,
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to inſult me.

Alon.

Alon. You judge him right, Patience will yet recall him,
'Tis not his Love, but Pride, purſues *Ximena*,
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:
Be comforted, I'll ſtill obſerve his Steps,
And, when I find him ſtaggering, catch him back
To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour:
But Duty calls me to the King——Shall I
Attend you, Madam?

Bel. Sir, I thank your Care,
My near Concern for poor *Ximena*'s Fate,
Keeps me impatient here, till her Return. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, *Attendants.*

King. Since mild Intreaties fail, our Power ſhall force him:
Cou'd he ſuppoſe his Inſult to our Perſon offer'd,
His Outrage done within our Palace-Walls,
Deſerv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to ſhew him:
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

Gar. He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

D. *San.* Dread Sir!
For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,
I dare not plead Excuſe; but, as his Friend,
Wou'd beg your Royal Leave to mitigate
His ſeeming Diſobedience to your Pleaſure.
Reſtraint, however juſt, oppos'd againſt
The Tide of Paſſion, makes the Current fiercer,
Which of itſelf, in time, had ebb'd to Reaſon;
Your Will ſurpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,
E'er Thought had Leiſure to compoſe his Mind;
Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd Submiſſion:
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair
Alvarez' Wrongs, with Hazards in your Service;
Were it to face the double-number'd Foe,
To paſs the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,
To force the Trenchment, or to ſtorm the Breach,

I'll anſwer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,
And march intrepid in Commands of Honour.
King. We doubt not of his daring in the Field,
But he miſtakes, if he concludes from thence,
That to perſiſt in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,
Or to have acted Wrong, is always baſe:
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,
Nor therefore can a Fault confeſs'd degrade him;
The loweſt Minds have Spirit to offend,
But few can reach the Courage to confeſs it;
Submitting to our Will, the Count had loſt
No Fame, nor can we pardon his Refuſal:
What you have ſaid, Don *Sanchez*, ſpeaks the Friend;
What we reſolve, 'tis fit ſhould ſpeak the King:
We both have ſaid enough——The Publick now
Requires our Thought: We are inform'd Ten Sail
Of warlike Veſſels, mann'd with our old Foes
The *Moors*, were late diſcover'd off our Coaſt,
And ſteering to the River's Mouth their Courſe.
Gar. The Lives, Sir, they have loſt in like Attempts
Muſt make them cautious to repeat the Danger;
This is no Time to fear them.
King. Nor contemn,
Too full Security has oft been fatal.
Conſider with what Eaſe the Flood at Night
May bring them down t'inſult our Capital.
Let at the Port, and on the Walls, our Guards
Be doubled, till the Morn, that Force may ſerve;
Gormaz has time'd it ill to be in fault,
When his immediate Preſence is requir'd.
Gar. My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

Enter Alonzo.

King. 'Tis well!
Have you obey'd us? Is the Count confin'd?

Alon.

Alon. Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late; the Count, with *Carlos*, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference:
As I came back, I met the gathering Croud
In Fright, and hurrying to the *Weſtern* Gate,
To ſee, as they reported, in the Field
The Body of ſome murder'd Nobleman.
Struck with my Fears, I haſted to the Place,
Where to my Senſes Horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and *Gormaz* juſt expir'd:
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,
Bath'd his pale breathleſs Body with her Tears,
Calling with Cries for Juſtice on his Head,
Whoſe rueful Hand had done the barbarous Deed:
The pitying Crowd took part in her Diſtreſs,
And join'd her moving Plaints for due Revenge;
While ſome, in kinder Feeling of her Griefs,
Remov'd the mournful Object from her Eyes,
And to the neighbouring Convent bore the Body,
Which, when committed to the Abbot's Care,
I left the preſſing Throng to tell the News.

King. *Ximena*'s Griefs are follow'd with our own;
For tho', in ſome Degree, the haughty Count
Drew on himſelf the Son's too juſt Revenge,
We cannot loſe, without a deep Concern,
So true a Subject, and ſo brave a Soldier:
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.

Alon. Sir, here in the Tablets of th' unhappy Count,
In his own Hand, theſe written Lines were found.

King. ' *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour, } *Reading.*
' *Carlos* is brave, and has deſerv'd *Ximena.*
Strange, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.

Alon. Behold, Sir, where the loſt *Ximena* comes,
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Juſtice.

Enter Ximena.

Xim. O Sacred Sir! forgive my Grief's Intruſion,
Behold a helpleſs Orphan at your Feet,
Who, for a Father's Blood, implores your Juſtice.

Enter Alvarez, *haſtily.*

Alv. O! turn, dread Royal Maſter, turn your Eyes,
See on the Earth your faithful Soldier proſtrate,
Whoſe Honour's juſt Revenge intreats your Mercy.
Xim. O Godlike Monarch! hear my louder Cries!
Alv. O be not to the Old and Helpleſs deaf!
Xim. Revenge yourſelf, your violated Laws.
Alv. Support not Violence in rude Aggreſſors.
Xim. Be greatly Good, and do the Injur'd Juſtice.
Alv. Be greater ſtill, and ſhew the Valiant Mercy.
Xim. O, Sir! your Crown's Support and Guard is gone;
The impious *Carlos'* Sword has kill'd my Father.
Alv. And, like a pious Son, aveng'd his own.
King. Riſe, fair *Ximena!* and *Alvarez*, riſe!
With equal Sorrow we receive your Plaints,
Both ſhall be heard apart—proceed *Ximena*:
Alvarez, in your Place you ſpeak, be patient,
Xim. What can I ſay? but Miſeries, like mine,
May plead with plaineſt Truths their piteous Cauſe.
Is he not dead? Is not my Father kill'd?
Have not theſe Eyes beheld his ghaſtly Wound,
And mixt, with fruitleſs Tears, his ſtreaming Blood?
That Blood which, in his Royal Maſter's Cauſe,
So oft has ſprung him thro' your Foes victorious;
That Blood, which all the raging Swords of War
Cou'd never reach, a young preſumptuous Arm
Has dar'd, within your View to ſacrifice!
Theſe Eyes beheld it ſtream——Excuſe my Grief,
My Tears will better than my Words explain me.
King. Take heart, *Ximena*, we're inclin'd to hear thee.

Xim. O! ſhall a Life, ſo faithful to the King,
Fall unreveng'd, and ſtain his Glory?
Shall Merit, ſo important to the State,
Be left expos'd to ſacrilegious Rage,
And fall the Sacrifice of private Paſſion?
Alvarez ſays, his Honour was inſulted;
Yet, be it ſo, was there no King to right it?
Who better cou'd protect it than the Donor?
Shall *Carlos* wreſt the Scepter from your Hand,
And point the Sword of Juſtice whom to puniſh?
O! if ſuch Outrage may eſcape with Pardon,
Whoſe Life's ſecure from his ſelf-judging Rage?
O where's Protection! if *Ximena*'s Tears
And tender Paſſion could not ſave her Father?
King. *Alvarez*, anſwer her.
Alv. My Heart's too full;
Divided, torn, diſtracted with its Griefs:
How can I plead poor *Carlos*' Cauſe, when I
Am touch'd with Pity of *Ximena*'s Woe?
Her ſuffering Piety has caught my Soul,
And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me;
Ximena has a Grief I cannot diſallow,
Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity;
Carlos even yet may merit ſome Compaſſion,
Perhaps I'm partial to his Piety,
And ſee his Deeds with a fond Father's Eye,
But that I ſtill muſt leave to Royal Mercy!
O, Sir, imagine what the Brave endure,
When the chaſte Front of Honour is inſulted,
Her Fame abus'd, and raviſh'd by a Blow.
Oh piercing! piercing! muſt the Torture be,
If ſoft *Ximena* wanted Power t'appeaſe it.
Pardon this Weakneſs of o'erflowing Nature,
I cannot ſee ſuch filial Vertue periſh,
And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardſhip.
Xim. O my divided Heart! O poor *Alvarez*. [*Aſide.*

King.

King. Compoſe thy Griefs, my good old Friend, we feel them.
Alv. If *Gormaz*' Blood muſt be with Blood reveng'd,
O do not, Sacred Sir! miſplace your Juſtice;
Mine was the Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance:
Carlos but acted what my Sufferings prompted,
The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine;
I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,
Which had been innocent, had mine been able.
On me your Vengeance will be juſt and mild!
My Days, alas! are drawing to their End,
But *Carlos* ſpar'd, may yet live long to ſerve you.
Preſerve my Son, and I embrace my Fate,
Since he has ſav'd my Honour from the Grave,
O lay me gently there to reſt for ever.
King. Your mutual Plaints require our tend'reſt Thought,
Our Counſel ſhall be ſummon'd to aſſiſt us——
Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,
Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:
Alvarez, on his word, has liberty;
Be *Carlos* found to anſwer to his Charge.
Sanchez, wait you *Ximena* to her Reſt,
Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will anſwer.

Hard is the Task of Juſtice, where Diſtreſs
Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redreſs. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV.

Belzara *alone, in* Ximena's *Apartment.*

Bel. SURE ſome ill-boding Planet muſt preſide,
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers!
Undone *Ximena*! O relentleſs Honour!
That firſt ſubdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd
Thy Lover's fatal Arm, to pierce it thro'
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Vertue wretched:
The hapleſs *Carlos* too is loſt for ever!
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,
In whom he only lives! Oh Heav'n! he's here,
His Miſeries have made him deſperate.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, what wild Diſtraction has poſſeſs'd thee,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt thy Safety in thy Ruin?
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,
Where Juſtice, and *Ximena*'s ſure to find thee?

Car. I wou'd not hide me from *Ximena*'s Sight,
Baniſh'd from her, I every moment die:
Since I muſt periſh, let her Frowns deſtroy me,
Her Anger's ſharper than the Sword of Juſtice.

Bel. Alas! I pity thee, but would not have
Thee tempt the firſt Emotions of her Heart,
While Duty and Reſentment yet tranſport her:

I wait each moment her Return from Court,
Which now, be ſure, will be with Friends attended.
O fly! for Pity's ſake, regard her Fame,
Shou'd you be ſeen, what muſt the World conclude?
Wou'd you increaſe her Miſeries, to have
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd
Beneath the Roof, her Father's Murderer.
But ſee, ſhe comes! O hide thee but a Moment!
Kill not her Honour too, let that perſuade thee. [*Exit* Carlos.
Don *Sanchez* here! Oh Heav'ns! how I tremble. [*Retires.*

Enter Sanchez *and* Ximena.

D. *San.* This noble Conqueſt, Madam, of your Love,
To After-Ages muſt record your Fame;
Juſt is your Grief, and your Reſentment great,
And great the Victim that ſhou'd fall before it;
But Words are empty Succours to Diſtreſs:
Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.
Wou'd you have ſure Revenge, employ this Sword,
My Fortune and my Life is yours to right you;
Accept my Service, and you overpay it.

Bel. O faithleſs, barbarous Man! but I'll divert } *Apart.*
Thy cruel Aim, and uſe my Power for *Carlos.*

Xim. O miſerable me!

Bel. Take Comfort, Madam.

D. *San.* *Belzara* here! then I have loſt th'Occaſion } *Aſide.*
Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain:
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance ſure.

Xim. That were t'offend the King, to whom I have
Appeal'd, and whence I now muſt only wait it.

D. *San.* Revenge from Juſtice, Madam, moves ſo ſlow,
That oft the watchful Criminal eſcapes it:
Appeal to your Reſentment, you ſecure it.
Carlos, you found, would truſt no other Power,
And 'tis but juſt you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

Bel.

Bel. Alas! Don *Sanchez*, Madam, feels not Love,
e little thinks how *Carlos* fills your Heart;
What ſhining Glory in his Crime appears;
What Pangs it coſt him to take part with Honour:
That you muſt hate the Hand that could deſtroy him.
Sanchez, to ſhew the real Friend, would uſe
His ſecret Int'reſt with the King to ſpare him;
For tho' you're bound in Duty to purſue him,
Yet Love, alas! wou'd, with a conſcious Joy,
Applaud the Power that could, unbid, preſerve him.

Xim. O kind *Belzara*! how thou feel'ſt my Sufferings,
Yet I muſt think, Don *Sanchez* means me well.

D. *San.* Confuſion! how her ſubtle Tongue has foil'd me——
[*Aſide,*

Madam, ſome other time I'll beg your Leave
To wait your Service, and approve my Friendſhip.

Xim. Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at hand
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.

D. *San.* Oh! if ſuch Beauties 'midſt her Sorrows ſhine,
What darting Charms muſt point her ſmiling Eyes? [*Exit.*

Xim. At length I'm free, at liberty to think,
And give my Miſeries a Looſe of Sorrow.
O *Belzara! Carlos* has kill'd my Father!
Weep! weep my Eyes! pour down your baleful Show'rs,
He that in Grief ſhou'd be my Heart's Support,
Has wrought my Sorrows, and muſt fall their Victim.
When *Carlos* is deſtroy'd, what Comfort's left me?
Spite of my Wrongs he ſtill inhabits here:
O ſtill his fatal Vertues plead his Cauſe;
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,
And there ev'n yet he combats with my Father.

Bel. Reſtrain theſe headſtrong Sallies of your Heart,
And try with Slumbers to compoſe your Spirits.

Xim. O! where's Repoſe for Miſery like mine?
How grievous Heav'n! how bitter is my Portion?
O ſhall a Parent's Blood cry unreveng'd!

Shall impious Love ſuborn my Heart to pay
His Aſhes but unprofitable Tears,
And bury in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?
Bel. Alas! that Duty is diſcharg'd; you have
Appeal'd to Juſtice, and ſhou'd wait its Courſe.
Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it;
His hard Misfortunes may deſerve Compaſſion.
Xim. O! that they do deſerve it, is my Grief;
Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cauſe,
Were Falſhood, Pride, or Inſolence his Crime,
My juſt Revenge, without a Pang, ſhou'd reach him.
But as he is ſupported with Excuſe,
Defended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,
Whoſe cruel Laws none but the Great obey;
My hopeleſs Heart is tortur'd with Extreams,
It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy ſhudders.
Bel. O what will be at laſt the dire Reſolve
Of your afflicted Soul?
Xim. There is but one
Can end my Sorrows, and preſerve my Fame;
The ſole Reſource my Miſeries can have,
Is to purſue, deſtroy; then meet him in the Grave. [Going.

Carlos *meets her.*

Amazement! Horror! have my Eyes their Senſe?
Or do my raving Griefs create this Phantom?
Support me! help me! hide me from the Viſion!
For 'tis not *Carlos* come to brave my Sorrows. [Carlos *kneels.*
Bel. O turn your Eye! in pity of his Griefs,
Reſign'd, and proſtrate at your Feet for Mercy.
Xim. What will my Woes do with me?
Bel. Now!
Now conquering Love ſhoot all thy Fires to ſave him;
Now ſnatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow;
Maintain thy Empire, and relieve the Wretched:
O hangupon his Tongue thy thrilling Charms,

To

To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of *Sanchez*. [*Exit.*

Car. O pierce not thus, with thy offended Eyes,
The wretched Heart that, of itſelf is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not ſhrink with Pain?
Can I ſupport with Temper him that ſhed
My Father's Blood triumphant in my Ruin?
O *Carlos!* *Carlos!* was thy Heart of Stone?
Was nothing due to poor *Ximena*'s Peace?
O! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,
When at my Feet thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,
And all hereditary Hate forgotten!
Tho' bound, in filial Honour, to inſult
Thy Flame, I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,
And bore the Cenſure of my Race to ſave thee:
And am I thus requited? left forlorn?
The tender Paſſion of my Heart deſpis'd!
Cou'd not my Terrors move one Spark of Mercy?
No mild Abatement of thy ſtern Revenge?
T' excuſe thy Crime, or juſtify my Love?

Car. O hear me but a moment.

Xim. O my Heart!

Car. One mournful word!

Xim. Ah! leave me to deſpair!

Car. One dying laſt Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance:
Behold the Sword that has undone thee.

Xim. Ah! ſtain'd with my Father's Blood! O rueful Object!

Car. O *Ximena!*

Xim. Take hence that horrid Steel,
That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Vertue.

Car. Endure it rather to ſupport Reſentment,
T'inflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim:
I am more wretched than thy Rage can wiſh me.

Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* in one Day thou haſt kill'd
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with
Thy Sight——O yet remove that fatal Object,
I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach:

If thou would'ſt have me hear thee, hide the Cauſe,
That wounds Reflection to our mutual Ruin.
Car. Thus I obey—but how ſhall I proceed?
What Words can help me to deſerve thy Hearing?
How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cauſe,
Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges?
Or how ſhall I repent me of a Crime,
Which, uncommitted, had deſerv'd thy Scorn?
Yet think not; O I conjure thee! think not,
But that I bore a thouſand Racks of Love,
While my conflicting Honour preſs'd for Vengeance.
Or I endur'd! ſubmitted ev'n to Shame,
Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation!
But all in vain! like Water ſprinkled on
A Fire, thoſe Drops but made him burn the more,
And only added to thy Father's Fierceneſs.
Reduc'd, at laſt, to theſe Extreams of Torture,
That I muſt be, or infamous, or wretched,
I ſav'd my Honour, and reſign'd to Ruin.
Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,
But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,
And told my Heart, none but the Brave deſerv'd thee.
Now having thus diſcharg'd my Honour's Debt,
And waſh'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,
What yet remains of Life, is due to Love.
Behold the Wretch, whoſe Honour's fatal Fame,
Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace;
Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,
Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the Blow.
Xim. O *Carlos!* I muſt take thee at thy Word,
But muſt, with equal Juſtice too, diſcharge
My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.
O think not, tho' enforc'd to theſe Extreams,
My Heart is yet inſenſible to thee!
O! I muſt thank thee for thy painful Pauſe;

The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,
When at my Father's Feet my Suff'rings threw thee.
Can I preſent thee in that dear Confuſion,
And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee?
I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon;
Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own;
My filial Piety, like thine, diſtreſs'd,
Compels me to be miſerably juſt,
And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame:
Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail,
But that thy nobler Soul aſſures my Heart,
Thou would'ſt deſpiſe the Paſſion that cou'd ſave thee.

Car. Since I muſt die, let that kind Hand deſtroy me,
Let not the Wretch, once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Juſtice;
To draw the irkſome Pity of a Crowd,
Who may, with vulgar Reaſon, call thee cruel.
My Death, from thee, will elevate thy Vengeance,
And ſhew, like mine, thy Duty ſcorn'd Aſſiſtance.

Xim. Shall I then take Aſſiſtance? and from thee?
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Deſpair?
No! *Carlos!* no!
I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,
But to the Courſe of Juſtice truſt my Duty,
Which ſhall, in every Part, untainted flow;
Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,
And from its own pure Fountain raiſe my Glory.

Car. O can my Death, with Shame, advance that Glory?
Can I do more than periſh to appeaſe thee?
Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?

Xim. Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love,
Than that I truſt my Vengeance with thy Honour?
Art not thou now within my Power to ſeize?,

Yet I'll releaſe thee, *Carlos*, on thy Word,
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon,
Before the King in Perſon thou wilt anſwer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

Car. O! thou haſt found the way to fix my Ruin!
It muſt be ſo, thou ſhalt have ample Vengeance,
Purſu'd by thee, my Life's not worth the ſaving;
Be then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,
That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate——
But muſt we part, *Ximena*, like ſworn Foes?
Has Love no Senſe of all its periſh'd Hopes?
Diſmiſs my Miſeries, at leaſt, with Pity:
May I not breathe upon this injur'd Boſom
One parting Sigh to eaſe my wounded Soul,
And looſe the Anguiſh of a broken Heart?

Xim. Support me Heaven—we meet again to-morrow.

Car. To-morrow, we muſt meet like Enemies,
Thy piercing Eyes, relentleſs in Revenge,
And all the Softneſs of thy Heart forgotten;
This only moment is our Life of Love.
O take not from this little Interval,
The poor expiring Comfort that is left me. [Xim. *weeps.*
My Heart's confounded with thy ſoft Compaſſion,
And doats upon the Vertue that deſtroys me.

Xim. O! I ſhall have the Start of thee in Woe;
Thou canſt but fall for her thou lov'ſt; but what
Muſt ſhe endure that loves thee—and deſtroys thee?
Yet, *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,
That if the Hand of Juſtice ſhou'd o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful Urn ſhall hold *Ximena*'s Aſhes.

Car. O Miracle of Love!

Xim. O mortal Sorrow!
But haſte, O leave me while my Heart's reſolv'd.
Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, leſt thou taint my Fame;
Leſt, in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul,

I tell thee, tho' I proſecute thy Fate,
My ſecret Wiſh is, that my Cauſe may fail me.
Car. O Spirit of Compaſſion! O *Ximena!*
What Pangs and Ruin have our Parents coſt us?

Farewel, thou Treaſure of my Soul, O ſtay!
Take not at once my ſhort-liv'd Joys away;
While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,
Let my Diſtreſſes to Extremes ariſe,
Thy Victim's now ſecure; for thus to part,
I ſate thy Vengeance with a broken Heart. [Exeunt.

Enter Alvarez, *with Noblemen, Officers, and others.*

1*ſt Nob.* Theſe few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,
In half an Hour Don *Henrique de las Torres,*
With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cauſe,
Reſolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the juſt Quarrel of your Houſe muſt live,
Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is purſu'd,
The Race of *Gormaz* ſhall attend his Aſhes.
Alv. My Lord, this Mark of your exalted Honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendſhip;
Tho' I ſtill hope the Mercy of the King
Will ſpare the Criminal, whoſe Guilt is Honour.
The Service I have done the State has found
A bounteous Maſter always to reward it.
Nor am I yet ſo wedded to my Reſt,
But that I ſtill can, on Occaſion, break it,
The *Moors* are anchor'd now within the River,
And, as I'm told, near landing to inſult us—
Wherefore I would entreat you, at this time,
To wave my private Danger for the Publick,
Since Chance has form'd us to ſo brave a Body,
Let us not part inactive in our Honour;

Let's

Let's ſeize this glad Occaſion of th'Alarm,
Let's chace theſe Robbers in our King's Defence,
And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.
1*ſt Nob. Alvarez* may command us, who is ſtill
Himſelf, and owns no Cauſe unmix'd with Honour.
Alv. How now! the News. [*Enter a Servant, who*
Juſt enter'd, and alone! *whiſpers* Alvarez.
O Heaven! my Prayers are heard! my noble Friends,
Something to our preſent purpoſe has occurr'd;
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,
Where you will find a treble Number of
Our Forces aſſembl'd on the like Occaſion;
Myſelf will in a Moment bring you News,
That will confirm, and animate our Hopes. [Exeunt *Nob.*

Enter Carlos.

My *Carlos!* O do I live once more t'embrace thee,
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame!
Nor think, my Champion, that my Joys thus wild,
For that thou only haſt reveng'd my Honour,
(Tho that's a Thought might bleſs me in the Grave)
No, no, my Son, for thee am I tranſported;
Alas! I am too ſenſible what Pains
Thy Heart muſt feel from Anguiſh of thy Love;
And had I not new Hopes that will ſupport thee,
Some preſent Proſpect of thy Pain's Relief,
My Senſe of thy Afflictions would deſtroy me.
Car. What means this kind Compaſſion of my Griefs?
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine?
O, Sir, you are ſo tenderly a Father,
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty:
Be not however jealous of my Fame,
If yet I mix your Tranſports with a Sigh,

For ruin'd Love, and for the loſt *Ximena*:
For ſince I drag, with my Deſpair, my Chain,
Her ſated Vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depreſs thy Spirit with Deſpair,
While Glory and thy Country's Cauſe ſhould wake it;
The *Moors* not yet expected, are arriv'd,
The Tide, and ſilent Darkneſs of the Night
Lands, in an Hour, their Forces at our Gates:
The Court's diſmay'd, the People in Alarm,
And loud Confuſion fills the frighted Town.
But Fortune, e'er this publick Danger reach'd us,
Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of *Gormaz*,
Whoſe Swords reſolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,
And here without expect thee at their Head.
Forward, my Son, their Numbers ſoon may ſwell,
Suſtain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe;
And if thy Life's ſo painful to be born,
Lay it at leaſt with Honour in the Duſt,
Caſt it not fruitleſs from thee; let thy King
Firſt know its Value, e'er his Laws demand it:
But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.
Advance my Son, and let thy Maſter ſee,
What he has loſt in Gormaz, *is redeem'd in thee.*

Car. Relenting Heav'n at laſt has found the Means
To end my Miſeries with guiltleſs Honour.
Why ſhould I live a Burden to my ſelf,
A Trouble to my Friends, a Terror to *Ximena*?
Not all the Force of Mercy or of Merit,
Can waſh a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,
Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.
Yet I'll not think her Duty ſo ſevere,
But that to ſee me fall my Country's Victim
Wou'd pleaſe her Paſſion, tho' it ſhock'd her Vengeance:
It muſt be ſo——Dying with Honour, I
Diſcharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover.

O! when this mangled Body ſhall be found
A bare and undiſtinguiſh'd Carcaſs 'midſt the Slain,
Will ſhe not weep in pity of my Wounds,
And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation?

Her Duty then may, with a ſecret Tear,
Confeſs her Vengeance great, and glorious my Deſpair.

ACT

ACT V.

Belzara *alone.*

Bel. VICTORIOUS *Carlos*, now reſume thy Hopes,
Demand thy Life, and ſilence thy *Ximena*:
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if ſhe alone
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd:
But ſee, ſhe comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,
To proſecute this Darling of the People,
And damp, with ill-tim'd Griefs, the publick Joy.

Enter Ximena *in Mourning, attended.*

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard Afflictions that purſue thee;
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,
Art thou the only Object of Deſpair?
Is this a time to proſecute thy Cauſe,
When publick Gratitude is bound t' oppoſe thee?
When on the Head of *Carlos*, which thy Griefs
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?
The *Moors* repuls'd, his Country ſav'd from Rapine,
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice
To lift his echo'd Praiſes to the Heavens.

Xim. Is't poſſible? Are all theſe Wonders true?
Am I the only Mark of his Miſdoing?
Cou'd then his fatal Sword tranſpierce my Father,
Yet ſave a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?
Still as I paſs, the publick Voice extols
His glorious Deeds, regardleſs of my Wrongs;
The Eye of Pity, that but Yeſternight
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cauſe,
Now turns away, retracting its Compaſſion,
And ſpeaks the general Grudge at my complaining.
But there's a King, whoſe ſacred Word's his Law;
Supported by that Hope, I ſtill muſt on,
Nor till by him rejected, can be ſilent.

Bel. Your Duty ſhould recede, when publick Good
Muſt ſuffer in the Life your Cauſe purſues.

Xim. But can it be? Was it to *Carlos'* Sword
The Nation thus tranſported, owes its Safety?
O let me taſte the Pleaſure and the Pain!
Tell me, *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory;
O let me ſurfeit on the guilty Joy!
Delight my Paſſion, and torment my Vertue.

Bel. Alonzo, who was preſent, will inform us.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo, if your Buſineſs will permit.

Alon. The Abbot, at whoſe Houſe Count *Gormaz* lies, } *Apart to* Belz.
Has ſent in haſte to ſpeak with me; I gueſs,
To fix the Order of his Funeral.

Bel. Spare us at leaſt a Moment from th' Occaſion,
Ximena has not yet been fully told
The Action of our late Deliverance;
The Fame of *Carlos* may compoſe her Sorrows.

Alon. Permit the Action then to praiſe itſelf;
Late in the Night at Lord *Alvarez'* Houſe,
Five hundred Friends were gather'd in his Cauſe,
To oppoſe the Vengeance that purſu'd his Son;

But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, preferr'd
The publick Safety to their private Honour,
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainſt the *Moors*.
This brave Example, e'er they reach'd the Harbour,
Increas'd their Numbers to Three Thouſand ſtrong.
Bel. Where the *Moors* landed e'er you reach'd the Port?
Alon. Not till ſome Hours after; when we arriv'd,
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,
And *Carlos* foremoſt to confront the Foe:
The *Moors* not yet in view, he order'd firſt
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie
Conceal'd i'th'Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;
The reſt, whoſe Numbers every Moment ſwell'd,
Halted with *Carlos* on the Shore, impatient,
And ſilent on their Arms repoſing, paſs'd
The ſtill Remainder of the waſting Night:
At length the Brightneſs of the Moon preſents
Near twenty Sail approaching with the Tide;
Our Order ſtill obſerv'd, we let them paſs;
Nor at the Port, or Walls, a Man was ſeen.
This Deadneſs of our Silence wings their Hopes
To ſeize th' Occaſion, and ſurprize us ſleeping;
And now they diſembark, and meet their Fate:
For at the Inſtant they were half on Shore,
Up roſe the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd,
And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their Huzza's,
Which *Carlos* echo'd from his Force on Shore:
At this, amaz'd Confuſion ſeiz'd their Troops,
And e'er their Chiefs could form them to reſiſt,
We preſs'd them on the Water, drove them on
The Land; then fir'd their Ships to ſtop their Flight:
Howe'er at length their Leaders bravely rallying,
Recover'd them to order, and a while
Suſtain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury:
But, when their burning Ships began to flame,

The dreadful Blaze, preſenting to their View,
(Their ſlaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,
For O! he fought, as if to die were Victory)
Their fruitleſs Courage then reſign'd their Hopes;
And now their wounded King, deſpairing, call'd
Aloud, and hail'd our General to ſurrender,
Whom *Carlos* anſwering, receiv'd his Priſoner:
At this the reſt had, on Submiſſion, Quarter;
Our Trumpets ſound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory:
While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,
Whoſe Heart, tranſported at the Royal Prize,
Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,
Where now he's pleading for his Son's Diſtreſs,
And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [*Exit.*

Xim. Too much! it is too much, relentleſs Heav'n!
Th' Oppreſſion's greater than my Soul can bear!
O wounding Vertue! O my tortur'd Heart!
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him?
Cannot a Nation ſav'd appeaſe thy Vengeance?
Why! why, juſt Heav'n! are his Deeds ſo glorious,
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?

Bel. Compoſe, *Ximena*, thy Diſorder, ſee
The King approaches, ſmiling on *Alvarez*,
Whoſe Heart o'erflowing, guſhes at his Eyes,
And ſpeaks his Plea too ſtrong for thy Complaint.

Xim. Then ſleep, my Love, and Vertue arm t'oppoſe him,
Let me look backward on his fatal Honour,
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,
Theſe woeful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,
That thro' my Father's Life purſu'd his Fame,
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan:
O broken Spirit! would'ſt thou ſpare him now,
Think on thy Father's Blood! exert the Daughter,
Suppreſs thy Paſſion, and demand thy Victim.

Enter

Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, *&c.*

King. Diſmiſs thy Fears, my Friend, and man thy Heart,
For while his Actions are above Reward,
Mercy's of courſe included in the Debt;
Our ableſt Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit,
Our Subjects reſcu'd from ſo fierce a Foe,
The *Moors* defeated, e'er the rude Alarm
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fix'd,
Are Actions that ſecure Acknowledgment.

Alv. My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank you.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, without attends your Pleaſure,
And comes ſurrender'd, as his Word engag'd,
To anſwer the Appeal of fair *Ximena.*

King. Attend him to our Preſence.

Xim. O my Heart!

King. *Ximena*, with Compaſſion we ſhall hear thee,
But muſt not have thy Griefs arraign our Juſtice,
If in his Judge thou find'ſt an Advocate:
Not leſs his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.

Xim. O fainting Cauſe! but thus my Griefs demand him.
[*Kneeling.*

[*While the King raiſes* Ximena, *enter* Alonzo, *and whiſpers* Alvarez.

Alv. This Inſtant, ſay'ſt thou? Can I leave my Son?

Alon. The Matter's more important than your Stay;
Make haſte, my Lord.

Alv. What can thy Tranſport mean?
Be plain.

Alon. We have no time to loſe in words;
Away, I ſay.

Alv.

Alv. Lead on, and eaſe my Wonder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carlos, *and kneels to the King.*

King. O riſe, my Warrior, raiſe thee to my Breaſt,
And in thy Maſter's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.
Car. Theſe Honours, Sir, to any Senſe but mine,
Might lift its Tranſports to Ambition's Height;
But while *Ximena*'s Sorrows preſs my Heart,
Forgive me, if deſpairing of Repoſe,
I taſte no Comfort in the Life ſhe ſeeks,
And urge the Iſſue of her Grief's Appeal.
King. Ximena, 'tis moſt true, has loſt a Father,
But thou haſt ſav'd her Country from its Fate,
And the ſame Vertue, that demands thy Life,
Owes more than Pardon to the Publick Weal.
Xim. My Royal Lord! vouchſafe my Griefs a Hearing;
O think not, Sir, becauſe my Spirits faint,
That the firm Conſcience of my Duty ſtaggers.
The Criminal, I charge, has kill'd my Father:
And tho' his Valour has preſerv'd the State,
Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me,
Therefore, with Eaſe, may pardon what they feel not.
As he has ſav'd a Nation from its Foes,
The Thanks that Nation owes him, are but juſt,
And I muſt join the general Voice t'applaud him:
But all the Tribute, that my Heart can ſpare him,
Is Tears of Pity; while my Wrongs purſue him,
What more than Pity can thoſe Wrongs afford?
What leſs than Juſtice can my Duty ask?
If publick Obligations muſt be paid him,
Let every ſingle Heart give equal Share:
(*Carlos* has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful)
But muſt my Duty yield ſuch Diſproportion?
Muſt on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,
And my whole Ruin pay the publick Thanks?

If

If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,
Is it leſs due, becauſe his Fame's grown greater ?
Shall Vertue, that ſhou'd guard, inſult your Laws,
And tolerate our Paſſions to infringe 'em ?
If to defend the Publick, may excuſe
A private Wrong, how is the Publick ſafe ?
How is the Nation from a Foe preſerv'd,
If every Subject's Life is at his mercy ?
My Duty, Sir, has ſpoken, and kneels for Judgment.
Car. O noble Spirit, how thou charm'ſt my Senſe,
And giv'ſt my Heart a Pleaſure in my Ruin ! } *Apart.*
King. Raiſe thee, *Ximena*, and compoſe thy Thoughts,
As thou to *Carlos'* Deeds haſt ſpoke impartial,
So to thy Vertue, that purſues him, we
Muſt give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder :
But we have now our Duty to diſcharge,
Which far from blaming, ſhall exalt thy own.
If thy chaſte Fame, which we confeſs ſublime,
Compels thy Duty to ſuppreſs thy Love,
To raiſe yet higher then thy matchleſs Glory,
Prefer thy Native Country to them both,
And to the Publick Tears reſign thy Victim :
Where a whole People owe their Preſervation,
Shall private Juſtice do a publick Wrong,
And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow ?
Xim. Is then my Cauſe the Publick's Victim ?
King. No.
We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Reſentment,
And rather would compoſe than ſilence it :
For if our Arguments ſeem yet too weak
To guard thy Vertue from the leaſt Reproach,
Behold the generous Sanction that protects it,
Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,
And with his dying Hand aſſigns thy Beauties.
Xim. My Father's Pardon !
King. Read, and raiſe thy Wonder.

Xim. (*Reads*) '*Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour,
'*Carlos* is Brave, and has deſerv'd *Ximena*.'
Car. O Soul of Honour! now lamented Victory!
King. Now, fair *Ximena*, now reſume thy Peace,
Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,
And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.
Xim. All-gracious Heaven! have my ſwoln Eyes their Senſe?
D. *San.* O tottering Hope! but I have yet a Thought,
That will compel her Vertue to purſue him.
Xim. Why did you ſhew me, Sir, this wounding Goodneſs?
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave,
Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take:
Honour unqueſtion'd may forgive a Foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it ſpares a Lover?
If you propos'd to mitigate my Griefs,
You ſhou'd have hid this cruel Obligation;
Why wou'd you ſet ſuch Vertues in my View,
And make the Father dearer than the Lover?
King. Since with ſuch Rigour thou purſu'ſt thy Vengeance,
And what we meant ſhou'd pacify, provokes it,
Attend ſubmiſſive to our laſt Reſolve:
For ſince thy Honour's ſo ſeverely ſtrict,
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover;
Give thee the Glory of his Life purſu'd,
And ſeal his Pardon to reward thy Vertue.
Xim. Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart
Shou'd impiouſly inſult a Father's Grave,
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.
D. *San.* Unnatural Thought! Madam, ſuppreſs your Tears,
Your murder'd Father was my deareſt Friend,
Permit me therefore in your ſinking Cauſe,
To offer an Expedient may ſupport it.
Xim. Whatever Right or Juſtice may, I am bound
In Duty to purſue, and thank your Friendſhip.

D. *San.* Thus then to Royal Juſtice I appeal,
And in *Ximena*'s Right her Advocate,
Demand from *Carlos* your Reverſe of Pardon.
King. What means thy Tranſport?
D. *San.* Sir, I urge your Laws,
And ſince her Duty's forc'd to theſe Extreams,
There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,
A Right which even your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,
The Right of Combat, which I here demand;
And ask her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.
Car. O Sacred Sir, I caſt me at your Feet,
And beg your Mercy would relieve my Woes;
Since her firm Duty is inflexible,
Conſign her Victim to the braver Sword.
Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,
Or ſilence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches:
O nothing is ſo painful as Suſpenſe,
This way our Griefs are equally reliev'd,
Her Duty is diſcharg'd, your Juſtice crown'd,
And Conqueſt muſt attend Superior Vertue.
King. This barbarous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,
Has often, againſt Right, groſs Wrongs ſupported,
And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;
Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more
T'oppoſe its Force, than in our Care for *Carlos*:
But ſince his Peace depends upon his Love,
And cruel Love inſiſts upon its Right,
We'll truſt his Vertues to the Chance of Combat,
And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.
Xim. What unforeſeen Calamities ſurround me?
King. *Ximena!* now no more complain, we grant
Thy Suit: But where's this Champion of thy Cauſe,
Whoſe Appetite of Honour is ſo keen,
As to confront in Arms this laurell'd Brow,
And dare the ſhining Terrors of his Sword?

D. *San.* Behold th' Aſſailant of this glorious Hero!
Your Leave, Dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Draws.*
Bel. Hold Heart, and ſpare me from the publick Shame. [*Aſide.*
D. *San.* *Carlos*, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,
Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz*' Blood,
Who calls thee Traytor to thy injur'd Love,
Ungrateful to the Sighs that pity'd thee,
And proudly partial thy Father's Falſhood:
Theſe Crimes my Sword ſhall prove upon thy Heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.
Car. Open the Liſts, and give the Aſſailant room,
There on his Life my injur'd Sword ſhall prove,
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour:
Firſt, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traytor's Name,
Will waſh th' Imputation with thy Blood;
And prove thy Virtue falſe as is thy Spirit:
For not *Ximena*'s Cauſe, but Charms, have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou ſteal'ſt thy Courage from her Eyes,
And baſely ſtain'ſt the Vertue that ſubdu'd her.
D. *San.* O that thy Fame in Arms——
King. *Sanchez*, forbear——
'Tis not your Tongues muſt arbitrate your Strife,
Let in the Liſts your Vauntings be approv'd.
Whoſe Arm, *Ximena*, ſhall defend your Cauſe?
Xim. O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.
D. *San.* My Word's my Gage.
King. 'Tis well; the Liſts are ſet——
Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.
Car. The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd;
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suſpenſe,
And let this Inſtant Hour decide our Fate.
D. *San.* This Moment, Sir——I join in that with *Carlos*.
King. Since both thus preſs it, be it now decided:
Carlos be ready at the Trumpet's Call;

You,

You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct
The Victor to our Preſence—Now, *Ximena*,
As thou art juſt or cruel in thy Duty,
Expect the Iſſue will reward or grieve thee:
Sanchez, ſet forward—*Carlos*, we allow
Thy pity'd Love a Moment with *Ximena*.

[*Exit King and Train.*

D. *San.* A fruitleſs Moment, that muſt prove his laſt.

[*Exit.*

Car. Ximena! O permit me e'er I die
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindneſs kills me.
Xim. Ah *Carlos!* can thy Plaints reproach my Duty?
Nay, art thou more than *Sanchez* is, in Danger?
Car. Art thou more injur'd than thy hapleſs Father?
Whoſe greater Heart forgave my Senſe of Honour?
Thou can'ſt not think I ſpeak regarding Life,
Which hopeleſs of thy Love's not worth my Care;
But Oh! it ſtrikes me with the laſt Deſpair,
To think that lov'd *Ximena*'s Heart had leſs
Compaſſion than my mortal Enemy;
My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,
Had thy relenting Throes of Pity ſav'd it:
But, as it is purſu'd to theſe Extreams,
Thus made the Victim of ſuperfluous Fame,
And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour,
Theſe Arms ſhall open to thy Champion's Sword,
And glut the Vengeance, that ſupports thy Glory.
Xim. Haſt thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend?

[*Trembling.*

Car. How can I loſe what *Sanchez* cannot gain?
For where's his Honour, where there's no Reſiſtance?
Is it for me to guard *Ximena*'s Foe,
Or turn outrageous on the friendly Breaſt,
Which her diſtreſsful Charms have warm'd to right her?
Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* thus to rack my Heart
With hard Reproaches, that thou know'ſt are groundleſs:

Why

Why doſt thou talk thus cruelly of Death,
And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before?
What tho' my Force of Duty has purſu'd thee?
Haſt thou not left thy Courage to defend thee?
O! is thy Quarrel to our Race reviv'd,
Could'ſt thou, to right thy Honour, kill my Father?
And now not guard it to deſtroy *Ximena?*

Car. O heav'nly Sound! O Joy unfelt before!

Xim. O! Is my Duty then not thought compulſive?
Can'ſt thou believe I'm pleas'd while I purſue thee?
Or think'ſt thou I'm not pleas'd the King preſerv'd thee?
And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance?
O if thou knew'ſt what Tranſports fill'd my Heart,
When firſt I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,
Thy Love wou'd feel Confuſion for my Shame,
And ſcarce forgive the Paſſion thou reproach'ſt:
O *Carlos*, guard thy Life, and ſave *Ximena!*

Car. And ſave *Ximena!* O thou haſt fir'd my Heart
With animated Love, and ſav'd thy *Carlos*——

[*Sound Trumpets.*

But hark the Trumpet calls me to the Liſt.

Xim. May Heaven's high Care, and all its Angels guard thee.

Car. Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my Sword ſhall ſpeak it:
Sanchez, I come——impatient to chaſtiſe
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal;
I might have ſpar'd thee, had the Rival ſlept,
But boldly thus avow'd, thou art worth my Sword——
'Tis ſaid the Lion, tho' diſtreſs'd for Food,
Eſpying on the Turf the Huntſman ſleeping,
Reſtrains his Hunger, and forbears the Prey:
But when his rouzing Foe, alarm'd and ready,
Uplifts his Javelin brandiſh'd to aſſail him,
The generous Savage then erects his Creſt,
Grinds his ſharp Fangs, and, with fierce Eyes inflam'd,
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,
Furious, uprearing, ruſhes on the Game,

And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [*Exit.*

Xim. O glorious Spirit! O hard-fated Vertue!
With what Reluctance has my Heart purſu'd thee?

Bel. Was ever Breaſt, like mine, with Woe divided?
I fear the Dangers of the faithleſs *Sanchez*,
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Succeſs:
Shou'd *Carlos* fall——What ſtops him from *Ximena*?
Keep down my Sighs, or ſeem to riſe for her.

Xim. Tell me, *Belzara*, was my Terror blameful?
Might not his Paſſion make my Heart relent,
And feel, at ſuch a Time, a Pang to ſave him?

Bel. So far was your Compaſſion from a Crime,
That 'tis th' exalted Merit of your Duty;
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,
Where were the Vertue, that your Griefs purſu'd him?
Were it no Pain to loſe him, where the Glory?
The Sacrifice that's great, muſt firſt be dear;
The more you love, the nobler is your Victim.

Xim. Thy partial Friendſhip ſees not ſure my Fault,
I doubt my youthful Ignorance has err'd,
And the ſtrict Matron, rigidly ſevere,
May blame this Weakneſs of my Woman's Heart:
But let her feel my Tryal firſt, and if
She blames me then, I will repent the Crime.

[*Sound Trumpet at a Diſtance.*

Hark! hark! the Trumpet! O tremendous Sound!
Belzara! O the Combat is begun,
The agonizing Terror ſhakes my Soul,
Help me! ſupport me! with thy friendly Comforts;
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,
And warm my Wiſhes in his Champion's Favour——
Oh Heav'n! it will not, will not be! my Heart
Rebels, and, ſpite of me, inclines to *Carlos*,
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father;
Now he attacks him, preſſes, now retreats;
Again recovers, and reſumes his Fire;

Now grows too ſtrong, and is at laſt triumphant!
Bel. Reſtrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Conſtancy,
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,
Thy Vertue muſt be Providence's Care.
Xim. O guard me, Heav'n——Help me to ſupport it! ah!
[*Trumpets and Shouts.*
'Tis done, thoſe dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;
If *Carlos* conquers, ſtill I've loſt a Father;
And if he periſhes, then——die *Ximena.*
Bel. Conquer who may, no Hope ſupports *Belzara.*

Enter Garcia.

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?
Gar. Madam,
The King, to ſhew he diſapproves the Cuſtom,
Forbad his own Domeſticks to be preſent. [*Shouts nearer.*
But I preſume 'tis done, theſe Shouts confirm it;
Hence from this Window, we may gueſs the Victor.
Xim. O tell me quickly, while I've Senſe to hear thee.
Gar. O Heav'n! 'tis *Sanchez*, I ſee him, with his Sword,
In Triumph preſſing thro' the Crowd his way.
Xim. Sanchez! thou'rt ſure deceiv'd! O better yet
Inform thy dazled Eyes.
Gar. 'Tis certain he!
For now he ſtops, and ſeems to warn them back;
The Crowd retires, I ſee him plain, and now
He mounts the Steps that lead to this Apartment.
Xim. Then fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly ſated,
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,
And *Carlos'* Fate, without a Crime, be mourn'd:
O *Sanchez!* if poor *Carlos* told me true,
If twas thy Love, not Honour, fought my Cauſe,
Thy Guilt has purchas'd, with thy Sword, my Scorn,
And made thy Paſſion wretched as *Ximena.*

Bel. Oh Heav'n ſupport her nobler Reſolution——
But ſee he comes to meet the Diſappointment.

Enter Don Sanchez, *and lays his Sword at* Ximena's *Feet.*

D. *San.* Madam, this Sword that in your Cauſe was drawn——
Xim. Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills *Ximena.*
D. *San.* I come to mitigate your Griefs.
Xim. Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight;
O thou haſt given me, for Revenge, Deſpair,
Haſt raviſh'd with thy murderous Arm my Peace,
And robb'd my Wiſhes of their deareſt Object.
D. *San.* Hear me but ſpeak.
Xim. Can'ſt thou ſuppoſe 'twill pleaſe me,
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,
Vaunt thy vain Proweſs, and reproach my Sorrows?
D. *San.* Thoſe Sorrows, wou'd you hear my Story——
Xim. Hence;
To Regions diſtant, as thy Soul from Joy,
Fly, and in gloomy Horrors waſte thy Life:
Remorſe, and pale Affliction wait thee to
Thy Reſt, Repoſe forſake thee, frightful Dreams
Alarm thy Sleeps, and, in thy waking Hours,
May Woes, like mine, purſue thy Steps for ever.

Enter King.

King. What, ſtill in Tears, *Ximena!* ſtill complaining!
Cannot thy Duty's full Diſcharge content thee?
Repin'ſt thou at the Act of Providence?
And think'ſt thy Cauſe ſtill wrong'd in Heaven's Decree?
Xim. O far, Sir, from my Soul be ſuch a Thought,
I bow ſubmiſſive to high Heaven's Appointment,
But is Affliction impious in its Sorrow?
Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,

Is it leſs glorious, that I priz'd the Victim?
Has Nature loſt its Privilege to weep,
When all that's valuable in Life is gone?
O *Carlos! Carlos!* I ſhall ſoon be with thee.

King. Are then theſe Tears for *Carlos*---O *Ximena!*
The vanquiſh'd *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grief,
And made this Tryal of thy generous Heart,
For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives to adore thee.

Xim. What means my Royal Lord?

King. Inform her, *Sanchez.*

D. *San.* The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,
Had, Sir, her Fright endur'd my Speech;
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos*,
How nobly, for your ſake, he ſpar'd your Champion;
When on the Earth ſuccumbent, and diſarm'd,
I lay: 'Live, *Sanchez*, ſaid the generous Victor,
'The Life that fights *Ximena*'s Cauſe, is Sacred;
'Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet preſent
'The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,
'The laſt Oblation, that Deſpair can make her.'
Touch'd with the noble Fullneſs of his Heart,
I flew to execute the grateful Charge;
But, Madam, your Affright miſtook the Victor,
And your impatient Griefs refus'd me Audience.

King. Now think, *Ximena*, one moment think for *Carlos!*

Xim. O Love! O perſecuted Heart!
Inſtruct me, Heaven, to ſupport my Fame,
To right my Paſſion, and revere my Father.

D. *San.* And now, with juſt Confuſion, Sir, I own
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;
But ſince th' Event has crown'd a nobler Paſſion,
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

King. *Sanchez*, thy Crime is puniſh'd in itſelf,
We late have heard of thy retracted Vows,
Which on thy ſtrict Allegiance we enjoin
Thy Honour, inſtantly to ratify:
Suppreſs thy Tears, *Belzara*, he ſhall right thee.
Xim. 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,
And ſhews my ruin'd Peace its laſt Reſource.
Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleaſure.
King. Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?
Xim. O, Sir! yet hold, I dare not ſee him now,
While my depending Juſtice was my Guard,
I ſaw him fearleſs from Aſſaults of Love:
But now my vanquiſh'd Vengeance dreads his Merit,
And conſcious Duty warms me to avoid him;
Since then my Heart's impartial to his Vertues,
O do not call me cruel to his Love,
If I, in Reverence to a Father's Blood,
Shou'd ſhut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;
For tho' you raiſe above Mankind his Merit,
And I confeſs it—ſtill he has kill'd my Father—
Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,
Yet 'twou'd in me be impious to reward it;
My Eyes may mourn, but never muſt behold him more:
Yet e'er I part, let, Sir, my humbleſt Senſe
Applaud your Mercy, and confeſs your Juſtice:
Hence to ſome Sacred Cloiſter I'll retire,
And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n——

'Tis done—O lead me to my peaceful Cell,
One Sigh for Carlos*—now vain World farewell.*

[*As* Ximena *is going off,*

Enter Alvarez *and* Alonzo.

Alv. Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear
A Story will diſtract thy Senſe with Joy,

Drive all thy Sorrows from thy ſinking Heart,
And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.
Pardon, dread Sir! this Tumult of my Soul,
That carries in my Rudeneſs my Excuſe;
O preſs me not to tell Particulars!
But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds
Of your Belief, and, in one Burſt of Joy,
Inform my Royal Maſter, that his Crown's Support,
My vanquiſh'd Friend, thy Father *Gormaz*, lives;
He lives in Health confirm'd from mortal Danger,
Theſe Eyes have ſeen him, theſe bleſt Arms embrac'd him.
The Means, th' Occaſion of his Death ſuppos'd,
Would ask more words than I have Breath to utter,
Alonzo knows it all——O where's my *Carlos!*

King. Fly, *Sanchez!* make him, with this News, thy Friend.

Alv. O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief—— [*Exeunt.*

Xim. O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not ſure deceive me.

King. Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the whole;
Whence was his Death ſo firmly credited,
And his Recovery not before reveal'd?

Alon. My Liege, the great Effuſion of his Blood
Had ſuch Effect on his deſerted Spirits,
That I, who ſaw him, judg'd him quite expir'd:
But when the Abbot, at whoſe Houſe he lay,
With friendly Sorrow waſh'd his hopeleſs Wound,
His heaving Breaſt diſcover'd Life's Return;
When calling ſtrait for Help, on ſtricter Search,
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom:
And when his Senſes had reſum'd their Function,
His firſt Words ſpoke his generous Heart's Concern
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told
How far her filial Vengeance had purſu'd him,
Is't poſſible? he cry'd, Oh Heav'n! then wept,
And begg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,
That ſuch exalted Merit of her Duty
Might raiſe her Vertue worthy of his Love:

But, Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,
What generous Reconcilements paſs'd between them,
Wou'd ask more Time than publick Joy cou'd ſpare.
Let it ſuffice, the Moment he had heard
Ximena had appell'd brave *Carlos* to the Liſts,
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living——
But, Sir, ſo ſoon the Combat follow'd your
Decree, that, breathleſs, we arriv'd too late,
And had not his Phyſicians, Sir, preſcrib'd
His Wound Repoſe, himſelf had ventur'd forth
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

King. Not only Pardon, but our Love ſhall greet him.
Brave *Carlos* ſhall himſelf be Envoy of
Our Charge, and gratulate his bleſt Recovery:
Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, now t' approach you?

Xim. My Senſes ſtagger with tumultuous Joy,
My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprize,
And ſinking Nature faints beneath the Tranſport.

Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, *and* Carlos.

King. Look up, *Ximena*, and compleat thy Joy.
Xim. My *Carlos!* Oh!
Car. *Ximena!* O my Heart! } *Embracing.*
Alv. O *Carlos!* O *Ximena!* yet ſuppreſs
Theſe Tranſports, till kind *Gormaz'* Hand confirms them:
Firſt pay your Duty there, haſte to his Feet,
And let his Sanction conſecrate your Love.

King. Loſe not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!
Tell him his King congratulates his Health,
And will with Loads of Honour crown his Vertues,
Nor, in his Oriſons, let his Heart forget
The Hand of Heav'n, whoſe providential Care

Has order'd All the Innocent to ſave,
To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by XIMENA.

Well, Sirs!

I'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,
I've ſeen Papa, and have ſecur'd my Lover:
And, troth, I'm wholly on our Author's Side,
For had (as Corneille made him) Gormaz dy'd,
My Part had ended as it firſt begun,
And left me ſtill unmarry'd, and undone;
Or, what were harder far than both——a Nun.
The French, for Form indeed, poſtpones the Wedding,
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.
Time could not tie her Marriage-Knot with Honour,
The Father's Death ſtill left the Guilt upon her;
The Frenchman ſtops her in that forc'd Regard,
The bolder Briton weds her in Reward:
He knew your Taſte wou'd ne'er endure their Billing
Shou'd be ſo long deferr'd, when both were willing:
Your formal Dons of Spain an Age might wait,
But Engliſh Appetites are ſharper ſet.
'Tis true, this Difference we indeed diſcover,
That though like Lions you begin the Lover,
To do you Right, your Fury ſoon is over.
Beſide, the Scene thus chang'd, this Moral bears,
That Vertue never of Relief deſpairs:

But

But while true Love is ſtill in Plays ill-fated,
No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleaſure hate it;
Bloodſhed diſcourages what ſhould delight you,
And from a Wife what little Rubs will fright you?
And Virtue, not conſider'd in the Bride,
How ſoon you yawn and curſe the Knot you've ty'd?
How oft the Nymph, whoſe pitying Eyes give Quarter,
Finds, in her Captive, ſhe has caught a Tartar?
While to her Spouſe, that once ſo high did rate her,
She kindly gives Ten Thouſand Pounds to hate her.
So, on the other Side, ſome ſighing Swain,
That languiſhes in Love whole Years in vain,
Impatient for the Feaſt, reſolves he'll have her,
And, in his Hunger, vows he'll eat for ever;
He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,
But little thought he could have din'd ſo ſoon:
Is not this true? Speak——Dearys of the Pit,
Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit?
For the Inſtruction therefore of the Free,
Our Author turns his juſt Cataſtrophe:
Before you wed, let Love be underſtood,
Refine your Thoughts, and chaſe it from the Blood;
Nor can you then of laſting Joys deſpair,
For when that Circle holds the Britiſh *Fair,*
Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.

THE

THE

NON-JUROR:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

——Pulchra Laverna!
Da mihi fallere; da Juſtum, Sanctumque videri,
Noctem Peccatis, & Fraudibus objice Nubem.

HOR.

Yo

for
to

TO THE

KING.

SIR,

IN a Time, when all Communities congratulate Your MAJESTY on the *Glories* of Your Reign, which are continually ariſing from the *Proſperities* of Your People; be graciouſly pleas'd, *Dread* SIR, to permit the loweſt of Your Subjects from the *Theatre*, to take this Occaſion of offering their moſt humble Acknowledgments for Your Royal Favour and Protection.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an Unhappy Society, whom ſome Severe Heads think wholly Uſeleſs, and others Dangerous to the Young and Innocent: This Comedy is therefore an At-

tempt to remove that Prejudice, and to ſhew what Honeſt and Laudable Uſes may be made of the *Theatre*, when its Performances keep cloſe to the true Purpoſes of its Inſtitution: That it may be neceſſary to divert the Sullen and Diſaffected from buſying their Brains to diſturb the Happineſs of a Government, which (for want of proper Amuſements) they often enter into Wild and Seditious Schemes to reform; and that it may likewiſe make thoſe very Follies the Ridicule and Diverſion even of thoſe that committed them. Our Labours have at leaſt this Glory to boaſt, That ſince Plays were firſt exhibited in *England*, they were never totally ſuppreſs'd, but by thoſe very People who turn'd our *Church* and *Conſtitution* into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

OF all Errors, thoſe that are the Effect of *Superſtition* make us naturally moſt obſtinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the Blinded Proſelytes of our Few Nonjuring Clergy are ſo hard to be recover'd by the cleareſt Evidences of Senſe and Reaſon. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *Ridiculous*, it is not in the power of Human Nature not to be *aſham'd* of it. From which Reflection I was firſt determin'd to attack thoſe *lurking* Enemies of our Conſtitution from the Stage: And though my Succeſs has far exceeded my Expectation, yet I grieve, when I (perhaps with Vanity) imagine it might have had thrice the good Effect on the Minds of Your MAJESTY's People, were it not under the *Misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in ſome Terror, notwithſtanding its Publick Applauſe, to reflect how far Your MAJESTY, in Your Wiſdom, may think it proper to with-hold Your Pardon for the Unlicenſed Boldneſs of my Undertaking. I am ſenſible it may be juſtly urg'd againſt me, That even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have loſt their Luſtre, by appearing reduced to want the Defence of ſo inconſiderable a Champion: But as I never believ'd the beſt Play could be ſupported in an ill Cauſe, ſo was I aſſur'd the worſt might paſs, with Favour, in a Good-one. And though my Duty and Concern have made me more careful in the Conduct of this, than any of my former Endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the Succeſs of it, is utterly owing to a happy Choice of the Subject: And as its meeting no Oppoſition from our

Publick

Publick Malecontents, ſeems, in ſome degree, an Argument of the Clear and Honeſt Truth of thoſe Principles it vindicates; ſo may it of the equal Falſhood of the Rebellious and Unchriſtian Tenets it expoſes. Nay, I have yet a farther Hope, that it has even diſcovered the Strength and Number of the *Miſguided* to be much leſs, than may have been artfully inſinuated; there being no Aſſembly where People are ſo free, and apt to ſpeak their Minds, as in a Crouded *Theatre*: Of which Your MAJESTY may have lately ſeen an Inſtance, in the Inſuppreſſible Acclamations that were given on Your appearing to Honour this Play with Your Royal Preſence.

BUT were the Diſaffected yet as Numerous, at ſome few may wiſh them, what Honeſt *Engliſhman* can ever think them formidable, that conſiders his Security in the Wiſdom of Your MAJESTY's *Counſels*, and Your Heroick *Reſolution* to execute them? And as every Action of Your Regal Power has ſhewn the Nation, that Your greateſt *Glory* and *Delight* is in being the *Father* of Your *People*: ſo may it convince its Enemies, that *they* will always find You KING of Your *Subjects*. But I am wandring into Thoughts that awe me into Silence; and humbly beg leave to Subſcribe my-ſelf,

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY's *moſt Dutifull, and*

Moſt Obedient Subject and Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE,

Written by *N. ROWE* Esq;

TO-*Night, ye* Whigs *and* Tories *both be safe,*
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh:
We mean to souse old Satan, *and the* Pope,
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comick Stage,
With just Materials for Satirick Rage:
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Non-Juring Separation-Saint.
Good-Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
Who at our surest, best Foundations, strike,
And hate our Monarch and our Church alike:
Our Church,——which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
While theirs——But Satire silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk:
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Alleys:

There,

There, ſafe, he lets his thundring Cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lye;
And excommunicates Three-Stories high.
Why, ſince a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free-born State?
Here, ev'ery Hour, freſh hateful Objects riſe,
Peace and Proſperity afflict their Eyes:
With Anguiſh, Prince and People they ſurvey,
Their juſt Obedience, and His Righteous Sway.
Ship off, ye Slaves, and ſeek ſome Paſſive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command:
To your Tranſalpine *Maſter's Rule reſort,*
And fill an empty Abdicated Court:
Turn your Poſſeſſions here to Ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordſhips at Urbino.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir *John Woodvil*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Colonel *Woodvil*,	Mr. *Booth.*
Mr. *Heartley*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Doctor *Wolf*,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Charles,	Mr. *Walker.*

W O M E N.

Lady *Woodvil*,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Maria,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

The SCENE, an Anti-Chamber of Sir JOHN's Houſe in *LONDON.*



THE NON-JUROR.

ACT I.

Sir John Woodvil *and the Colonel.*

Col. PRAY conſider, Sir..

Sir *John.* So I do, Sir, that I am her Father, and will diſpoſe of her as I pleaſe.

Col. I don't diſpute your Authority, Sir; but as I am your Son too, I think it my Duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanc'd his Addreſſes to my Siſter? Has not ſhe receiv'd them? How then is it poſſible, that either you or ſhe with Honour can recede?

Sir *John.* Why, Sir? Suppoſe I was about buying a Pad-nag for your Siſter, and upon Enquiry ſhould find him not ſound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Diſhonour in being off o'the Bargain?

Col. With Submiſſion, Sir, I don't take that to be the Caſe. Mr. *Heartley*'s Birth and Fortune are too well known to you; and I dare ſwear he may defy the World to lay a Blemiſh upon his Principles.

Sir *John.* Why then, Sir, ſince I muſt be catechis'd, I muſt tell you, I don't like his Principles: For I am inform'd he is a Time-ſerver, one that baſely flatters the Government, and has no more Religion than you have.

Col. Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boaſt of our Religion; but if you pleaſe to enquire, you will find we go to Church as orderly as the reſt of our Neighbours.

Sir *John.* Ay! to what Church!

Col. ——*St. James*'s Church——The eſtabliſh'd Church.

Sir *John.* Eſtabliſh'd Church!

Col. Sir——

Sir *John.* Nay, you need not ſtare, Sir; and before he values himſelf upon going to Church, I would firſt have him be ſure he is a Chriſtian.

Col. A Chriſtian, Sir!

Sir *John.* Ay, that's my Queſtion, Whether he is yet chriſtned? I mean by a Paſtor, that had a Divine, Uninterrupted, Succeſſive Right, to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold?

Col. Is it poſſible? Are you an *Engliſhman*, and offer, Sir, a Queſtion ſo uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole Nation.

Sir *John.* Nay, Sir, you may give yourſelf what Airs of Amazement you pleaſe,——I won't argue with you; you are both of you too harden'd to be converted now: but ſince you think it your Duty, as a Son, to be concern'd for my Errors, I think it as much mine, as a Father, to be concern'd for yours——I'll only tell you of them; if you think fit to mend them——ſo—— if not——take the Conſequence.

Col. [*Aside.*] O give me Temper, Heaven! this vile Nonjuring Zealot! what poiſonous Principles has he ſwell'd him with! ——Well, Sir, ſince you don't think it proper to argue upon this Subject, I'll wave it too. But if I may ask it without Offence, Are theſe your only Reaſons for diſcountenancing Mr. *Heartley*'s Addreſſes to my Siſter?

Sir *John.* Theſe! Are they not flagrant! Would you have me marry my Daughter to a Pagan! for ſo he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Chriſtians. In ſhort, Son, expect to inherit no Eſtate of mine, unleſs you reſolve to come into the Pale of the Church, of which I profeſs myſelf a Member.

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am ſo ſtill, unleſs you have lately been converted to the *Roman.*

Sir *John.* No, Sir, I abhor the Thoughts on't, and proteſt againſt their Errors as much as you do.

Col. If ſo, Sir, where's our Difference?

Sir *John.* Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! but ſince 'tis fit you ſhould know it, look there—[*Gives him a Book*] read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? [*Reads.*] *The Caſe of Schiſm*, &c. Thank you, Sir; I have ſeen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be ſorry it's in any Hands but thoſe of the common Hangman.

Sir *John.* Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your Concern for the Church's Welfare, I little thought 'twas for a Church that is eſtabliſh'd no where.

Sir *John.* O Perverſeneſs! but there is no better to be expected from your Courſe of Life: This is all the Effects of your modern Loyalty, your Converſation at *Button*'s: Will you never leave that foul Neſt of Hereſy and Schiſm?

Col. Yes, Sir, when I ſee any thing like it there; and ſhould think myſelf obliged to retire, where ſuch Principles were ſtarted—I own I uſe the Place, becauſe I generally meet there inſtructive or diverting Company.

Sir *John.* Yes, fine Company indeed! *Arians*, Party-Poets, Players, and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unuſual Mixture, Sir; but if a Man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his Profeſſion or Principles? Would not it be ridiculous for a Proteſtant, that loves Muſick, to refuſe going to the *Opera*, becauſe moſt of the Performers are Papiſts? But, Sir, this ſeems foreign to my Buſineſs; Mr. *Heartley* intends this Morning to pay his Reſpects to you, in hopes to obtain your final Conſent, and deſir'd me to be preſent, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir *John.* I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind indeed, Sir.

Sir *John.* May be not, Sir——for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col. Nay, pray, Sir; 'twill be but Civility, at leaſt, to hear him.

Sir *John.* And becauſe I won't tell a Lye for the matter, I'll go out this moment,

Col. Good Sir!

Sir *John.* But becauſe I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him loſe his Time, in fooling after your Siſter—— in ſhort, I have another Man in my Head for her. [*Exit Sir* John.

Col. Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while to know him ——Pray, Heaven! this Nonjuring Hypocrite has not got ſome beggarly Traitor in his Eye for her——I muſt rid the Houſe of him at any rate, or all the Settlement I can hope from my Father is a Caſtle in the Air; nor can indeed his Life be ſafe, while ſuch a Villain makes it an Act of Conſcience to endanger it: If his Eyes are not ſoon opened againſt him, the Crown's more likely to inherit his Eſtate than I am; and though the Government has been very favourable upon theſe Occaſions, it is but a melancholy Buſineſs to petition for what might have been one's Birthright. My Siſter may be ruin'd too—Here ſhe comes; if there be another Man in the Caſe, ſhe, no doubt, can let me into the Secret.

Enter Maria.

Siſter, Good-morrow——I want to ſpeak with you.

Mar. Nay, but prithee, Brother, don't put on that wiſe politick Face then: Why you look as if the Minority had like to have carried a Queſtion.

Col.

Col. Come, come, a Truce with your Raillery; what I have to ask of you is ſerious, and I beg you would be ſo in your Anſwer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the Subject of Love, I will be ſo——but make haſte too——for I have not had my Tea yet.

Col. Why it is, and is not upon that Subject.

Mar. O! I love a Riddle dearly——come——let's hear it.

Col. Nay, piſh——if you will be ſerious, ſay ſo.

Mar. O Lard! Sir, I beg your Pardon——there——there's my whole Form and Features totally diſingag'd, and lifeleſs at your Service; now put them in what Poſture of Attention you think fit.

[*She leans againſt him, with her Arms awkardly falling to her Knees.*]

Col. Was there ever ſuch a giddy Devil!——prithee ſtand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares poſitively you ſhall not receive any further Addreſſes from Mr. *Heartley*.

Mar. Are you ſerious?

Col. He ſaid it this Minute, and with ſome Warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a Degree: Do you think a Man has any more Charms for me for my Father's liking him? No, Sir, if Mr. *Heartley* can make his way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only; beſides, now it may have the Face of an Amour indeed. Now one has ſomething to ſtruggle for; there's Difficulty, there's Danger, there's the dear Spirit of Contradiction in it too. O I like it mightily!

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worſe of *Heartley*—but, however, a Father's Conſent might have clapt a Pair of Horſes more to your Coach perhaps, and the want of that may pinch your Fortune.

Mar. Burn Fortune! Am not I a fine Woman? And have not I above 5000 *l.* in my own Hands?

Col. Yes, Siſter; but with all your Charms, you have had it in your Hands almoſt theſe four Years; pray conſider that too.

Mar. Pſhah! And have not I had the full Swing of my own Airs and Humours theſe four Years? But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four thouſand more, with

ſome

ſome unlick'd Lout of a Fellow to ſnub me into the Bargain: A comfortable Equivalent truly!——No, no, let him light his Pipe with his Conſent if he pleaſes. Wilful againſt Wiſe for a Wager.

Col. Well ſaid; nothing goes to your Heart, I find.

Mar. No, no, Brother; the Suits of my Lovers ſhall not be ended, like thoſe at Law, by dull Counſel on both ſides; I'll hear nothing but what the Plaintiff himſelf can ſay to me; 'twould be a pretty thing indeed to confine my Airs to the Directions of a Sollicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd is or is not equal to the Fortune my Father deſigns me. What! do you think I'll have my Features put into the *Gazette*, to be diſpos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Maſter in Chancery, to the faireſt Bidder? No; if I muſt have an ill Match, I'll have the pleaſure of playing my own Game at leaſt.

Col. There ſpoke the Spirit of a Freeborn *Engliſhwoman*——Well, I am glad you are not ſtartled at the firſt Part of my News however: but farther——Pray, Sifter, has my Father ever propos'd any other Man to you?

Mar. Another Man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why, the laſt Words he ſaid to me, were, That he had another Man in his Head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why, you don't ſo much as ſeem ſurpriz'd at it!

Mar. No, but I am impatient, and that's as well, you know.

Col. Why, how now, Sifter? [*Gravely.*

Mar. Why ſure, Brother, you know very little of Female Happineſs, if you ſuppoſe the Surprize of a new Lover ought to ſhock a Woman of my Temper——don't you know that I am a Coquette?

Col. If you are, you are the firſt that ever was ſincere enough to own her being ſo.

Mar. To a Lover, I grant you; but I make no more of you than a Siſter, I can ſay any thing to you.

Col.

Col. I ſhould have been better pleas'd if you had not own'd it to me——it's a hateful Character.

Mar. Ay, it's no matter for that, it's violently pleaſant, and there's no Law againſt it, that I know of. You had beſt adviſe your Friend *Heartley* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the diſcarded Toaſts, Prudes, and ſuperannuated Virgins would give him their Intereſt, I dare ſwear: Take my word, Coquetry has govern'd the World from the Beginning, and will do ſo to the End on't.

Col. Heartley's like to have a hopeful time on't with you.

Mar. Well; but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me?

Col. Not I really, but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to adviſe with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not open'd his Lips to me yet——Are you ſure he's gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know methinks? What have you to do to concern yourſelf about any Man but *Heartley?*

Mar. O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! don't be ſo wiſe, prithee Brother: Why, if you had an empty Houſe to lett, would you be diſpleaſed to hear there were two People about it? Can any Woman think herſelf happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with a *Hobſon*'s Choice? No, don't think to rob me of ſo innocent a Vanity; for, believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how diſagreeable ſoever, but in the long Run of his Addreſſes will utter ſomething at leaſt, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Beſides, to be a little ſerious, *Heartley* has a Tincture of Jealouſy in his Temper, which nothing but a ſubſtantial Rival can cure him of.

Col. O! your Servant, Madam, now you talk Reaſon; I am glad you are concern'd enough for *Heartley*'s Faults, to think them worth your mending——Ha! ha!

Mar. Concern'd! Why did I ſay that——look you, I'll deny it all to him—Well, if ever I am ſerious with you again——

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you pleaſe.

Mar. Pſhah!

Enter

Enter Heartly. Maria *takes a Book from the Table, and reads.*

Heart. Dear Colonel, your Servant.

Col. I am glad you did not come ſooner, for in the Humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper Time to have preſs'd your Affair——I touch'd upon't——but——I'll tell you more preſently; in the mean time loſe no Ground with my Siſter.

Heart. I ſhall always think my-ſelf obliged to your Friendſhip let my Succeſs be what it will——Madam——your moſt obedient——What have you got there, pray?

Mar. [*Repeating.*]

" *Her lively Looks a ſprightly Mind diſcloſe,*
" *Quick, as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe——*

Heart. Pray, Madam, what is it?

Mar. " *Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends——*

Heart. Nay, I will ſee—— [*Struggling.*

Mar. [*Putting him by.*]

" *Oft ſhe rejects——but never once offends.*

Col. Have a care; ſhe has dipt into her own Character, and ſhe'll never forgive you, if you don't let her through with it.

Heart. I beg your pardon, Madam. [*Gravely.*

Mar. " *Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers ſtrike,*
" *And like the Sun, they ſhine on all alike*——um——um.

Heart. That is ſomething like indeed!

Col. You would ſay ſo, if you knew all.

Heart. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little Patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Heart. [*Aſide*] Confuſion! ſome Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curſt elſe, ſhe's ſo full of her dear ſelf upon't.

Mar. [*Turning to* Heartley.]

" *If to her Share ſome Female Errors fall,*
" *Look on her Face——and you'll forget them all.*

Is not that Natural, Mr. *Heartley?*

Heart. For a Woman to expect it, is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the ſame time a Proof of the poor Man's Paſſion, and her Power.

Heart.

Heart. So that you think the greateſt Compliment a Lover can make his Miſtreſs, is to give up his Reaſon to her.

Mar. Certainly: For what have your lordly Sex to boaſt of but your Underſtanding; and till that's entirely ſurrender'd to her Diſcretion, while the leaſt Sentiment holds out againſt her, a Woman muſt be downright vain to think her Conqueſt compleated.

Heart. There we differ, Madam; for, in my Opinion, nothing but the moſt exceſſive Vanity could value or deſire ſuch a Conqueſt.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reaſons with me! Nay, has the frontleſs Folly to think me in the wrong too! O Lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant—poſitively I won't have him.

Heart. Well, my Comfort is, no other Man will eaſily know whether you will have him or not.

Mar. [*Affectedly ſmiling.*] Am not I a horrid, vain, ſilly Creature, Mr. *Heartley?*

Heart. A little bordering upon the Baby, I muſt own.

Mar. Laud! How can you love one ſo then? But I don't think you love me though—do you?

Heart. Yes, Faith, I do; and ſo ſhamefully, that I am in hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd feign bring me to Reaſon. [*Smiling in his Face.*]

Heart. I would indeed, nor am aſham'd to own it——nay, were it but poſſible to make you ſerious only when you ſhould be ſo, you would be to me the moſt perfect Creature of your Sex.

Mar. O Lud! he's civil——

Heart, Come, come, you have good Senſe, uſe me but with that, and make me what you pleaſe.

Mar. Laud! I don't deſire to make any thing of you, not I.

Heart. Don't look ſo cold upon me, by Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable. [*Gently glancing on him.*]

Heart. Come then, be generous, and ſwear, at leaſt, you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have ſpoil'd all again; beſides, how can I be ſure of that before I have ſeen this t'other Man my Brother ſpoke to me of? [*Reads to herſelf again.*]

Heart. What Riddle's this? [*To the Col.*]

Col. I told you you did not know all: To be ſerious, my Father went out but now on purpoſe to avoid you. In ſhort, he abſolutely retracts his Promiſes, ſays he would not have you fool away your Time after my Siſter, and in plain Terms, told me, he had another Man in his Head for her.

Heart. Another Man! Confuſion! who! what is he? did not he name him?

Col. No; nor has he yet ſpoke of him to my Siſter.

Heart. This is unaccountable——What can have given him this ſudden Turn?

Col. Some Whim our conſcientious Doctor has put in his Head, I'll lay my Life.

Heart. He! He can't be ſuch a Villain, he profeſſes a Friendſhip for me.

Col. So much the worſe: By the way, I am now upon the Scent of a Secret, that I hope ſhortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Heart. You amaze me——But on what Pretence, what Ground, what Reaſon, what Intereſt can he have to oppoſe me!—— This Shock is inſupportable. [*He ſtands fix'd, and mute.*

Col. [*Aſide to* Maria.] Are you really as unconcern'd now as you ſeem to be?

Mar. Thou art a ſtrange Dunce, Brother, thou knoweſt no more of Love than I do of a Regiment——You ſhall ſee now how I'll comfort him——

[*She goes to* Heartley——*mimicks his Poſture and Uneaſineſs, then looks ſeriouſly in his Face, and blurts into a Laugh.*]

Heart. I don't wonder at your Good-Humour, Madam, when you have ſo ſubſtantial an Opportunity to make me uneaſy for Life.

Mar. O Lud! how wiſe he is? Well, his Reproaches have that Greatneſs of Soul——the Confuſion they give one is inſupportable——*Betty*, is the Tea ready?

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. *Heartley*, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Col. So, ſo, you have made a fine ſpot of Work on't indeed!

Heart. Dear, *Tom.* you'll pardon me, if I ſpeak a little freely; I own the Levity of her Behaviour, at this time, gives me harder Thoughts, than I once believ'd it poſſible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you miſtake her.

Heart. O! pardon me, had ſhe any real Concern for me, the Apprehenſion of a Man's Addreſſes, whom yet ſhe never ſaw, muſt have alarm'd her to be ſomething more than ſerious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this Man be who he will) I take all this Levity as a Proof of her Reſolution to have nothing to ſay to him.

Heart. And pray, Sir, may I not as well ſuſpect, that this artful Delay of her Good-Nature to me now, is meant as a proviſional Defence againſt my Reproaches, in caſe, when ſhe has ſeen this Man, ſhe ſhould think it convenient to prefer him to me?

Col. No, no; ſhe's giddy, but not capable of ſo ſerious a Falſhood.

Heart. It's a ſign you don't judge her with a Lover's Eye.

Col. No; but as a Stander-by, I often ſee more of the Game than you do: Don't you know that ſhe is naturally Coquette? And a Coquette's Play, with a ſerious Lover, is like a Back-Game at Tables, all open at firſt; ſhe'll make you twenty Blots——and you——ſpare none, take them All up, to be ſure, while ſhe ——gains Points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the Game on your Side, ſlap——as you were, ſhe whips up your Man, ſhe's fortify'd, and you are in a worſe Condition than when you begun with her——Upon which, you know of courſe, you curſe your Fortune, and ſhe laughs at you.

Heart. Faith, you judge it rightly—I have always found it ſo.

Col. In ſhort, you are in haſte to be up, and ſhe's reſolv'd to make you play out the Game at her leiſure; you play for the fair Stake, and ſhe for Victory.

Heart. But ſtill, what could ſhe mean by going away ſo abruptly?

Col. You grew too ſerious for her.

Heart. Why, who could bear ſuch Trifling?

Col. You ſhould have laugh'd at her.

Heart. I can't love at that eaſy rate.

Col. No——If you could, the Uneaſineſs would lie on her Side.

Heart. Do you then really think ſhe has any thing in her Heart for me?

Col. Ay, marry, Sir—Ah! if you could but get her to own that ſeriouſly now——Lord! how you could love her!

Heart. And ſo I could, by Heaven! [*Eagerly embracing him.*

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the Nature of the Creature, you muſt take her upon her own Terms; tho', faith! I thought ſhe own'd a great deal to you but now: Did not you obſerve, when you were impatient, with what a conſcious Vanity ſhe cry'd——Now you are tolerable.

Heart. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when ſhe pleaſes.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my Father don't ſtand in your way, we are well enough: and I don't queſtion but the Alarm he has given us, like his other politick Projects, will end all *in Fumo.*

Heart. What ſays my Lady? you don't think ſhe's againſt us?

Col. I dare ſwear ſhe is not; ſhe's of ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a Diſpoſition, that ev'n Provocation can't make her your Enemy.

Heart. How came ſo fine a Creature to marry your Father with ſuch a vaſt Inequality of Years?

Col. Want of Fortune, *Frank*: She was poor and beautiful, he rich and amorous——She made him happy, and he her——

Heart. A Lady.

Col. And a Jointure——Now ſhe's the only one in the Family that has power with our preciſe Doctor, and I dare engage ſhe'll uſe it with him, to perſuade my Father from any thing that's againſt your Intereſt; by the way, you muſt know, I have ſome ſhrewd Suſpicions, that this ſanctify'd Rogue is carnally in love with her.

Heart.

Heart. O the liquoriſh Raſcal!

Col. You ſhall judge by the Symptoms: Firſt, he's jealous of every Male Thing that comes near her; and, under a friendly Pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has perſuaded him to aboliſh her Aſſemblies: Nay, at the laſt Maſquerade, this conſcientious Spy (unknown to her) was eternally at her Elbow in the Habit of a Cardinal. At Dinner he never fails to ſit next her, and will eat nothing but what ſhe helps him; always takes her ſide in Argument, and, when he bows after Grace, conſtantly ogles her; bids my Siſter, if ſhe would look lovely, learn to dreſs by her; and at the Tea-Table, I have ſeen the impudent Goat moſt laſciviouſly ſip off her Leavings. She loſt one of her Slippers t'other Day (by the way ſhe has a mighty pretty Foot) and what do you think was become of it?

Heart. You puzzle me.

Col. I-gad, this Love-ſick Monkey had ſtole it for a private Play-thing; and one of the Houſe-Maids, when ſhe clean'd his Study, found it there, with one of her old Gloves in the middle of it.

Heart. A very proper Relique, to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

Col. But, mum! here he comes.

Enter Dr. Wolf *and* Charles.

Doct. Charles, ſtep up into my Study, and bring down half a Dozen more of thoſe Manuals of Devotion that I compos'd for the Uſe of our Friends in Priſon; and, doſt thou hear? leave this Writing there, but bring me the Key, and then bid the Butler ring to Prayers——[*Exit* Charles.] Mr. *Heartley*, I am your moſt faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will ſtay and join in the private Duties of the Family.

Heart. With all my Heart, Sir, provided you'll do the Duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct. The good Colonel knows I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, Doctor; but I don't remember I ever once heard you name them.

Doct.

Doct. That's only to ſhorten the Service, leſt in ſo large a Family, ſome few vain, idle Souls might think it tedious; and we ought, as it were, to allure them to what's good, by the gentleſt, eaſieſt Means we can.

Heart. How! how, Doctor! Are you ſure that's your only Reaſon for leaving their Names out?

Doct. But, pray, Sir, why is naming them ſo abſolutely neceſſary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true Intention of our Hearts——Beſide, why ſhould we, when we ſo eaſily may avoid it, give the leaſt Colour of Offence to tender Conſciences?

Col. Ay! now you begin to open, Doctor——

Heart. Have a care, Sir; the Conſcience that equivocates in its Devotions, muſt have the blackeſt Colour Hell can paint it with.

Col. Well ſaid! To him, *Heartley.*

Heart. Your Conſcience, I dare ſay, won't be eaſily convinc'd, while your Scruples turn to ſo good account in a private Family.

Doct. What! am I to be baited then——but 'twon't be always Holiday—[*Frowning.*] The Time's now yours, but mine may come.

Col. What do you mean, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I ſhall not explain myſelf, but make your beſt of what I've ſaid. I'm not to be intrap'd by all your ſervile Spies of Power——But Power perhaps may change its Hands, and you, e'er long, as little dare to ſpeak your Mind as I do.

Col. [*Taking him by the Collar.*] Hark you Sirrah! Dare you menace the Government in my Hearing?

Heart. Nay, Colonel. [*Interpoſing.*]

Doct. 'Tis well!

Col. Traytor! but that our Laws have Chains and Gibbets for ſuch Villains, I'd this Moment crackle all thy Bones to Splinters. [*Shakes him.*]

Doct. Very well! your Father, Sir, ſhall know my Treatment.

Heart. Nay, dear Colonel, let him go!

Col. I ask your pardon, *Frank*, I am aſham'd that ſuch a Wretch could move me ſo.

Heart. Come, compoſe yourſelf.

Doct. [*Aſide, and recovering himſelf.*] No, I'll take no notice of it—— I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own

own Story to his Father——let him— 'tis better ſo—'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good Opinion of my Charity, and ſerve to ruin him the faſter. [*Exit.*

Heart. Was there ever ſo inſolent a Raſcal?

Col. The Dog will one Day provoke me to beat his Brains out.

Heart. Who could have believ'd ſuch outrageous Arrogance could have lurk'd under ſo Lamb-like an Out-ſide?

Col. This Fellow has the Spleen and Spirit of ten *Beckets* in him.

Heart. What the Devil is he? whence came he? what's his Original? Is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends; and that he loſt his Living in *Ireland* upon his refuſing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the ſtricteſt Enquiries, and can't find the leaſt Evidence that ever he was in the Country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in Priſon a poor unhappy Rebel I went to School with, whoſe Pardon I am ſolliciting; and he aſſures me, he knew him very well in *Flanders*, and in ſuch Circumſtances, as when it can be ſerviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promiſes to diſcover; but begs till then I will not inſiſt upon it.

Heart. I-gad this Intelligence may be worth your cheriſhing.

Col. Hah! here's my Siſter again.

Enter Maria *haſtily*, *Doctor* Wolf *following*.

Mar. You'll find, Sir, I will not be us'd thus: Nor ſhall your Credit with my Father protect your Inſolence to me.

Heart. } and } What's the matter?
Col. }

Mar. Nothing; pray be quiet——I don't want you——ſtand out of the way—— [*They retire.*]

Col. What has the Dog done to her?

Mar. How durſt you bolt with ſuch Authority into my Chamber, without giving me notice?

Heart. Confuſion!

Col. Now, *Frank*, whoſe turn is it to keep their Temper? } *Apart.*
Heart. [*Struggling.*] 'Tis not mine, I'm ſure. }
Col. Hold——If my Father won't reſent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it. } *Doct.*

Doct. Compoſe your Tranſport, Madam, I came by your Father's Deſire; who being inform'd that you were entertaining Mr. *Heartley*, grew impatient, and gave his poſitive Command, that you attend him inſtantly, or he himſelf, he ſays, will fetch you.

Heart. So! now the Storm is riſing.

Doct. So for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and ſhall leave him to anſwer you.

Mar. 'Tis falſe, he gave you no Authotity to inſult me; or if he had, did you ſuppoſe I would bear it from you? What is it you preſume upon? your Function? Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any Anſwer to your Father, Lady?

Mar. I'll ſend him none by you.

Doct. I ſhall inform him ſo. [*Exit.*

Mar. A ſawcy Puppy.

Col. Prithee, Siſter, what has the Fellow done to you?

Heart. I beg you tell us, Madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter——but I was ſitting careleſly in my Dreſſing-Room—a—a faſtning my Garter with my Face juſt towards the Door, and this impudent Cur, without the leaſt Notice, comes Bounce in upon me—— and my deviliſh Hoop happning to hitch in the Chair, I was an Hour before I could get down my Petticoats.

Heart. The Rogue muſt be corrected.

Col. Yet, I-gad, I can't help laughing at the Accident! What a ridiculous Figure muſt ſhe make! ha! ha!

Mar. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think? Well, but had not I beſt go to my Father?

Heart. Now, now, dear *Tom*, ſpeak to her before ſhe goes; this is the very Criſis of my Life.—— [*Apart to the Col.*]

Mar. What does he ſay, Brother?

Col. Why he wants to have me ſpeak to you, and I would have him do it himſelf.

Mar. Ay, come, do, *Heartley*, I am in Good-Humour now.

Heart. O, *Maria*—my Heart is burſting——

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Heart.

Heart. Your Father now I ſee is bent on parting us ——Nay, what's yet worſe, perhaps will give you to another——— I cannot ſpeak——— Imagine what I want from you———

Mar. Well——O lud! one looks ſo ſilly though, when one's ſerious—— O Ged——In ſhort I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you; try again.

Mar. O lud! ——well——if one muſt be teiz'd then———why he muſt hope, I think.

Heart. Is't poſſible?———Thus——

Col. Buz—— [*Stopping his Mouth.*] not a Syllable; ſhe has done very well; I bar all Heroicks: if you preſs it too far, I'll hold ſix to four, ſhe's off again in a Moment.

Heart. I am ſilenc'd.

Mar. Now am I on Tiptoe to know what odd Fellow my Father has found out for me.

Heart. I'd give ſomething to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible Fuſs at your being here, I find——— I had beſt go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O bleſs us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine Pickle.

Enter Sir John *haſtily*——*He takes* Maria *under his Arm, cocks his Hat, nods, frowning at* Heartley, *and carries her off.*

Col. So———Well ſaid, Doctor! 'Tis he I'm ſure has blown this Fire. What horrid Hands is this poor Family fallen into? and how the Traytor ſeems to triumph in his Power? How little is my Father like himſelf? by Nature, open, juſt, and generous; but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak Paſſions like the Wind, and I foreſee, at laſt, will daſh him on his Ruin.

Heart. Nothing but your ſpeedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a Thought, and 'tis the only one that can expoſe him to my Father—Come, *Frank*, be cheerful; in ſome unguarded Hour we yet, perhaps, this lurking Thief,

Without his Holy Vizor, may ſurprize,
And lay th' Impoſtor naked to his Eyes. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Charles *with a Writing in his Hand.*

Charles. 'TIS ſo——I have long ſuſpected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private Fortune—— But then to found it on the Ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me ſhudder at the Villany: What Deſperation may a Son be driven to, ſo barbarouſly diſinherited?—— Beſide his Daughter, fair *Maria* too, is wrong'd; wrong'd in the moſt tender Point: For ſo extravagant is this Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's Conſent; which ſeems, by what I've heard, intended as an Expedient to oblige her to accept the Doctor himſelf for her Husband. Now 'twere but an honeſt Part to let *Maria* know this Snare, that's laid for her: This Deed's not ſign'd, and might be yet prevented——It ſhall be ſo——'twere Folly not to try—— My Condition can't be worſe——Who knows how far her Good-Nature may think herſelf oblig'd for the Diſcovery?——Muſt he ruin, as he has done mine, all Families he comes into?

Enter Sir John, *Lady* Woodvil, *and* Maria.

Sir *John.* O, *Charles*, your Maſter wants you to tranſcribe ſome Letters.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him, [*Exit* Charles, *bowing reſpectfully to the Ladies.*]

Mar. A pretty-bred Fellow that!

Sir *John.* Ay, ay; but he has better Qualities than his Good-Breeding; he is honeſt.

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir *John.* I wonder, Daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a Man's real Merit——Humph! well-bred and clean, forſooth—

Would

Would not one think now, ſhe were deſcribing a Coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear *Papa*, do you make no allowance for one's Taſte?

Sir *John.* Taſte! hah! and one's Taſte? That Madam One is to me the moſt provoking, impertinent Jade alive; and Taſte is the true Picture of her ſenſleſs, ſickly Appetite: When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate? and yet ſhe is as young as your fantaſtical Ladyſhip.

Lady W. *Maria*'s of a cheerful Temper, my Dear; but I know you don't think ſhe wants Diſcretion.

Sir *John.* I ſhall try that preſently; and you, Sweet-heart, ſhall judge between us: In ſhort, Daughter, your Courſe of Life is but one continual Round of playing the fool to no purpoſe; and therefore I am reſolv'd to make you think ſeriouſly, and marry.

Mar. That I ſhall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir *John.* Um——That I am not ſo ſure of—but you may depend upon my having thought ſeriouſly, and that's as well: for the Perſon I intend you, is of all the World the only Man that can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the World, Sir, that's the only Man I'll poſitively marry.

Lady W. [*Aſide to* Maria.] Thou haſt rare Courage, *Maria*; if I had ſuch a Game to play, I ſhould be frighted out of my Wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it. [*Aſide.*]

Sir *John.* Mind what I ſay to you—This wonderful Man, I ſay—Firſt, as to his Principles, both in Church and State, is unqueſtionable.

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you; for I ſhould never ask him a Queſtion about either of them.

Sir *John.* You need not; I am fully ſatisfied of both—He is a true ſtanch Member of the *Engliſh* Catholick Church.

Mar. Methinks though, I would not have him a *Roman Catholick*, Sir, becauſe you know of double Taxes.

Sir *John.* No, he's no *Roman.*

Mar. Very well, Sir—

Sir *John.* Then as to the State, he'll ſhortly be one of the moſt conſiderable Men in the Kingdom, and that too in an Office for Life; which, on whatſoever Pretence of Misbehaviour, no Civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

Sir *John.* I have not yet ſaid what his Function is——As for his private Life——he's ſober.

Mar. O! I ſhould hate a Sot.

Sir *John.* Chaſte.

Mar. A hem! [*Stifling a Laugh.*

Sir *John.* What is't you ſneer at, Madam?——You want one of your fine Gentlemen-Rakes, I ſuppoſe, that are ſnapping at every Woman they meet with.

Mar. No, no, Sir; I am very well ſatisfied——I——I ſhould not care for ſuch a ſort of Man, no more than I ſhould for one that every Woman was ready to ſnap at.

Sir *John.* No, you'll be ſecure from Jealouſy; he has Experience, Ripeneſs of Years; he is almoſt Forty-Nine: Your Sex's Vanities will have no Charm for him.

Mar. But all this while, Sir, I don't find that he has any Charm for our Sex's Vanity: How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dreſs, ſing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good Air, good Teeth, fine Eyes, fine fair Perriwig——Does he keep his Chaiſe, Coach, Chariot, and Berlin, with ſix flouncing *Flanders?* Does he wear Blue Velvet, clean White Stockings, and ſubſcribe to the Opera?

Sir *John.* Was there ever ſo profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to?

Lady W. Nay, *Maria*, here I muſt be againſt you——Now you are blind indeed, a Woman's Happineſs has little to do with the Pleaſure her Husband takes in his own Perſon.

Sir *John.* Right!

Lady W. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves, is the Point.

Sir *John.* Good again!

Lady W. And a Wife is much more ſecure, that has Charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only Charms for her.

Sir

Sir *John.* Admirable ! Go on, my Dear.

Lady W. Do you think, Child, a Woman of Five and Twenty may not be much happier with an honeſt Man of Fifty, than the fineſt Woman of Fifty with a young Fellow of Five and Twenty ?

Sir *John.* Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and Twenties come together—— Dear *Papa*, you muſt allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleaſant and frolickſome.

Sir *John.* Frolickſome ! why you ſenſual Idiot, what have Frolicks to do with ſolid Happineſs ? I am aſham'd of you——Go ! you talk worſe than a Girl at a Boarding-School——Frolickſome! as if Marriage were only a Licence for two People to play the Fool according to Law ? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of Happineſs before your Face——Here's one has ten times your Underſtanding, and ſhe, you find, has made a different Choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir ! how you talk ? you don't conſider Peoples Temper : I don't ſay my Lady is not in the right ; but then you know, *Papa*, ſhe's a Prude, and I am a Coquette ; ſhe becomes her Character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you ſee every thing I do is as conſiſtent with mine ! Your wiſe Folks may lay down what Rules they pleaſe ; but 'tis Conſtitution that governs us all, and you can no more bring me, Sir, to endure a Man of Forty-nine, than you can perſuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir *John.* Why, you wicked Wretch, could any thing perſuade you to that ?

Mar. Lord, Sir ! I won't anſwer for any thing I ſhould do when the Whim's in my Head : You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

Sir *John.* O horrible ! My poor Mother has ruin'd her ; leaving her a Fortune in her own hands, has turn'd her Brain : In ſhort, your Sentiments of Life are ſhameful, and I am reſolv'd upon your inſtant Reformation : therefore, as an Earneſt of your Obedience, I ſhall firſt inſiſt, that you never ſee young *Heartley* more ; for, in one word, the good and pious Dr. *Wolf*'s the Man that I have decreed your Husband.

Mar.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho! [*Laughing aloud.*]

Sir *John.* 'Tis very well——this Laugh you think becomes you, but I ſhall ſpoil your Mirth——no more——give me a ſerious Anſwer.

Mar. [*Gravely.*] I ask your Pardon, Sir, I ſhould not have ſmil'd indeed, could I have ſuppos'd it poſſible that you were ſerious.

Sir *John.* You'll find me ſo.

Mar. I am ſorry for it; but I have an Objection to the Doctor, Sir, that moſt Fathers think a ſubſtantial one.

Sir *John.* Name it.

Mar. Why, Sir, you know he is not worth a Groat.

Sir *John.* That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Eſtate than, I am afraid, you'll deſerve.

Mar. How? Sir.

Sir *John.* I have told you what's my Will, and ſhall leave you to think on't.

Enter Charles.

Charles. [*Aſide to Sir* John.] Sir, if you are at leiſure, the Doctor deſires a private Conference with you, upon Buſineſs of Importance.

Sir *John.* Where is he?

Charles. In his own Chamber, Sir, juſt taking his leave of the Count and another Gentleman, that came this Morning Expreſs from *Avignon*: He has ſent you too the Note you asked him for.

Sir *John.* 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately——[*Exit* Charles.] Daughter, I am call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my laſt Reſolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Husband, or I'm no more your Father. [*Exit Sir* John, *and drops a Paper.*

Mar. O Madam! I am at my Wits end, not for the little Fortune I may loſe in diſobeying my Father; but it ſtartles me to find what a dangerous Influence this Fellow has o'er all his Actions.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for tho', in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclined

to

to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our Guard——he's ſtepping into his Eſtate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll conſult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your moſt obedient——Well, Sifter, is the Secret out? Who is this pretty Fellow my Father has pick'd up for you.

Mar. Ev'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not ſerious?

Lady W. He's the very Man, I can aſſure you, Sir.

Col. Confuſion! What would the *Jewiſh* Cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyſhip knows he is ſecretly in Love with you too.

Lady W. Fie! fie! Colonel.

Col. I ask your Pardon, Madam, if I ſpeak too freely; but I am ſure, by what I have ſeen, your Ladyſhip muſt ſuſpect ſomething of it.

Lady W. I am ſorry any body elſe has ſeen it; but I muſt own his Civilities of late have been ſomething warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are theſe Oppoſites to be reconcil'd? Can the Raſcal have the Aſſurance to think both theſe Points are to be carry'd?——But he does nothing like other People; he's a Contradiction even to his own Character. Moſt of your Non-Jurors now are generally People of a free and open Diſpoſition, mighty Pretenders to a Conſcience of Honour indeed; but you ſeldom ſee them put on the leaſt Shew of Religion: But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his Tongue's end, and there it ſticks, for it never gets into his Heart, I'll anſwer for him.

Lady W. Ay, but that's the Charm that firſt got him into Sir *John's* Heart; who, good Man, is himſelf, I am ſure, ſincere, however now miſguided: 'twas not ſo much his Principles of Government, as his well-painted Piety, his ſeeming Self-denial, Reſignation, Patience, and humble Outſide, that gave him firſt ſo warm a Lodging in his Boſom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true: There has been his ſureſt footing! But here we are puzzled again——What ſubtle Fetch can he have in being really in Love with your Ladyſhip, and at the ſame time making ſuch a Buſtle to marry my Siſter?

Mar. Truly one would not ſuſpect him to be ſo termagant; I fancy the Gentleman might have his hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his Zeal pretends to be ſo ſhock'd at all indecent Amours, that in the Country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey-cocks every Saturday Night, for fear they ſhould gallant the Hens on a Sunday.

Lady W. O! ridiculous.

Col. Upon my Life, Madam, my Siſter told me ſo.

Mar. I tell you ſo: You impudent——

Lady W. Fie! *Maria*, he only jeſts with you.

Mar. How can you be ſuch a Monſter, to be playing the fool here, when you have more reaſon to be frighted out of your Wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares he'll ſettle a Fortune upon this Fellow too.

Col. What do you mean?

Lady W. 'Tis too true; tis not three Minutes ſince he ſaid ſo.

Col. Nay, then 'tis time indeed his Eyes were open'd; and give me leave to ſay, Madam, 'tis only in your power to ſave not only me, but even my Father too from Ruin.

Lady W. I ſhall eaſily come into any thing of that kind, that's practicable——What is't you propoſe?

Col. Why, if this Fellow (which I am ſure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair Opportunity to declare himſelf, and leave me to make my Advantage of it.

Lady W. I apprehend you——I am loth to do a wrong thing

Mar. Dear Madam, it's the only Way in the World to expoſe him to my Father.

Lady W. I'll think of it—— [*Muſing.*]

Col. When you do, Madam, I'm ſure you'll come into it. How now! what Paper's this? It's the Doctor's Hand.

Mar. I believe my Father dropt it.

Col. What's here? [*Reads.*]

Laid

Laid out at ſeveral times for the Secret Service of His M——

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
May the 28th, For ſix Baskets of Rue and Time, ——	00	18	00
The 29th *ditto*, Two Cart-loads of Oaken Boughs,—	02	00	00
June 10th, For ten Buſhels of White Roſes, ——	01	10	00
Ditto, Given to the Bell-ringers of ſeveral Pariſhes,	10	15	00
Ditto,—To *Simon Chaunter*, Pariſh-Clerk, for his ſelecting proper Staves adapted to the Day, ———	05	07	06
Ditto,—For Lemons and Arrack ſent into *Newgate*,	09	05	00

Col. Well, while they drink it in *Newgate*, much good may it do them.

Paid to *Henry Conſcience*, Juryman, for his extraordinary Trouble in acquitting Sir *Preſton Rebel* of his Indictment, ——	53	15	00
Allow'd to *Patrick Mac-Rogue*, of the Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his Comrade to deſert,——	04	06	06
Given as Smart-Money to *Humphrey Stanch*, Cobler, lately whipt for ſpeaking his Mind of the Government, ——	03	04	06
Paid *Abel Perkin*, News-Writer, for divers ſeaſonable Paragraphs, ——	05	00	00
Aug. the 1ſt, Paid to *John Shoplift* and *Thomas Highway*, for endeavouring to put out the Enemies Bonfire, ——	02	03	00
Aug. the 2d, Paid the Surgeon for Sear-cloth, for their Bruiſes, ——	01	01	06

Was there ever ſuch a Heap of ſtupid, cold-ſcented Treaſon? Now, Madam, I hope you ſee the Neceſſity of blowing up this Traitor: Theſe are Lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him ſtoop to?

Lady W. I tremble at the Precipice he ſtands on!

Mar. O bleſs us! I am in a cold Sweat; dear Brother, leave it where you found it——

Lady W. By all means; if Sir *John* ſhould know it's in your hands, it may make him deſperate——

Col. You are in the right, Madam. [*He lays down the Paper.*

Lady W. Let's ſteal into the next Room, and obſerve that no body elſe takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I muſt leave you; poor *Heartly* ſtays for me at *White*'s, and he'll ſit upon Thorns, till I bring him an account of his new Rival.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John *in a Hurry.*

Sir *John.* Undone! Ruin'd! where could I drop this Paper?—Hold—let's ſee— [*He finds it.*] Ah! here it is—What a bleſſed 'Scape was this? If my hot-brain'd Son had found it, I ſuppoſe by to-morrow he would have been begging my Eſtate for the Diſcovery—— [*Enter Doctor* Wolf.

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my Paper.

Doct. I am ſincerely glad of it——It might have ruin'd us.

Sir *John.* Well, Sir, what ſay our laſt Advices from *Avignon?*

Doct. All goes right——The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and preſs mightily for Diſpatch among our Friends in *England.*

Sir *John.* But pray Doctor——

Doct. Hold, Sir——now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better——Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but ſince it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Church's Right obliges me to take it.

Sir *John.* Pray, Sir, explain.

Doct. Our laſt Expreſs has brought me this——[*He ſhews a Writing*] which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford.*

Sir *John.* Is it poſſible? My Lord, I joy in your Advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a Spiritual Comfort to find my Labours in the Cauſe are not forgotten; though I muſt own, ſome leſs conſpicuous Inſtance of their Favour had better ſuited me. Such high Diſtinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends to meet with Envy, where I only hope for Love: not but I ſubmit in any way to ſerve them.

Sir

Sir *John.* Ah! good Man! this Meekneſs will, I hope, one day be rewarded——but pray Sir—my Lord!—I beg your Lordſhip's pardon——pray what other News? How do all our Friends? Are they in heart, and chearful?

Doct. To a Man! never in ſuch ſanguine Hopes——the Court's extremely throng'd——never was there ſuch a Concourſe of Warlike Exiles: though they talk, this ſharp Seaſon, of removing farther into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder Air: Well! the Catholicks are the ſincereſt Friends!

Sir *John.* Nay, I muſt do them juſtice, they are truly Zealous in the Cauſe; and it has often griev'd my Heart, that our Churches Differences are ſo utterly irreconcileable.

Doct. O nouriſh ſtill that charitable Thought! there's ſomething truly Great and Humane in it: and really, Sir, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down by my Learned Predeceſſor, in his *Caſe of Schiſm*, you will find thoſe Differences are not ſo terribly material, as ſome obſtinate Schiſmaticks would paint them. Ah! could we but be brought to Temper, a great many ſeeming Contradictions might be reconcil'd on both ſides: But while the Laity will interpret for themſelves, there is indeed no doing it Now, could we, Sir, like other Nations, but once reſtrain that monſtrous Licence: Ah! Sir, a Union then might ſoon be practicable.

Sir *John.* Auh! 'twill never do here: The *Engliſh* are a ſtubborn headſtrong People, and have been ſo long indulg'd in the Uſe of their own Senſes; that, while they have Eyes in their Heads you will never be able to perſuade them they can't ſee, there's no making them give up their Human Evidences: and your *Credo quia Impoſſibile eſt*, is an Argument they will always make a jeſt of. No, no, it is not Force will do the thing, your Preſs'd Men don't always make the beſt Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we ſeem to be wrong too in another Point, to which I have often imputed the ill Succeſs of our Cauſe: And that is, the taking into our Party ſo many looſe Perſons of diſſolute and abandon'd Morals; Fellows, whom in their daily private Courſe of Life, the Pillory and Gallows ſeem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wiſh'd 'twere poſſible to do without them; but in a Multitude all Men won't be all Saints: and then again they are really uſeful; nay, and in many things, that ſober Men will not ſtoop to——They ſerve, poor Curs, to bark at the Government in the open Streets, and keep up the wholeſome Spirit of Clamour in the common People: and, Sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful Uſe of Clamour, 'tis ſo teizing to a Miniſtry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneaſy in their Poſts——Ah! many a comfortable Point has been gain'd by Clamour! 'tis in the Nature of Mankind to yield more to that, than Reaſon——Even *Socrates* himſelf could not reſiſt it; for wiſe as he was, yet you ſee his Wife *Xantippe* carry'd all her Points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a uſeful Monſter, and we muſt feed the hungry Mouths of it; it being of the laſt importance to us, who hope to change the Government, to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John.* Well, there is indeed no reſiſting meer Neceſſity.

Doct. Beſides, if we ſuffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will ſend us over nothing but Excuſes.

Sir *John.* 'Tis true; but ſtill I am amaz'd, that *France* ſo totally ſhould have left us——*Mardyke*, they ſay, will certainly be demoliſh'd.

Doct. No matter, let them go——we have made a good Exchange, our new Ally is yet better, as he is leſs ſuſpected——But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us like the Women, the Ladies have ſupported our Cauſe with a ſurprizing Conſtancy. O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill Succeſs! they will ſtarve their very Vanities, their Vices, to feed their Loyalty: I am inform'd that my good Lady Counteſs of *Night-and-Day* has never been ſeen in a New-Gown, or has once thrown a Dye at any of the Aſſemblies, ſince our laſt General Contribution.

Sir *John.* O my good Lord! if our Court abroad but knew what Obligations they have to your indefatigable Endeavours!

Doct. Alas! Sir, I can only boaſt an honeſt Heart, my Power is weak, I only can aſſiſt them with my Prayers and zealous Wiſhes; or if I had been ſerviceable, have not you, Sir, overpaid me?

me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a Reward no Merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good my Lord, this tender Gratitude confounds me——O this inſenſible Girl!——Pray excuſe me—— [*Weeps.*

Doct. You ſeem'd concern'd, pray what's amiſs?

Sir *John*. That I ſhould be the Father of ſo blind a Child; alas! ſhe ſlights the Bleſſing I propos'd, ſhe ſees you not, my Lord, with my fond Eyes; but lay not, I beſeech you, at my Door, the ungrateful Stubbornneſs of a thoughtleſs Girl.

Doct. Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we muſt allow her Female Modeſty a time, your ſtrict Commands perhaps too ſuddenly ſurpriz'd her; Maids muſt be ſlowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, preſume to adviſe——

Sir *John*. Any thing, your Will ſhall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the Matter reſt a while: Suppoſe I firſt ſhould beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her; Women will hear from their own Sex, what ſometimes, e'en from the Man they like, would ſtartle them: May I have your Permiſſion, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this Subject privately?

Sir *John*. O! by all means, and troth, it is an excellent Thought, I'll go this inſtant and prepare her to receive you, and will myſelf contrive your Opportunity.

Doct. You are too good to me, Sir——too bountiful.

Sir *John*. Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir *John*. No more, I beg you, good my Lord——your Servant. [*Exit.*

Doct. Ha! ha! What noble Harveſts have been reap'd from bigotted Credulity, nor ever was a better Inſtance of it. Would it not make one ſmile? that it ſhould ever enter the Brains of this Man (who can in other Points diſtinguiſh like a Man) that a Proteſtant Church can never be ſecure, till it has a Popiſh Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles.

So *Charles*, haſt thou finiſh'd thoſe Letters?

Charles.

Charles. I have brought them, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis very well, let them be ſeal'd without a Direction, and give them to *Aaron Sham* the Jew, when he calls for them ——O! and——here ſtep yourſelf this Afternoon to Mr. *Defeazance* of *Gray's-Inn*, and give him this Thirty Pound Bill from Sir *Harry Foxhound*, beg him to ſit up Night and Day till the Writings are finiſh'd; for his Trial certainly comes on this Week, he knows we can't always be ſure of a Jury, and a moment's Delay may make the Commiſſioners lay hold of his Eſtate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmoſt Care.

Doct. Well, *Charles.* [*Gravely ſmiling.*]

Charles. Sir *John* has told me of the new Duty I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take eſpecial heed that it be only private.

Charles. Your Lordſhip need not caution me——my Lord, I hear another Whiſper in the Family; I'm told you'll ſhortly be ally'd to it: Sir *John*, they ſay, has actually conſented: I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair *Maria* too as yielding.

Doct. Such a Propoſal has indeed been ſtarted, but it will end in nothing: *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wiſe Man happy; her Life's too vain, too ſenſual to elevate a Heart like mine: No, no, I have Views more ſerious.

Charles. O my fluttering Joy! [*Aſide.*

Doct. Marriage is a State too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir *John*'s Conſent, my Lord, her Fortune may be conſiderable.

Doct. Thou know'ſt, *Charles*, my Thoughts of Happineſs were never form'd on Fortune.

Charles. No! I find that by the Settlement. [*Aſide.*

Doct. Or if they were, they would be there impoſſible; *Maria*'s vain Diſtaſte of me, I know is as deeply rooted, as my Contempt of her: And canſt thou think I'd ſtain my Character to be a Wanton's Mockery, to follow through the Wilds of Folly ſhe would lead me, to cringe and doat upon a ſenſeleſs Toy, that every Feather in a Hat can purchaſe.

Charles. But mayn't Sir *John* take it ill, my Lord, to have her ſlighted?

Doct.

Doct. No, no; her ridiculous Averſion will ſecure me from his Reproaches.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Maſter deſires to ſpeak with you.

Doct. I'll wait on him——*Charles*, you'll take care of my Directions.

Charles. I'll be ſure, Sir. [*Exit Doctor.*

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this Bar, ſo unexpectedly remov'd, gives Vigour to my Heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of its Fortune——But I muſt loſe no time, the Writing may be every moment called for——this is her Chamber.

He knocks ſoftly——and Betty *enters to him.*

Is your Lady buſy?

Betty. I think ſhe's only a reading.

Charles. Will you do me the Favour to let her know, if ſhe is at leiſure, I beg to ſpeak with her upon ſome earneſt Buſineſs.

Maria *entring with a Book.*

Mar. Who's that?

Betty. She's here——Mr. *Charles*, Madam, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Mar. O! Your Servant, Mr. *Charles*——Here, take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me. [*Exit* Betty *with the Book.*] How could the blind Wretch make ſuch a horrid Fuſs about a fine Woman, for ſo many Volumes together, and give us no Account of her Amours? You have read him, I ſuppoſe, in the *Greek*, Mr. *Charles*.

Charles. Not lately, Madam.

Mar. But do you ſo violently admire him now?

Charles. The Criticks ſay he has his Beauties, Madam; but *Ovid* has been always my Favourite.

Mar. Ovid! O! he's raviſhing——

Charles. And ſo art thou to Madneſs. [*Aſide.*

Mar. Lord! how could one do to learn *Greek*, was you a great while about it?

Charles.

Charles. It has been half the Buſineſs of my Life, Madam.

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Miſtreſs of it in a Month or two.

Charles. Not eaſily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the ſofteſt Tone for Love of any Language in the World, I fancy I could ſoon learn it——I know two words of it already.

Charles. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay, let me ſee——O——ay——*Zoe, kai Pſyche.*

Charles. I hope you know the *Engliſh* of them, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in it; I am ſure I heard the Doctor ſay it to my Lady——Pray, what is it?

Charles. You muſt firſt imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Miſtreſs, and then indeed they have a Softneſs in them, as thus——*Zoe, kai Pſyche*! my Life! my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his Eyes ſpoke too! [*Aſide.*] What the duce can he want with me!——

Charles. I have ſtartled her, ſhe muſes. [*Aſide.*

Mar. It always ran in my Head this Fellow had ſomething in him above his Condition——I'll know preſently. [*Aſide.*] Well, but your Buſineſs with me, Mr. *Charles*; you have ſomething of Love in your Head now, I'll lay my Life on't.

Charles. I never yet durſt own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the Matter?

Charles. My Story is too melancholy to entertain a Mind ſo much at eaſe as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy Stories of all things.

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unleſs I give my Life into your power.

Mar. O Lud! you have not done any body a miſchief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private Injury; if I have done a publick Wrong, I'm ſure it might, in me, at leaſt, be called an honeſt Error.

Mar. Pray whom did you ſerve before you liv'd with the Doctor?

Charles.

Charles. I was not born to ſerve; and had not an unfortunate Education ruin'd me, might have now appear'd, like what I am by Birth, a Gentleman.

Mar. I am ſurpriz'd! Your Education, ſay you, ruin you? Lord! I am concern'd for you. Pray let me know your Story; and if any Services are in my power, I am ſure you may command them.

Charles. Such ſoft Compaſſion, from ſo fair a Boſom, o'erpays the worſt that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your Servant——but pray let's hear.

Charles. My Father's elder Brother, Madam, was a Gentleman of an antient Family in the *North*, who having then no Child himſelf, begg'd me, from my Nurſe's Arms, to be adopted as his own, with an Aſſurance too of making me his Heir; to which my Father (then, alas! in the Infancy of his Fortune) eaſily conſented. This Uncle being himſelf ſecretly diſaffected to the Government, gave me of courſe, in my Education, the ſame unhappy Prejudices, which ſince have ended in the Ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a Roman Catholick.

Charles. No, Madam; but I own in Principles of very little Difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor, he having been five Years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's Merit had rais'd his Fortune under the preſent Government; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in Principles againſt it, deſir'd me from my Uncle home again: But I, as I then thought myſelf bound in Gratitude, excus'd my going, in Terms of Duty to my Father; whom ſince, alas! I too juſtly have provok'd ever to hope a Reconciliation. I ſaw too late my Folly, and had no Defence againſt his Anger, but by artfully confirming him in a Belief, that I had periſh'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bleſs us! what do you mean? you were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't diſown the Guilt——but ſince the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none that frankly have confeſs'd with Penitence their Crime (which from my Heart I moſt ſincerely do) in that is all my Hope——My Youth and Education's all the Excuſe

I plead; if they deſerve no Pity, I am determin'd to throw off my Diſguiſe, and bow me to the Hand of Juſtice.

Mar. Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it. [*With Concern.*

Charles. But then unknown, and friendleſs as I am; to whom, alas! can I apply for Succour? [*Weeps.*

Mar. O Lord! I'll ſerve you, depend upon it: My Brother ſhall have no Reſt till he gets your Pardon.

Charles. Your kind Compaſſion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durſt, I ſhould have mention'd: I hope too I ſhall perſonally deſerve his Favour; if not, your generous Inclination to have ſav'd me, even in my laſt Deſpair of Life, will give my Heart a Joy.

Mar. Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me too; what ſhall I do with him? But, Mr. *Charles*, pray once more to your Story——What was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. This Doctor, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's, was then my Uncle's Boſom-Counſellor: 'Twas his inſidious Tongue that painted it to us as an incumbent Duty, on which the Welfare of our Souls depended; he warm'd us too into ſuch a weak Belief of vile Reports, as Infamy ſhould bluſh to mention. ——We were aſſur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in ſacrilegious Ruins; which ſince, I found, maliciouſly was meant, even of thoſe that are magnificently riſing from their new Foundations!

Mar. But, pray——while you were in Arms, how did the Doctor diſpoſe of himſelf?

Charles. He!——went with us, Madam, none ſo active in the Front of Reſolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever ſeiz'd him, which on the firſt Alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Preſton*, gave him a cold Pretence to leave the Town; in the Defence of which my Uncle loſt his Life, and I my only Friend, with all my long-fed Hopes of Fortune.

Mar. Poor Wretch! but how came you to avoid being Priſoner?

Charles. Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townſman to employ me, as his Servant, in a backward Working houſe;

houſe; where, from my Youth, and Change of Habit, I paſs'd, without Suſpicion, till the whole Affair was over——But then, alas! whither to turn I knew not: My Life grew now no more my Care——Periſh, I ſaw, I muſt; whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only Choice.

Mar. O Lord! tell me quickly how you came hither.

Charles. In this Deſpair I wander'd up to *London*, where I ſcarce knew one Mortal, but ſome few Friends in Priſon. What could I do? I ventur'd even thither for my Safety; where 'twas my Fortune firſt to ſee your Father, Madam, diſtributing Relief to ſeveral: He knew my Uncle well; and being inform'd of my Condition, he charitably took me Home; and here has ever ſince concealed me as a menial Servant to the Doctor. The Deteſtation of whoſe vile, diſhoneſt Practices, at laſt have wak'd me to a Senſe of all my blinded Errors; of which this Writing is his leaſt of ſordid Inſtances. [*Gives it to* Maria.

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the Purpoſes of it? 'Tis neither ſign'd nor ſeal'd.

Charles. No, Madam; therefore to prevent it, by this timely Notice, was my Buſineſs here with you: Your Father gave it the Doctor firſt to ſhew his Counſel, who having ſince approv'd it, I underſtand this Evening 'twill be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Dr. *Wolf* in preſent Four Hundred Pounds *per annum*, of which this very Houſe is part; and at your Father's Death inveſts him in the whole Remainder of his Free Eſtate. For you indeed there is a Charge of Four Thouſand Pound upon it, provided you marry only with the Doctor's Conſent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam, is, without Conditions, utterly diſinherited.

Mar. I am confounded——what will become of us? my Father now, I find, was ſerious——O this inſinuating Hypocrite! ——let me ſee——ay——I will go this Minute——Sir, dare you truſt this in my hands for an Hour only?

Charles. Any thing to ſerve you——my Life's already in your hands.

Mar. And I dare ſecure it with my own——Hark! they ring to Dinner; pray, Sir, ſtep in, ſay I am oblig'd to dine Abroad, and whiſper one of the Footmen to get a Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper Occaſion to ſlip out after me to Mr. *Double*'s Chambers in the *Temple*, there I ſhall have time to talk farther with you. You'll excuſe my Hurry——Here, *Betty*, my Scarf and a Mask. [*Exit* Maria.

Charles. What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will ſhe talk of? O my Heart! methought ſhe look'd at parting too, as kindly conſcious of ſome Obligation to me: And then how ſoft, how amiably tender was her Pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave; keep down, my vain aſpiring Thoughts, and to my loſt Condition level all my Hopes.

Rather content with Pity let me live,
Than hope for more than ſhe reſolves to give. [Exit.

ACT III.

Maria, *and* Betty *taking off her Scarf*, &c.

Mar. HAS any one been to ſpeak with me, *Betty*?

Betty. Only Mr. *Heartley*, Madam; he ſaid he would call again, and bid his Servant ſtay below to give him Notice when you came Home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, Madam, he ſeem'd very uneaſy at your being Abroad.

Mar. Well——go and lay up thoſe Things——[*Exit* Betty. Ten to One, but his wiſe Head now has found out ſomething to be jealous of; if he lets me ſee it, I ſhall be ſure to make him infinitely eaſy——Here he comes.

Enter

Enter Heartly

Heart. Your humble Servant, Madam. } *Gravely.*
Mar. Your Servant, Sir.

Heart. You have been abroad, I hear.

Mar. Yes; and now I am come home, you ſee.

Heart. You ſeem to turn upon my Words, Madam; Is there any thing particular in them?

Mar. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Heart. Might not I ſay you had been abroad, without giving offence?

Mar. And might not I as well ſay, I was come home, without your being ſo grave upon't?

Heart. Do you know any thing ſhould make me grave?

Mar. I know, if you are ſo, I am the worſt Perſon in the World you could poſſibly ſhew it to.

Heart. Nay, I don't ſuppoſe you do any thing you won't juſtify.

Mar. O! then I find I have done ſomething you think I can't juſtify.

Heart. I don't ſay that neither; perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have ſaid: but I have been ſo often us'd to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am reſolv'd henceforth never to relie on the inſolent Evidence of my own Senſes.

Mar. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty ſmart Speech of yours is very dull; but ſince that's a Fault you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come now, be as ſincere on your ſide, and tell me ſeriouſly——Is not what real Buſineſs I had abroad, the very thing you want to be made eaſy in?

Heart. If I thought you would make me eaſy, I would own it.

Mar. Now we come to the Point——To-morrow Morning then, I give you my Word to let you know it all; till when there is a Neceſſity for its being a Secret, and I inſiſt upon your believing it.

Heart. But pray, Madam, what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean time? that is not in my power to confine: And ſure you won't be offended, if to avoid the Tortures that may give me, I beg you'll truſt me with the Secret now.

Mr.

Mar. Don't preſs me; for poſitively I will not.

Heart. Cannot, had been a kinder Term——Is my Diſquiet of ſo little moment to you?

Mar. Of none, while your Diſquiet dares not truſt the Aſſurances I have given you: if you expect I ſhould confide in you for Life, don't let me ſee you dare not take my Word for a Day; and if you are wiſe, you'll think ſo fair a Tryal of your Faith a Favour.

Heart. If you intend it ſuch, it is a Favour; if not, 'tis ſomething——ſo——come let's wave the Subject.

Mar. With all my Heart. Have you ſeen my Brother lately?

Heart. Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it ſeems the Doctor is the Man your Father has reſolv'd upon.

Mar. 'Tis ſo; nay, and what will more ſurprize you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no Fortune.

Heart. And may I, without Offence, beg leave to know what Reſolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do: what would you adviſe me to?

Heart. I adviſe you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Queſtion.

Mar. He ſays he'll ſettle all his Eſtate upon him too.

Heart. O take it, take it, to be ſure; it's the fitteſt Match in the World; you can't do a wiſer thing certainly.

Mar. 'Twill be as wiſe at leaſt, as the Ways you take to prevent it.

Heart. I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I ſuppoſe I am to be eaſy at that too.

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I ſhall not care whether you are eaſy or no.

Heart. If your Indifference to me were a Proof of your Inclination to him, the Gentleman need not deſpair.

Mar. Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your Advice, I promiſe you.

Heart. O! that won't coſt you much Trouble, I dare ſay, Madam.

Mar. About as much, I ſuppoſe, as it coſt you to give it me.

Heart.

Heart. Upon my Word, Madam, I give it purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your Civility, the leaſt I can do is to take it.

Heart. Is't poſſible? How can you torture me with this Indifference?

Mar. Why do you inſult me with ſuch a bare-fac'd Jealouſy?

Heart. Is it a Crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declar'd againſt me, in favour of my Rival? How is it poſſible, at ſuch a time, not to have a thouſand Fears? What though they all are falſe and groundleſs, are they not ſtill the Effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be ſatisfied? I have an open, artleſs Heart, that cannot bear Diſguiſes, but when 'tis griev'd, in ſpite of me, 'twill ſhew it——— Pray pardon me———But when I am told you went out in the utmoſt hurry with ſome Writings to a Lawyer, and took the Doctor's own Servant with you, even in the very Hour your Father had propos'd him, as your Husband———Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I, muſt I ſuppoſe my Senſes fail me? If I have Eyes, have Ears, and have a Heart, muſt it be ſtill a Crime to think I ſee and hear—Yet, by my Torments, feel I love.

Mar. [*Aſide.*] Well, I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to ſhew him ſome Concern———But then this Jealouſy——I muſt, and will get the better of.

Heart. Speak, *Maria*, is ſtill my Jealouſy a Crime?

Mar. If you ſtill inſiſt on it as a Proof of Love, then I muſt tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind, that only ſlighted Hearts are pleas'd with; when I am ſo reduc'd, then perhaps I may bear it——— The Fact you charge me with, I grant is true, I have been abroad, as you ſay: But ſtill let Appearances look ne'er ſo pointing, while there is a Poſſibility in Nature, that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a Look, that tells me to my Face, you dare ſuſpect me: If you have Doubts, why don't you ſatisfy them before you ſee me? Can you ſuppoſe, that I am to ſtand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How deſpicable a Figure muſt a Woman make, to bear but ſuch a Moment? Come, come, there's nothing ſhews ſo low a Mind, as theſe grave and inſolent Jealouſies. The Man that's capable of ever ſeeing a Woman,

after

after he believes her falſe, is capable, on her Submiſſion, and a little Flattery, were ſhe really falſe, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Heart. You won't find me, Madam, of ſo low a Spirit; but ſince I ſee your Tyranny ariſes from your mean Opinion of me, 'tis Time to be myſelf, and diſavow your Power, you uſe it now beyond my bearing; not only impoſe on me to disbelieve my Senſes, but do it with ſuch an imperious Air, as if my honeſt manly Reaſon were your Slave; and this poor groveling Frame, that follows you, durſt ſhew no Signs of Life, but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right——go on——ſuſpect me ſtill, believe the worſt you can——'tis all true——I don't juſtify myſelf——Why do you trouble me with your Complaints? If you are Maſter of that manly Reaſon you have boaſted, give me a manly Proof of it, at once reſume your Liberty, deſpiſe me, go, go off in Triumph now, and let me ſee you ſcorn the Woman, whoſe vile o'erbearing Falſhood would inſult your Senſes.

Heart. O Heaven! is this the End of all? Are then thoſe tender Proteſtations you have made me (for ſuch I thought them) when with the ſofteſt kind Reluctance your riſing Bluſhes gave me ſomething more than Hope——What all——O *Maria!* All but come to this?

Mar. [*Aſide.*] O Lud! I am growing ſilly, if I hear on, I ſhall tell him every thing; 'tis but another Struggle, and I ſhall conquer it——So——you are not gone, I ſee.

Heart. Do you then wiſh me gone, Madam?

Mar. Your manly Reaſon will direct you.

Heart. This is too much——my Heart can bear no more. O!——What? Am I rooted here! 'Tis but a Pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter Charles, *with two Writings.*

Mar. At laſt I am relieved! Well, Mr. *Charles*, is it done?

Charles. I did not ſtir from his Desk, Madam, till it was entirely finiſhed.

Mar. Where is the Original?

Charles. This is it, Madam.

Mar.

Mar. Very well; that, you know, you muſt keep: but come, we muſt looſe no time, we will examine this in the next Room. Now I feel for him. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Maria, *with* Charles.

Heart. O Rage! Rage! this is not to be borne——She's gone, ſhe's loſt, ſordidly has ſold herſelf to Fortune, and I muſt now forget her——Hold, if poſſible, let me cool a Moment——Intereſt! No, that could not tempt her——She knows I'm Maſter of a larger Fortune, than there her utmoſt Hopes can give her, that on her own Conditions ſhe may be mine——But what's this ſecret Treaty then within? what's doing there? who can reſolve that Riddle——And yet perhaps, like other Riddles, when 'tis explain'd, nothing may ſeem ſo eaſy. But why again, might ſhe not truſt me too with the Secret! That! that entangles all afreſh, and ſets me on the Rack of Jealouſy.

Enter Colonel.

Col. How now, *Frank!* what in a Rapture?

Heart. Prithee pardon me; I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What is *Maria* in her Airs again?

Heart. I know not what ſhe is.

Col. Do you know where ſhe is?

Heart. Retir'd this Moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

Col. Why, thou art not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

Heart. Perhaps ſhe'll be leſs reſerv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have miſtaken her.

Col. Poor *Frank!* thou art a perfect Sir *Martin* in thy Amour; every Plot I lay upon my Siſter's Inclination for thee, thou art ſure to ruin by thy own unfortunate Conduct.

Heart. I own I have too little Temper, and too much real Paſſion for a modiſh Lover.

Col. Come, come, prithee be eaſy once more; I'll undertake for you, if you'll fetch a cool Turn in the *Park* upon *Conſtitution-Hill*, in leſs than half an Hour I'll come to you.

Heart. Dear *Tom*, thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a thouſand things——But you ſhall find me there. [*Exit* Heartley.

Col. Poor *Frank!* now has he been taking ſome honeſt Pains to make himſelf miſerable.

Enter Maria *and* Charles.

How now, Sifter; What have you done to *Heartley?* The poor Fellow looks as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

Mar. Pſha! you know him well enough: I have only been ſetting him a Love-Leſſon; it a little puzzles him to get through it at firſt, but he'll know it all by to-morrow: You will be ſure to be in the way, Mr. *Charles?*

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me, I have my full Inſtructions. [*Exit* Charles.

Col. O ho! there's the Buſineſs then; and it ſeems *Heartley* was not to be truſted with it; ha! ha! And prithee what is this mighty Secret, that's tranſacting between *Charles* and you?

Mar. That's what he would have known indeed; but you muſt know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your ſly manner of asking.

Col. O! pray take your own time, Dear Madam, I am not in haſte to know, I can aſſure you; I came about another Affair, our Deſign upon the Doctor: Now while my Father takes his Nap after Dinner, would be the propereſt time to put it in execution; prithee go to my Lady, and perſuade her to it this Moment.

Mar. Why won't you go with me?

Col. No, I'll place myſelf unknown to her in this Paſſage; for ſhould I tell her I deſign to over-hear him, ſhe might be ſcrupulous.

Mar. That's true——But hold, on ſecond thoughts, you ſhall know part of this Affair between *Charles* and me; nay, I give you leave to tell it *Heartley* too, on ſome Conditions: 'tis true, I did deſign to have ſurpriz'd you; but now——my Mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any Mortal's Satisfaction——But here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your Poſt——but let me ſee you when this Affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you. [*Exit Col.*

Enter

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyſhip conſider'd my Brother's Propoſal about the Doctor?

Lady W. I have, Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a Moment: I have juſt ſent to ſpeak with him here—— Sir *John* too preſſes me to give him a Hearing on your account; but muſt I play a treacherous Part now? and inſtead of perſuading you to the Doctor, even perſuade the Doctor againſt you?

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be ſo nice; if Wives were never to diſſemble, what would become of many a wilful Husbands Happineſs?

Lady W. Nay, that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the World now, methinks, to ſee this ſolemn Interview; ſure there can't be a more ridiculous Image, than unlawful Love, peeping his ſly Head out from under the Cloak of Sanctity. O! that I were in your Ladyſhip's Place, I would lead that dancing Blood of his ſuch a profane Courant——Your wiſe Fellows make the rareſt Fools too: but your Ladyſhip will make a Rogue of him; and that will do our Buſineſs at preſent.

Lady W. If he makes himſelf one, 'tis his own Fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one Moment's Truce with the Prude, I beg you; don't ſtart at his firſt Declaration, but let him go on, till he ſhews the very bottom of his ugly Heart.

Lady W. I'll warrant you I'll give a good Account of him—— Here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you'll give me leave to be Commode, and ſteal off.

Lady W. Very well, [*Exit* Maria, *and enter Doctor.*

Doct. I am told, Madam, you deſign me the Happineſs of your Commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any ſort.

Lady W. Pleaſe to ſit, Sir.

Doct. Did not Sir *John* inform you too, that I had deſir'd a private Conference with your Ladyſhip?

Lady W. He did, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his Permiſſion we are thus happily alone.

Lady W. True; and 'tis on that account I wanted to adviſe with you.

Doct. Well, but dear Lady, ah! [*Sighing*] you can't conceive the Joyouſneſs I feel in this ſo unexpected Interview; ah! ah! I have a thouſand friendly things to ſay to you——Ah! ah! And how ſtands your precious Health? Is your naughty Cold abated yet? I have ſcarce cloſed my Eyes theſe two Nights, with my Concern for you, and every watchful Interval has ſent a thouſand Sighs and Prayers to Heaven for your Recovery.

Lady W. Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

Doct. Ah! don't ſay ſo, don't ſay ſo——you merit more than Mortal Man can do for you.

Lady W. Indeed you over-rate me.

Doct. I ſpeak it from my Soul, indeed! indeed! indeed! I do.

[*Preſſes her Hand.*

Lady W. O dear, you hurt my Hand, Sir.

Doct. Impute it to my Zeal, and want of Words to expreſs my Heart: ah! I would not harm you for the World; no, bright Creature, 'tis the whole Buſineſs of my Soul to—

Lady W. But to our Affair, Sir,

Doct. Ah! thou Heavenly Woman!

[*Laying his Hand on her Knee.*

Lady W. Your Hand need not be there, Sir.

Doct. Ah! I was admiring the Softneſs of this Silk, Madam.

Lady W. Ay, but I am tickliſh.

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious Perfection in this Manufacture——How wonderful is human Art!—Here it diſputes the Prize with Nature——That all this ſoft and gaudy Luſtre ſhould be wrought from the poor Labours of a Worm!

[*Stroking it.*

Lady W. But our Buſineſs, Sir, is upon another Subject: Sir *John* informs me, that he thinks himſelf under no Obligation to Mr. *Heartley*, and therefore reſolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be ſincere, and let me know what your real Intentions are.

Doct. Is it poſſible? Can you, divine Perfection, be ſtill a Stranger to my real Thoughts? Has no one Action of my Life inform'd you better? Since I muſt plainly ſpeak them then, *Maria's*

but

but a Feint, a Blind to skreen my real Thoughts from ſhrewd Suſpicion's Eye, and ſhield your ſpotleſs Fame from worldly Cenſure. Could you then think, 'twas for *Maria*'s ſake, your Balls, Aſſemblies, and your toilet Viſits have been reſtrain'd? Would I have urg'd Sir *John* to make that Fence to incloſe a Butterfly? No, ſoft and ſerious Excellence, your Virtues only were the Object of my Care: I could not bear to ſee the Gay, the Young, and the Inconſtant, daily basking in your diffuſive Beams of Beauty, without a ſecret Grudge, I might ſay Envy, even of ſuch Inſects Happineſs.

Lady W. Well, Sir, I take all this, as I ſuppoſe you intended it, for my Good, my Spiritual Welfare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you ſerious, cordial Service.

Lady W. I dare ſay you did; you are above the low and momentary Views of this World.

Doct. Ah! I ſhould be ſo——And yet, alas! I find this mortal Cloathing of my Soul is made like others Mens, of ſenſual Fleſh and Blood, and has its Frailties.

Lady W. We all have thoſe, but yours I know are well corrected by your divine and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our Knowledge of eternal Beauties do not reſtrain us wholly from the Love of all that's Mortal——Beauty here, 'tis true, muſt die; but while it lives, 'twas given us to admire, to wake the ſluggiſh Heart, and charm the ſenſible: At the firſt Sight of you I felt unuſual Tranſports in my Soul, and trembled at the Guilt that might enſue; but on Reflection, found my Flame receiv'd a Sanction from your Goodneſs, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue: on this I chaced my ſlandrous Fears, let in the harmleſs Paſſion at my Eyes, and gave up all my Heart to Love.

Col. [*Behind.*] Indeed! ſo warm, Sir *Roger*; but I ſhall cool your Paſſion with a witneſs. [*Exit.*

Lady W. Theſe gay Profeſſions, Sir, ſhew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a Mind ſo fortify'd as your's, could have been open to ſuch vain Temptations.

Doct. What Boſom can be Proof 'gainſt ſuch Artillery of Love? I may reſiſt, call all my Prayers, my Faſtings, Tears, and Penance to my Aid; but yet, alas! theſe have not made an Angel of me:

I am ſtill but Man, Virtue may ſtrive, but Nature will be uppermoſt: Permit me then, on this fair Shrine, to pay my Vows, and offer up a Heart——

Lady W. Hold, Sir, you've ſaid enough to put you in my Power; ſuppoſe I now ſhould let my Husband, Sir, your Benefactor, know the Favour you deſign'd him. [*She riſes.*

Doct. You cannot be ſo cruel.

Lady W. Nor will, on one Condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That inſtantly you renounce all Claim and Title to *Maria*, and uſe your utmoſt Intereſt with Sir *John* to give her, with her full Fortune, to Mr. *Heartley*; if you are wiſe, conſider on't. [*Sir* John *and the Colonel behind; the Doctor, turning accidentally, ſees them.*

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been ſome Treachery; what's to be done? [*Aſide.*

Col. Now, Sir, let your Eyes convince you.

Sir *John.* They do, that yours, Sir, have deceiv'd you; all this I knew of. } *Apart.*

Col. How, Sir?

Sir *John.* Obſerve, and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it. [*Muſing.*

Lady W. [*To the Doctor.*] Methinks this Buſineſs needs not, Sir, ſo long a Pauſe.

Doct. Madam, I cannot eaſily give up ſuch honeſt Hopes.

Lady W. Honeſt!

Doct. Perhaps my Years are thought unequal to my Flame; but, Lady, thoſe were found no ſtrong Objection 'twixt Sir *John* and you: And can you blame me then for following ſo ſure a Guide in the ſame youthful Path to Happineſs.

Lady W. Is this your Reſolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?

Sir *John.* Yes, Sir, to confound your Slander. } *Apart.*

Col. Monſtrous!

Doct. Can you ſuppoſe my Heart leſs capable of Love than his? Is it for me to puſh the Bleſſing from me too? For though my Flame has been of long Duration, my conſcious Want of Merit

Merit kept it ſtill conceal'd, till his Good-Nature brought it to this bleſt Occaſion; and can you then, ſo authoriz'd, refuſe your friendly Pity to my Sufferings? One Word from you compleats my Joy; in you, Madam, is my only Hope, my Fear, my Eaſe, my Pain, my Torment, or my Happineſs: *Maria!* O *Maria!*

Col. Confuſion!

Sir *John.* [*Coming forward with the Colonel.*] Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous Malice yet confounded? Did not I tell you too, he only made an Intereſt here to gain your Siſter?

Col. His Devil has out-reach'd me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Is this your rank Detection of his Treachery?

Doct. Sir *John*, I did not ſee you, Sir; I doubt you are come too ſoon, I have not yet prevail'd with her. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir *John.* Ah! good Man, be not concern'd; your Trouble ſhall be ſhorter for't; I'll force her to Compliance.

Lady W. What have you done——your Impatience has ruin'd all. } *Apart.*

Col. I ſee it now too late. }

Sir *John.* Now, Sir, will your baſe Prejudice of Party never be at reſt? Am I to be ſtill thought partial, blind, and obſtinate, to favour ſo much injur'd Virtue; if thou art a Man not loſt to Conſcience, or to Honour, then, like a Man, repair this Wrong, confeſs the Rancour of thy vile Suſpicion, and throw thee at his Feet for Pardon.

Doct. What mean you, Sir?

Lady W. [*Aſide.*] While he is in this Temper, he will not eaſily be undeceiv'd——I've yet an After-game to play, till when, 'tis beſt to leave him in his Error. [*Exit Lady* Woodvil.

Sir *John.* What! mute! defenceleſs! hardned in thy Malice?

Col. I ſcorn the Imputation, Sir, and with the ſame repeated Honeſty avow (howe'er his Cunning may have chang'd Appearances) that you are ſtill deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true; theſe Eyes, theſe Ears were Witneſſes of his audacious Love, without the mention of my Siſter's Name, directly, plainly, groſſly tending to abuſe the Honour of your Bed.

Sir

Sir *John.* Audacious Monſter! were not your own Senſes Evidence againſt your frontleſs Accuſation? I ſee your Aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent againſt him, and think to weary me, by groundleſs Clamours, to diſcard him, but all ſhall not do, your Malice on your own vile Heads; to me, it but the more endears him: either ſubmit, and ask his Pardon for this Wrong—

Doct. Good Sir!

Sir *John.* Or this Inſtant leave my Sight, my Houſe, my Family for ever.

Doct. What means this Raſhneſs, Sir? on my Account it muſt not be, what would the World report of it? I grant it poſſible he loves me not, but you muſt grant it too as poſſible he might miſtake me! it muſt be ſo——He is too much your Son to do his Enemy a wilful Injury: If he, I ſay, ſuppos'd my Converſe with your Lady criminal, to accuſe me then was but the Error of his Virtue, not his Baſeneſs, you ought to love him, thank him for ſuch watchful Care: Was it for him to ſee, as he believ'd, your Honour in ſo foul a danger, and ſtand concernleſs by? The Law of Heaven, of Nature, and of Filial Duty, all oblig'd him to alarm your Vengeance, and detect the Villany.

Sir *John.* O Miracle of Charity.

Doct. Come, come, ſuch Breaches muſt not be, betwixt ſo good a Son and Father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cheriſh him, and let me bleſs the Hour I was the Occaſion of ſo ſweet a Reconcilement.

Sir *John.* I cannot bear ſuch Goodneſs! O ſink me not into the Earth with Shame——Hear this, Perverſe and Reprobate! O! couldſt thou wrong ſuch more than mortal Virtue!

Col. Wrong him! the hardned Impudence of this painted Charity——

Sir *John.* Peace, Monſter——

Col. Is of a blacker, deeper Dye, than the great Devil himſelf in all his Triumphs over Innocence ever wore.

Sir *John.* O graceleſs Infidel!

Col. No, Sir, though I would hazard Life to ſave you from the Ruin he miſleads you to, could die to reconcile my Duty to your Favour; yet, on the Terms that Villain offers, 'tis Merit to refuſe

fuſe it: I glory in the Diſgrace your Errors give me——But, Sir, I'll trouble you no more: To-day is his——to-morrow may be mine. [*Exit Col.*

Doct. I did not think he had had ſo hard a Nature.

Sir *John.* O, my good Lord, your charitable Heart diſcovers not the Rancour that's in his: but what better can be hoped for, from a Wretch ſo ſwell'd with Spleen, and Rage of Party?

Doct. No, no, Sir, I am the Thorn that galls him; 'tis me, 'tis me he hates; he thinks I ſtand before him in your Favour: and 'tis not fit indeed I ſhould do ſo; for fallen as he is, he's ſtill your Son, and I, alas! an Alien, an Intruder here, and ought in Conſcience to retire, and heal theſe hapleſs Breaches in your Family?

Sir *John.* What means your Lordſhip?

Doct. But I'll remove this Eye-ſore——Here, *Charles*——

[*Enter* Charles.

Sir *John.* For Goodneſs ſake!

Doct. Bring me that Writing I gave you to lay up this Morning.

Charles. Now Fortune favour us. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Charles.

Sir *John.* Make haſte, good *Charles*, it ſhall be ſign'd this Moment.

Doct. Not for the World: 'twas not to that end I ſent for it, but to refuſe your kind Intentions; for with your Childrens Curſes, Sir, I dare not, muſt not take it.

Sir *John.* Nay, good my Lord, you carry it now too far: my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obſtinate, may ſtill be happy; and for my wicked Son, ſhall he then heir my Lands, to propagate more miſerable Schiſmaticks? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in time he may reflect upon his Father's Juſtice, be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal Errors.

Re-enter Charles, *with a Writing.*

Doct. That would be indeed a Bleſſing.

Sir *John.* If Heaven ſhould at laſt reclaim him, the Power to right him ſtill is your's; in you, I know, he yet would find a fond, forgiving Father.

Doct. The Imagination of ſo bleſt an Hour ſoftens me to a Tenderneſs I can't ſupport.

Sir *John.* O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this Truſt? For, call it what you will, with me it ſhall never be more than ſuch.

Sir *John.* Let that depend upon the Conduct of my Son.

Doct. Well, Sir, ſince yet it may prevent his Ruin, I conſent.

So ſweet a Hope muſt all my Fears controul,
I take the Truſt, as Guardian to his Soul. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Maria *and* Charles.

Mar. YOU were a Witneſs, then?

Charles. I ſaw it ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

Mar. And all paſs'd without the leaſt Suſpicion?

Charles. Sir *John* ſign'd it with ſuch Earneſtneſs, and the Doctor receiv'd it with ſuch a ſeeming Reluctance, that neither had the Curioſity to examine a Line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. *Charles*, whether it ſucceeds to our Ends, or not, we have ſtill the ſame Obligations to you: You ſaw with what a Friendly Warmth my Brother heard your Story; and I don't in the leaſt doubt his Succeſs in your Affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my Duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without Offence, to ask you one innocent Queſtion.

Mar. Freely, Sir.

Charles. Have you never ſuſpected then, that in all this Affair, I have had ſome ſecret, ſtronger Motive to it, than barely Duty?

Mar. Yes——But have you been in no Apprehenſions I ſhould diſcover that Motive? [*Gravely.*

Charles.

Charles. Pray pardon me, I ſee already I have gone too far.

Mar. Not at all, it loſes you no Merit with me, nor is it in my Nature to uſe any one ill, that loves me, unleſs I lov'd that one again; then indeed there might be Danger——Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another ſhall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their Merit; I ſhall therefore always think myſelf oblig'd to treat your Misfortunes and your Modeſty with the utmoſt Tenderneſs.

Charles. By the dear ſoft Eaſe you have given my Heart, I never hoped for more.

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more; and to ſhew my particular good Opinion of you, I'll do you a Favour, Mr. *Charles*, I never did any Man ſince I was born—I'll be ſincere with you.

Charles. Is it then poſſible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were ſincere?

Mar. Alas! you are but a Novice in the Paſſion——Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often ſurfeits what it ought to nouriſh; therefore I take more pains to make the Man I love believe I ſlight him, than (if poſſible) I would to convince you of my Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Charles. Be but ſincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a Proof of it; I'll ſhew you all the Good-nature you can deſire; you ſhall make what Love to me you pleaſe now; but then I'll tell you the Conſequence: I ſhall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a Miſchief. Now do you think me ſincere?

Charles. I ſcarce conſider that; but I'm ſure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why look you there now! Do you conſider that a Woman had as live be thought agreeable as handſome? And how can you ſuppoſe, from one of your Senſe, that I am not pleas'd with being told ſo?

Charles. Was ever Temper ſo enchanting?

Mar. Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you. [*Smiling.*

Charles. Diſtracting! ſure never was Deſpair adminiſtred with a Hand ſo gentle.

Mar. So! Now you have convinc'd me, I have a good Underſtanding too?——Why I ſhall certainly have the better Opinion of your's, for finding it out now.

Charles. Your good Opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay; but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me ſtill; and then I muſt think the better of you again; and then you the better of me upon that too: and ſo at laſt I ſhall think ſeriouſly, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. *Charles*, your good Senſe will prevent all this.

Charles. I ſee my Folly now, and bluſh at my Preſumption: but yet to cure my weaning Heart, and reconcile me to my Doom, be yet ſincere, and ſatisfy one fickly Longing of my Soul.

Mar. To my power, command me.

Charles. O! tell me then the Requiſites I want, and what's the ſecret Charm that has preferr'd my Rival to your Heart.

Mar. Come then, be chearful, and I'll anſwer like a Friend: The Gentleneſs and Modeſty of your Temper would make with mine but an unequal Mixture: with you I ſhould be ungovernable, not know myſelf; your Compliance would undo me: I am by nature vain, thoughtleſs, wild, and wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward Airs I give myſelf, I am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong Figure in Happineſs, that does not think Superiority beſt becomes her Husband——But what's yet more, though I confeſs you have Qualities uncommon in your Sex, and ſuch as ought to warm a Heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compaſſion's all within my power: and I know you cannot but have ſeen, I am under Obligations I need not explain to you.

Charles. I am ſatisfied——You treat me with ſo kind and gentle a Concern, that I muſt ſubmit to it.

Mar. [*Apart*] Well, when all's done, he's a pretty Fellow; and the firſt ſure that ever heard Reaſon againſt himſelf with ſo good an Underſtanding.

Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.

Serv. Sir, the *Colonel* order'd me to give this into your own Hands.

Mar.

Mar. From my Brother——Where is he?

Serv. I left him, Madam, at the *Secretary's-Office*, with one Sir *Charles Trueman* and Mr. *Heartley*. [*Exit Serv.*

Charles. Ha! my Father! O Heaven! 'tis his Hand too! Now I tremble.

Mar. Come, Sir, take heart; I dare ſay there's good news in't, and I ſhould be glad to hear it——But no Ceremony; pray read to yourſelf firſt.

Charles. Since you command me, Madam. [*Reads to himſelf.*

Mar. [*Apart*] Lord, how one may live and learn! I could not have believ'd, that Modeſty in a young Fellow could have been ſo amiable a Virtue: And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear Delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon ſerious Reflection, we muſt confeſs, that Truth and Sincerity have a thouſand Charms beyond it. And I now find more Pleaſure in my ſelf-denying Endeavours to make this poor Creature eaſy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Aſſurance of a Man of Quality——I believe I had as good confeſs all this to *Heartley*, and even make up the Buſtle with him too---- But then he will ſo teaze one for Inſtances of real Inclination---- O Ged——I can't bear the Thought on't——And yet we muſt come together too——Well! Nature knows the way to be ſure, and ſo I'll even truſt to her for't—Bleſs me! what's the matter? You ſeem concern'd, Sir. [*To* Charles, *wiping his Tears.*

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy: O, Madam! my Father's reconcil'd to me: this Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. [*Reading.*]

Dear *Charles*,

This Day, by Colonel Woodvil, *I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive and well, though that's but half my Comfort: He has aſſured me too, you have renounc'd thoſe Principles that made me think your Death my Happineſs. The Services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your juſt Detection of a Traytor that would ruin both, have been ſo well receiv'd at Court, and ſo generouſly repreſented there by the* Colonel *and Mr.* Heartley, *that they have obtain'd an Order for your Pardon;*

don; which I now ſtay the paſſing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that I may leave no Doubt or Fear behind, to interrupt the Fulneſs of my Joy. I am inform'd, that in revealing yourſelf to a certain fair Lady, you have let fall ſome Words, that ſhew you have an innocent, tho hopeleſs Paſſion for her. Your Youth excuſes what is paſt; but now conſider how far you owe your Life to Mr. Heartley: *I therefore charge you, on my Bleſſing, to give up every idle Thought of Love, that may interrupt his Happineſs, or abate the Merit of what you've done to deſerve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your Affectionate forgiving Father,* Charles Trueman.

Mar. I am overjoy'd at your good Fortune.

Charles. You, Madam, are the Source of all——but I am now unfit to thank you. [*Weeps.*

Mar. You owe me nothing, Sir; Succeſs was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuſe me——It would be Rudeneſs to trouble you with the tender Thoughts this muſt give a Heart oblig'd like mine. [*Exit* Charles.

Mar. Poor Creature! how full his honeſt Heart is? What early Viciſſitudes of Fortune has he run through? Well! this was handſomly done of *Heartley*, conſidering what he had felt upon his Account, to be ſo concern'd for his Pardon.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Dear *Maria*, what will become of us? The Tyranny of this ſubtle Prieſt is inſupportable: He has ſo fortified himſelf in Sir *John*'s Opinion by this laſt Miſconduct of your Brother, that I begin to loſe my uſual Power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady W. In ſpight of all I could urge, he is this minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addreſſes to you.

Mar. I am glad on't: for the Beaſt muſt come like a Bear to the Stake, I'm ſure; he knows I ſhall bait him.

Lady W. No, no, he preſſes it, to keep Sir *John* ſtill blind to his wicked Deſign upon me——Therefore I came to give you notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

Mar. I am oblig'd to your Ladyſhip: Our Meeting will be a tender Scene, no doubt on't.

Lady

Lady W. You have heard, I ſuppoſe, what an extravagant Settlement your Father has ſign'd to.

Mar. Yes, Madam; but I am glad your Ladyſhip's like to be a Gainer by it, however: For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's Conſent, depend upon't.

Lady W. No, Child, I did not come into Sir *John*'s Family with a deſign to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy: Whenever that Four Thouſand Pound falls into my hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious Condition.

Mar. Madam, I think myſelf as much oblig'd by this kind Intention, as the Performance: But if your Ladyſhip could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without hopes the Publick will ſoon have enough againſt him, to give a Turn to the Settlement.

Lady W. But ſuppoſe that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

Mar. But, dear Madam, I cannot ſuppoſe this Fellow muſt not be hang'd at laſt; and then, you know, the ſame honeſt Hand that ties him up, releaſes the Settlement.

Lady W. Not abſolutely, neither; for this very Houſe is given him in preſent, which, tho that were to be the End of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my Brother muſt e'en petition the Government. There have been Precedents of the ſame Favour, Madam. If not, he muſt pay for his Blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

Lady W. I am glad you are ſo chearful upon it, however; it looks as if you had ſomething *in Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Sir John *with the* Doctor.

Sir *John.* Daughter, ſince you have the Happineſs to be thought amiable in the Eye of this Good Man, I expect you give him an inſtant Opportunity to improve it into an Amity for Life.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I ſhall give him no Occaſion to alter his Opinion of me.

Sir

Sir *John.* Why, that's well ſaid: come, Sweet-heart, we'll uſe no Ceremony. [*Exit Sir* John *with Lady* W. Maria *and the* Doctor *ſtand ſome time mute, in formal Civilities, and a conſcious Contempt of each other.*

Mar. Pleaſe to ſit, Sir.——What can the ugly Cur ſay to me? He ſeems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender Interview between Lady *Charlotte* and Lord *Hardy* in the *Funeral.* [*Aſide.*

Doct. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many Words, I am convinc'd, notwithſtanding your good Father's Favour, I am not the Perſon you deſire to be alone with, upon this Occaſion.

Mar. Your Modeſty——is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

Doct. Humh! if I don't flatter myſelf, you have always had a very ill Opinion of me.

Mar. A worſe, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

Doct. Humh! and it is likely, it may be immoveable.

Mar. No Rock ſo firm.

Doct. Humh! from theſe Premiſes then, I may reaſonably conclude——you hate me heartily.

Mar. Moſt ſincerely, Sir.

Doct. Well! there is, however, ſome Merit in ſpeaking Truth; therefore to be as juſt on my ſide, I ought in Conſcience to let you know, that I have as cordial a Contempt for you too.

Mar. O! fy! you flatter me. [*Affecting a Bluſh.*

Doct. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own Imperfections to think ſo.

Mar. Theſe Words from any Tongue but yours, might ſhock me; but coming from the only Man I hate——they charm me.

Doct. Admirable! there ſeems good Senſe in this: Have you never obſerv'd, Madam, that ſometimes the greateſt Diſcords raiſe the moſt agreeable Harmony?

Mar. Yes. But what do you infer from thence?

Doct. That while we ſtill preſerve this Temper in our Hate, a mutual Benefit may riſe from it.

Mar. O! never fear me, Sir; I ſhall not fly out: being convinc'd, that nothing gives ſo ſharp a Point to one's Averſion, as good Breeding; as, on the contrary, ill Manners often hide a ſecret Inclination.

Doct.

Doct. Moſt accurately diſtinguiſh'd——Well, Madam, is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Averſion, as I ſaid, into a mutual Benefit?

Mar. None, that I know of, unleſs we were to marry for our mutual Mortification.

Doct. What would you give then, to avoid marrying me?

Mar. My Life, with Joy, if Death alone could ſhun you.

Doct. When you marry any other Perſon——my Conſent is neceſſary.

Mar. So I hear indeed——But pray, Doctor, tell me, how could your Modeſty receive ſo inſolent a Power, without putting my poor Father out of countenance with your Bluſhes?

Doct. You over-rate my Prudence: I ſought it not, but he would crowd it in among other Obligations: He is good-natur'd, and I could not ſhock him by a Refuſal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him what a deſpicable Opinion I had of his Daughter?

Mar. Or rather what a favourable one you had of his Wife, Sir?

Doct. Humph! You ſeem to loſe your Temper.

Mar. Why, do you ſuppoſe the whole Family does not ſee it, except my Father?

Doct. If you will keep your Temper, I have ſomething to propoſe to you.

Mar. Your Reproof is juſt; but I only rais'd my Voice, to let you know I know you.

Doct. You might have ſpar'd your Pains, it being of no conſequence to my Propoſal, what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come, Sir, I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one Word then——I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. *Heartley*——Am I right?

Mar. Once in your Life you are.

Doct. Nay, no Compliments; let us be plain——Would you marry him?

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks----Well--- I would.

Doct. Then I won't conſent to it——Now, if you have any Propoſal to make me——So——If not, our Amour's at an end;

and we part as civil Enemies, as if we had been married this Twelvemonth——Think of it.

Mar. [*Aſide.*] O the mercenary Villain! he wants to have a Fellow-feeling, I find——What ſhall I do with him——Bite him---Pretend to comply, and make my Advantage of it---Well, Sir, I underſtand every thing but the Sum——If we agree upon that, it's a Bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, two thouſand Pound for your Conſent only?

Doct. Why is not two thouſand Pound worth two thouſand Pound? Don't you actually get ſo much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, ſay I have us'd you like a Friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it's the only civil thing you have done, ſince you came into the Family.

Doct. Do you then make your Advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you ſay, *Doctor*, 'tis better than nothing: But how is my Father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my Management.

Mar. What Security though, do you expect for this Money?

Doct. O! when I deliver my Conſent in Writing, *Heartley* ſhall lay it me down in *Bank*-Bills.

Mar. Well, on one Proviſo, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my Eather, that you are willing to give up your Intereſt to Mr. *Heartley*.

Doct. Humph! ſtay——I agree to it——You ſhall have proof of it this Evening——But in the mean time let me warn you too: Don't expect, after I have hinted what you deſire to your Father, to make your Advantages now, by betraying me to him: You know my Power there; if you do, I can eaſily give it a Counter-turn: So diſcover what you pleaſe, I ſhall only pity you.

Mar. O! I ſhall not ſtand in my own Light; I know your Power and your Conſcience too well, dear Doctor.

Doct. Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to your own Intereſt. Here comes your Father, I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. *Heartley* in the mean time?

Mar. Without fail.

Doct.

Doct. I am ſatisfied.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* Well, Sir, is my Daughter prudent? Has ſhe at laſt a true and virtuous Senſe of Happineſs?

Doct. She underſtands me better than I hoped, Sir.

Mar. Well ſaid, Equivocation. [*Aſide.*

Doct. If you pleaſe, Sir *John*, we'll take a turn in the Garden; I have ſomething there to offer to you.

Sir *John.* With all my Heart, Sir——*Maria*——

There's a Toy for thee——Now thou art again my Daughter.

[*Gives her a Ring.*

Come, Sir, I wait on you. [*Exeunt Sir* John *and Doctor.*

Mar. What this Fellow's Original was, I know not; but by his Conſcience and Cunning, he would make an admirable Jeſuit——Here comes my Brother, and I hope with a good Account of him——Well, Brother, what Succeſs?

Enter Colonel.

Col. All that my honeſt Heart could wiſh for——Subſtantial Affidavits, that will puzzle him to anſwer; I have planted a Meſſenger at the next Door, who has a Warrant in his Pocket, when I give the word, to take him.

Mar. Why ſhould not you do it immediately? he's now in the Garden with my Father.

Col. No; our ſeizing him now for Treaſon, I am afraid, won't convince my Father of his Villany: My Deſign is not only to get my Father out of his hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has inſtill'd, out of my Father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can firſt prove him a private Villain to him: My Father's Honeſty will ſoon reflect, and may receive as ſudden a Turn as his Credulity.

Mar. That's true again; and I hope I am furniſh'd with a new Occaſion to begin the Alarm to him.

Col. Pray what is't?

Mar. Not to trouble you with Particulars; but in ſhort, I have agreed with the *Doctor*, That *Heartley* ſhall give him two thouſand Pounds for his Conſent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartley* and I can never come together.

Col. And does the Monſter really inſiſt upon't?

Mar. Not only that, but even defies me to make an Advantage of the Diſcovery.

Col. One would think the Villain ſuſpects his Footing in the Family is but ſhort-liv'd, he is in ſuch haſte to have his Pennyworths out on't. But prithee, Siſter, what Secret's this, that you have yet behind, in thoſe Writings that *Charles* brought to you?

Mar. Oh! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray?

Mar. Becauſe, when you have done all you can, I am reſolv'd to reſerve ſome Merit againſt him to myſelf.

Col. But why do you ſuppoſe I would not aſſiſt in it?

Mar. You can't; it's now too late.

Col. Pſhah! this is raſh and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may be ſo: I ſuppoſe *Heartley* will be of that opinion too: but if he is, you had better adviſe him to keep it to himſelf.

Col. You will have your obſtinate Way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worſe than yours, I'm ſure: Remember how you came off in your laſt Project; I know you meant well, but you are diſinherited for all that.

Col. That's no Surprize to me; but I am aſham'd however.

Mar. By the way, what have you done with *Heartley?* Why is he not here?

Col. He has been here; but you muſt excuſe him: he was oblig'd to call in haſte for *Charles*; whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor Boy by this time then has ſeen him. Sure their Meeting muſt have been a moving Sight; I would give the World methinks, for a true Account of it.

Col. You'll have it from *Heartley* by and by; 'tis at his Houſe they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, hapned to be *Heartley*'s intimate Acquaintance.

Mar.

Mar. Well! I own *Heartley* has gain'd upon me by this.

Col. I am glad to hear that at leaſt. But I muſt let my Lady know what Progreſs we have made in the *Doctor's* Buſineſs, and beg her Aſſiſtance to finiſh him. [*Exit Col.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Heartley.*

Mar. Deſire him to walk in.

Enter Heartley.

Heart. To find you thus alone, Madam, was an Happineſs I did not expect from the Temper of our laſt parting.

Mar. I ſhould have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd, as reproach'd for my Good-Nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Heart. Indeed you took me wrong: I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not ſo ſoon think I had deſerv'd this Favour.

Mar. Well then, one of us has been in the wrong at leaſt.

Heart. 'Twas I, I own it——More is not in my power; all the Amends that have been, I have made you: My very Joy of ſeeing you has waited, till what you had at heart unask'd, was perfected; my own Pardon was poſt-pon'd, till I had ſecur'd one even for a Rival's Life, whom you ſo juſtly had compaſſionated.

Mar. Pooh! but why would you ſay *unask'd* now? Don't you conſider your doing it ſo is half the Merit of the Action——Lord! you have no Art; you ſhould have left me to have taken notice of that; only imagine now, how kind and handſome an Acknowledgement you have robb'd me of.

Heart. And yet how artfully you have paid it? With what a wanton, charming Eaſe you play upon my Tenderneſs?

Mar. Well, but was not you ſilly now?

Heart. (*Gazing on her*) Come——You ſhall not be ſerious——You can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O! but I am ſerious.

Heart. Then I'll be ſo——Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What? [*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*

Heart, Are we Friends, *Maria?*

Mar.

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor *Charles!* Pray how did his Father receive him?

Heart. Muſt you needs know that before you anſwer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of Countenance.

Heart. Come, I won't be too particular, you ſhall anſwer nothing——Give me but your Hand only.

Mar. Pſhah! I won't pull off my Glove, not I.

Heart. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

[*Putting it awkardly to him.*

Heart. And ſo I could by Heav'n.

[*Kiſſes it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*

Mar. O my Glove! my Glove! my Glove!——Pooh! you are in a perfect Storm! Lord! if you make ſuch a Rout with one's Hand only, what would you do if you had one's Heart?

Heart. That's impoſſible to tell——But you were asking me of *Charles*, Madam?

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again——Come, tell me all that Affair, and then you ſhall ſee——how I will like you. [*Wantonly.*

Heart. O! that I could thus play with Inclination!

Mar. Pſhah! but you don't tell me now.

Heart. There is not much to tell——Where two ſuch tender Paſſions met, Words had but faintly ſpoke them. The Son, conducted to the Door, with ſudden Fear ſtopt ſhort, and burſting into Sighs, overcharg'd with Shame and Joy, had almoſt fainted in my Arms: The Father, touch'd with his Concern, mov'd forward with a kindly Smile to meet him. At this he took new Life, and, ſpringing from his Hold, fell proſtrate at his Feet; where, mute and trembling, for a while he lay. At length, with ſtreaming Eyes, and faultring Tongue, he begg'd his Bleſſing, and his Pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms, and, dropping his fond Head upon his Cheek, kiſs'd him, and ſigh'd out, *Heaven protect thee!* then gave into his Hand the Royal Pardon; and turning back his Face to dry his manly Eyes, he cry'd, *Deſerve this Royal Mercy*, Charles, *and I am ſtill thy Father.*

The

The grateful Youth, raiſing his Heart-ſwoln Voice, reply'd, *May Heaven preſerve the Royal Life that gave it!* But here their Paſſions grew too ſtrong for further Speech; ſilent Embraces, alternate Sighs, and mingling Tears, were all their Language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my Eyes, and called, methought, for Privacy; there, unperceiv'd, I left them, to recover into breathing Senſe, and utterable Joy.

Mar. Well! of all the inmoſt Tranſports of the Soul, there's none that dance into the Heart like friendly Reconcilements.

Heart. Thoſe Tranſports might be ours, *Maria*, would you but try your Power to pardon.

Mar. Which of thoſe two now do you think was happieſt at that Meeting?

Heart. O! the Father, doubtleſs; Great Souls feel a kind of honeſt Glory in forgiving, that far exceeds the Tranſport of receiving Pardon.

Mar. Now I think to bend the ſtubborn Mind to ask it, is an equal Conqueſt; and the Joy ſuperior to receive, where the Heart wiſhes to be under Obligations.

Heart. Put me into the happy Boy's Condition, and I may then, perhaps, reſolve you better.

Mar. You ſhall poſitively bring him into Acquaintance.

Heart. Upon my word I will.

Mar. And ſhew him to all the Women of Taſte; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

Heart. I will indeed: But hear me——

Mar. I'm poſitive, if he had White Stockings, he would cut down all the Danglers at Court in a Fortnight!

Heart. O! no doubt on't; but——

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes Love now.

Heart. Not ſo well as you make your Defence, *Maria.*

Mar. O Lord! I had forgot—he's to teach me *Greek* too.

Heart. O the trifling Tyrant! How long, *Maria*, do you think you can find out new Evaſions for what I ſay unto you.

Mar. Lord! you are horrid ſilly! But ſince 'tis Love that makes you ſuch a Dunce——poor *Heartley*——I forgive you.

[*Enter Colonel, unſeen.*

Heart.

Heart. That's kind, however——But, to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet——and——

Mar. O! I can't, I can't——Lord! did you never ride a Horſe-Match?

Heart. Was ever ſo wild a Queſtion?

Mar. Becauſe if you have, it runs in my head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the Winning-Poſt to make ſure on't.

Heart. Now I underſtand you: But ſince you will have me touch every thing ſo tenderly, *Maria*, how ſhall I find proper Words to ask you the Lover's laſt neceſſary Queſtion?

Mar. O! there's a thouſand Points to be adjuſted, before that's anſwer'd.

Col. [*Coming unexpectedly between them.*] Name them this moment then, for poſitively this is the laſt Time of asking.

Mar. Pſhah! Who ſent for you?

Col. I only came to teach you to ſpeak plain *Engliſh*, my Dear.

Mar. Lord! mind your own Buſineſs, can't you?

Col. So I will: for I will make you do more of yours in two Minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now! What! do you think the Man's to dangle after your ridiculous Airs for ever?

Mar. This is mighty pretty.

Col. You'll ſay ſo on Thurſday Seven-night, for (let Affairs take what Turn they will in the Family) that's poſitively your Wedding-Day——Nay, you ſhan't ſtir.

Mar. Was ever ſuch Aſſurance?

Heart. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of Countenance, I don't know how to behave myſelf to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only——This is beyond whatever was known, ſure!

Heart. Admirable! I hope it will come to ſomething. [*Aſide.*

Col. Ha! ha! if I were to leave you to yourſelves now, what a Couple of pretty Out-of-countenance Figures you would make; humming and hawing upon the vulgar Point of Jointure and Pin-Money——Come! come! I know what's proper o' both Sides, you ſhall leave it to me.

Heart. I had rather *Maria* would name her own Terms to me.

Col.

Col. Have you a mind to any thing particular? [*To* Maria.

Mar. Why ſure! What do you think I'm only to be filled out here as you pleaſe, and ſweetned, and ſipped up like a Diſh of *Bohea?*

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I ſuppoſe, expect a Lover's Heart, like your Lamp, ſhould be always flaming at your Elbow; and when it's ready to go out, you indolently ſupply it with the Spirit of Contradiction.

Mar. And ſo, you ſuppoſe, that your Aſſurance has made an end of this Matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your Hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why, then take it, *Heartley.* [*Giving her Hand to* Heart.

Heart. O ſoft Surprize! Ecſtatick Joy!

Mar. Now I preſume you are in high Triumph, Sir. [*To the Col.*

Col. No, Siſter, now you are conſiſtent with that good Senſe I always thought you Miſtreſs of.

Mar. I'm afraid, Mr. *Heartley*, we are both oblig'd to him.

Heart. If you think ſo, *Maria*——

My Heart is under double Obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*

Col. ——If it cements our Friendſhip, I am overpaid. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Heartley *and* Maria.

Mar. WELL, now, *Heartley*, you have nothing to do but to look forward, and, if poſſible, to forget what I have been to you; tho' 'tis a horrid Reſtraint you lay upon our Sex: You firſt make it the Buſineſs of your Lives to blow up our Vanity, and then prepoſterouſly expect we ſhould be prudent

and humble; that is, you invite us to a Feaſt, where 'tis criminal to taſte, or have an Appetite: You put a Sword into a Child's Hand, and then are angry if it does Miſchief.

Heart. You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you ſo: What might have been Flattery to moſt Women, was but honeſt Truth to you.

Mar. Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

Heart. No, becauſe 'tis true; charge me with a Falſhood, and I ſubmit.

Mar. Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my Airs and Follies were merely put on in compliance to the World, and that good Senſe was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your words) carried more Sincerity, than the ſerious Vows of other Women.

Heart. By all my Happineſs I think ſo ſtill.

Mar. What! ſeriouſly?

Heart. Upon my Soul I do.

Mar. Lord! that's delightful! Do you really love me then, *Heartley*? Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every thing you ſay to me. But don't neither——I am vain ſtill——'Twas my Vanity that made me ask you.

Heart. Now I don't take it ſo.

Mar. There was ſome in't, I am ſure, tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Heart. No matter, I love you as you are, I would not have you loſe your Pleaſantry, *Maria.*

Mar. Well, do, let me be ſilly ſometimes.

Heart. O! I can play with you, for that matter.

Mar. Pſhah! you'll laugh at me.

Heart. Not while you are good in Eſſentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good.

Heart. O fie! that will be the way to make me ſo.

Mar. Lord! what ſignifies Senſe, where there is ſo much Pleaſure in Folly?

Heart. No perfect Paſſion ever was without it; the Pleaſure would ſubſide, were we always to be wiſe in it.

Mar.

Mar. For my part I think ſo: But will you really ſtand to the Agreement though, that I have made with the Doctor?

Heart. Why not? You ſhall not break your word upon my account, tho' he might be a Villain you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a Compliment; not but I have ſome hopes of getting over it, and juſtly too; but don't let me tell you now. I love to ſurprize——Though you ſhall know all, if you deſire it.

Heart. No, *Maria*, I don't want the Secret; I am ſatisfied in your Inclination to truſt me.

Mar. Well then, I'll keep the Secret, only to ſhew you, that you, upon Occaſion, may truſt me with one.

Heart. After that, *Maria*, it would be wronging you to ask it: But pray Madam, has the Doctor yet given you any Proof of his having declin'd his Intereſt to your Father?

Mar. Yes, he told me juſt now, he had brought him to pauſe upon it, and does not queſtion in two Days to compleat it; but deſires, in the mean time, you will be ready and punctual with the *Præmium.*

Heart. Suppoſe I ſhould talk with Sir *John* myſelf: 'tis true, he has ſlighted me of late, but, however, I ought at leaſt to ask his Conſent, though I have but little hopes of it.

Mar. By all means, do ſo——Here he comes——This may open another Scene of Action too, that we are preparing for.

Enter Sir John *and Lady* Woodvil, *who walks apart with* Maria.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Heartley*, I am glad I have met with you here.

Heart. I have endeavoured twice to-day, Sir, to pay my Reſpects to you.

Sir *John.* Sir, I'll be plain with you——I went out to avoid you; but where the Welfare of a Child is concern'd, you muſt not take it ill, if we don't ſtand upon Ceremony.——However, ſince I have Reaſon now to be more in Temper, than perhaps I was at that time, I ſhould be glad to talk with you.

Heart. I take it as a Favour, Sir.

Sir *John.* Sir,——Dr. *Wolf* informs me, that he is well aſſured you were born the Year before the Revolution: Now, Sir, I

ſhould be glad to be well ſatisfied in that Point; a greater Conſequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

Heart. Sir, I have been always told that was my Age; but for your further Satisfaction, I appeal to the Regiſter.

Sir *John.* Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Heart. But pray, Sir, may I beg leave to ask, why you are ſo concerned to know this?

Sir *John.* Becauſe, Sir, if this be true, I am ſatisfied you may be a *Regular Chriſtian*; the Doubt of which may have, perhaps, done you ſome Diſſervice in my private Opinion.

Heart. Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I ſhall be thankful for the Benefit, without conſidering why I that way came to deſerve it.

Sir *John.* That Argument might hold us now too long.——But Sir,———here's the Caſe———Your Principles and mine have the Misfortune to differ: Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution-Side.

Heart. If I am not miſinform'd, Sir, you yourſelf commanded a Regiment in Defence of it.

Sir *John.* I did ſo, and thought it juſt.———'Twould be fruitleſs, perhaps, to offer you the Reaſons, that ſince have alter'd my Opinion: But now, Sir, even ſuppoſing that I err in Principle, you muſt ſtill allow, that Conſcience is the Rule that every honeſt Man ought to walk by.

Heart. 'Tis granted, Sir.

Sir *John.* Then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that giving you my Daughter, would be to act againſt that Conſcience I pretend to, and conſequently the ſame Ties oblige me to beſtow her, where the ſame Principles with mine, I think, deſerve her.——Now, Sir, conſult your own Honour, and tell me, how you can ſtill purſue my Daughter, without doing Violence to mine?

Heart. But, Sir, to ſhorten this Diſpute; ſuppoſe the Doctor (whom I preſume you deſign her for) actually conſents to give me up his Intereſt, might not that ſoften your Objections to me?

Sir *John.* But why do you ſuppoſe Sir, he would give up his Intereſt?

Heart. I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir

Sir *John*. My Daughter!

Heart. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal even to yourſelf, Sir——Has not the Doctor juſt now in the Garden ſpoke in favour of Mr. *Heartley* to you? Nay, pray Sir, be plain, becauſe more depends on that than you can eaſily imagine or believe.

Sir *John*. What ſenſeleſs Inſinuation have you got in your Head now?

Mar. Be ſo kind, Sir, firſt to anſwer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir *John*. Well, I own he has declin'd his Intereſt in favour of Mr. *Heartley*: But I muſt tell you, Madam, he did it in ſo modeſt, ſo friendly, ſo good-natur'd, ſo conſcientious a manner, that I now think myſelf more, than ever, bound in Honour to eſpouſe him.

Mar. But now, Sir (only for Argument-ſake) ſuppoſe I could prove, that all this ſeeming Virtue was utterly artificial; that his Regard to Mr. *Heartley* was neither founded upon Modeſty, Friendſhip, Good-Nature, nor Conſcience; or, in ſhort, that he has baſely betray'd and ſold the Truſt you made him; like a Villain, barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Heartley* for half the Four Thouſand Pound you have valu'd his Conſent at: I ſay, ſuppoſe this were the Caſe, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

Sir *John*. And, I ſay, 'tis impious to ſuppoſe it.

Heart. Under favour, Sir, how is it poſſible your Daughter could know the Doctor had ſpoke to you upon this Head, if he himſelf had not told her ſo, in conſequence of his Agreement?

Sir *John*. Sir, I don't admit your Conſequence: Her knowing it from him is no Proof, that he might not ſtill reſign her from a Principle of Modeſty or Good-Nature.

Mar. Then, Sir, from what Principle muſt you ſuppoſe that I accuſe him?

Sir *John*. From an obſtinate Prejudice to all that's Good and Virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, Sir: What Blot has ſtain'd my Life, that you can think ſo of me? But, Sir, the worſt your Opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. *Heartley*, without either his Conſent, or yours.

Sir

Sir *John.* What, do you brave me, Madam?

Mar. [*in Tears.*] No, Sir, but I ſcorn a Lye, and will ſo far vindicate my Integrity, as to inſiſt on your believing me; if not, as a Child whom you abandon, I have a right to throw myſelf into other Arms for Protection.

Heart. O *Maria!* how thy Spirit charms me! [*Apart to her.*

Sir *John.* I am confounded! thoſe Tears cannot be counterfeit, nor can this be true.

Lady W. Indeed, my Dear, I fear it is, it would be cruel to her Concern to think it wholly falſe; can you ſuppoſe ſhe'd urge ſo groſs an Accuſation only to expoſe herſelf to the Juſtice of your Reſentment?

Sir *John.* What are you againſt him too? then he has no Friend but me; and I cannot, at ſo ſhort a Warning, give him up to Infamy and Baſeneſs.

Lady W. Good Sir, be compos'd, and ask your Heart one farther Queſtion.

Sir *John.* What would you ſay to me?

Lady W. In all our mutual Courſe of Happineſs, have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a Falſhood?

Sir *John.* Never, I grant it, nor has my honeſt Heart yet wrong'd thy Goodneſs with a jealous Thought of it.

Lady W. Would you then believe me, ſhould I accuſe him too? even of Crimes, that Vertue bluſhes but to mention.

Sir *John.* To what Extravagance would you drive me?

Lady W. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late Artifice turn'd the honeſt Duty of your Son into his own Reproach and Ruin: But knowing then your Temper was inacceſſible, I durſt not offer it. But now, in better Hope of being believ'd, I here avow the Truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir *John.* Will you diſtract me? my Senſes could not be deceived.

Lady W. Indeed they were, he ſaw you liſtning, and at the Inſtant turn'd his impious barefac'd Love to me, into equivocal Interceſſions, pretending to *Maria.*

Sir *John.* You ſtartle me.

Lady

Lady W. Could you otherwiſe ſuppoſe, your Son would have brought you to be Witneſs of his own weak Malice, in accuſing him?

Sir *John.* I'm all Aſtoniſhment!

Lady W. Come, Sir, ſuſpend your Wonder; reſpite your Belief even of this, till groſſer Evidence convinces you: Suppoſe I here, before your face, ſhould let you ſee his Villany, make him repeat his odious Love to me, at once throw off his Mask, and ſhew the bare-fac'd Traytor.

Sir *John.* Is it poſſible? Make me but witneſs of that Fact, and I ſhall ſoon accuſe myſelf, and own my Folly equal to his Baſeneſs: But pardon me, as I in ſuch a Caſe would not believe, even him accuſing you, ſo am I bound in equal Charity, to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

Lady W. 'Tis juſt——let it be ſo——we'll yet ſuppoſe him innocent, till you yourſelf pronounce him guilty: And ſince I have ſtak'd my Faith upon the Truth of what I urge, 'tis fit we bring him to immediate Tryal. But then, Sir, I muſt beg you to deſcend even to the poor Shifts we are reduc'd to.

Sir *John.* All; to any thing, to eaſe me of my Doubts: propoſe them.

Lady W. They that would ſet Toils for Beaſts of Prey, muſt lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

Sir *John.* Place me where you pleaſe.

Lady W. Under this Table is your only Stand; the Carpet will conceal you.

Sir *John.* Be it ſo, I'll take my Poſt: What more?

Lady W. Mr. *Heartley*, ſhall we beg your leave, and you, *Maria*, take the leaſt ſuſpected way to ſend the *Doctor* to me immediately?

Mar. I have a Thought will do it, Madam——Come, Sir.

[*Exit* Maria *and* Heart.

Lady W. Here, Sir, take this Cuſhion, you'll be eaſier. [*Sir* John *goes under the Table.*] Now, Sir, you muſt conſider how deſperate a Diſeaſe I have undertaken to cure; therefore you muſt not winch nor ſtir too ſoon, at any Freeedom you obſerve me take with him: be ſure lie cloſe and ſtill, and when the Proof is full appear at your Diſcretion.

Sir

Sir *John*. Fear not; I'll be patient.

Lady W. Huſh! he comes.

Enter Doctor *with a Book.*

Doct. Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and deſir'd to ſpeak with me.

Lady W. I did, Sir; but that we may be ſure we are alone, pray ſhut the outward Door, and ſee that Paſſage too be clear; another Surprize might ruin us——Is all ſafe?

Doct. I have taken care, Madam.

Lady W. I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them: You, Madam, were the Subject of my ſolitary Thoughts; I take in all the little Aids I can, to guard my Frailty, and truly I have receiv'd great Conſolation from an unfortunate Example here before me.

Lady W. Pray of what kind, Sir?

Doct. I had juſt dipt into poor *Eloiſa*'s Paſſion for *Abelard*: It is indeed a piteous Conflict. How terrible! how penitent a Senſe ſhe ſhews of guilty Pleaſures paſt, and fruitleſs Pains, to ſhut them from her Memory!

Lady W. I have read her Story, Sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful?

Lady W. A Heart of Stone might feel for her.

Doct. O! think then what I endure for you, ſuch are my Pains! but ſuch is my Sincerity, though I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Paſſion for *Maria*, in my late Surprize, has done Diſhonour to the Vows I then prefer'd to you.

Lady W. 'Twas on that Point I wanted now to talk with you, not knowing then how far you might miſtake my Silence: Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in accuſing you, it would have been plain I was your Enemy; as had I join'd in your Defence againſt him, it had been as groſly evident I was his: but ſince I have Uſes for his Friendſhip, and, as I ſaw, your Credit with Sir *John* needed no Support, I hope you'll think, betwixt the two Extremes, I have acted but a prudent Part.

Doct. Let me preſume to hope then, what I did, you judge was Self-Defence, and pure Neceſſity.

Lady

Lady W. 'Twas wonderful! Surprizing to Perfection! The Wit of it——But I won't tell you what Effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, Madam! let me beſeech you.

Lady W. No, 'twas nothing——beſides——what need you ask me?

Doct. Why do you thus decoy my fooliſh Heart, and feed it with ſuch *Hybla* Drops of Flattery? You cannot ſure think kindly of me?

Lady W. O well-feign'd Fear! You too, I find, can flatter, in your Turn? You know how well the ſubtle Force of Modeſty prevails. O Men! Men! Men!

Doct. 'Twere Arrogance to think I have deſerv'd this Goodneſs; but treat me as you pleaſe, I'll be at leaſt ſincere to you, and frankly own, I ſtill ſuſpect that all this ſoftening Favour is but Artifice.

Lady W. Well! well! I'd have you think ſo.

Doct. What Tranſport would it give, to be aſſur'd I wrong you! But, O! I fear this Shadow of Compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then, as fond *Ixions* were of old, to fill my Arms with Air.

Lady W. Methinks this Doubt of me ſeems rather founded on your ſecond Thoughts of not reſigning her; 'tis ſhe, I find, is your ſubſtantial Happineſs.

Doct. O that you could but fear I thought ſo! how eaſy 'twere to prove my Coldneſs, or my Love.

Lady W. O, Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both!

Doct. Can all this pretty Anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more than Kindneſs.

Lady W. I can aſſure you, Sir, I ſhould have ſpar'd you this Trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Doct. Nay, then I muſt believe you; but indeed you wrong me: To prove my Innocence, 'tis not an Hour ſince I preſs'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Heartley*.

Lady W. O! all Artifice! you knew that modeſt Reſignation would make Sir *John* but warmer in your Intereſt.

Doct. Since you will rip the Secret from my Heart——— know then, I have actually ſold her, like a Bawble, to her childiſh Lover, for two thouſand times her Value.

Lady W. Are you ſerious ?

Doct. As this is true, or falſe, may I in you be bleſt, or miſerable.

Lady W. But how can you ſuppoſe Sir *John* will ever hear of it.

Doct. Alas! poor Man ! he knows not his own Weakneſs, he's moulded into any Shape, if you but gently ſtroke his Humour ; I dare depend on his Conſent———Beſides, I intend to-morrow to perſuade him 'tis for the Intereſt of our *Cauſe* it ſhould be ſo, and then I have him ſure.

Lady W. Fie ! How is that poſſible ? He can't be ſo implicitely credulous ; you don't take him ſure for a *Roman* Catholick?

Doct. Um———not abſolutely——But, poor Soul ! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but *Rome*, or Popery, he ſtarts, as at a Monſter : But gild its groſſeſt Doctrines with the Style of *Engliſh Catholick*, he ſwallows down the Poiſon like a Cordial.

Lady W. Nay, if he's ſo far within your Power, it cannot fail, he muſt conſent : Well, Sir, now I give you leave to gueſs the Reaſon why I too, at our laſt meeting, ſo warmly preſt you to reſign *Maria*.

Doct. Is it poſſible ? Was I then ſo early your Concern ?

Lady W. You cannot blame me ſure, for having there oppos'd your Happineſs.

Doct. I die upon the Tranſport. [*Taking her Hand.*

Lady W. Be ſure you are ſecret now; your leaſt Imprudence makes theſe, like Fairy-Favours, vaniſh in a moment.

Doct. How can you form ſo vain a Fear ?

Lady W. Call it not vain, for let our Converſe end in what it may, you ſtill ſhall find my Fame is dear to me as Life.

Doct. Where can it find ſo ſure a Guard? The grave Auſterity of my Life will ſtrike Suſpicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction : I am no giddy, looſe-liv'd Courtier, whoſe falſe Profeſſions end only in his Boaſt of Favours : No, fair ſpot-

leſs

leſs Miracle, the Myſteries of Love are only fit for Hearts recluſe and elevate as mine; my Happineſs, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

Lady W. 'Tis you muſt anſwer for this Folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon myſelf, the Guilt be only mine, but be our Tranſports mutual——Come, lovely Creature, let us withdraw to Privacy, where murmuring Love ſhall huſh thy Fears, and loſe them in the burning Joy.

[*Sir* John *ſtepping ſoftly behind him, ſeizes him by the Throat.*]

Sir *John.* Traitor!

Doct. Ah! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*

Sir *John.* Is this thy Sanctity? This thy Doctrine? Theſe thy Meditations? If, ſtung with my Abuſes, I now ſhould ſtab thee to the Heart, what Devil durſt murmur 'twere not an Act of Juſtice? But ſince thy vile Hypocriſy unmask'd, muſt make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own Shame, thy living Puniſhment.

Doct. Do! Triumph, Sir——your Artifice has well ſucceeded ——I ſee your Ends! you needed not ſo deep a Plot to part with me. [*Trembling.*

Sir *John.* Suppreſs thy weak Evaſions——Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the Jaws of gaping Poverty, fed, clothed, loved, preferred thee to my Boſom, to my Family and Fortune? Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all who were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies; nay more, to crown my Faith in thee, I have rely'd on thy Integrity even for my future Happineſs: And how haſt thou, in one ſhort Day, requited me? Taking the advantage of my blinded Paſſion, thou haſt turn'd the Duty of my Son to his Undoing; ſordidly haſt ſold the Truſt I made thee of my Daughter, attempted, like a felonious Traitor, to ſeduce my Wife, and haſt, I fear, with poiſonous Doctrines too enſnar'd my Soul.

Lady W. Now, Heav'n be prais'd! his Heart ſeems conſcious of his Error. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* But why do I reproach thee? Had I not been the weakeſt of Mankind, thou never couldſt have prov'd ſo great a Villain——Whether Heaven intends all this to puniſh, or to

ſave me, yet I know not; my Senſes ſtagger at the View, and my Reflection's loſt in wild Aſtoniſhment. [*He ſtands muſing.*

Doct. This Snare was worthy of you, Madam, 'tis you have made this Villain of me. [*Apart to Lady* W.

Lady W. You would have made me worſe, but I have only ſhewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady W. Thank your own Ingratitude and Wickedneſs: but I muſt now purſue my Victory. [*Exit Lady* W.

Doct. [*Apart.*] No: It ends not here. He was not brought to liſten to this Proof alone! There's ſomething deeper yet deſign'd againſt me——I muſt be ſpeedy——ſuppoſe I talk with *Charles*, alarm him with our common Danger, point out his Ruin as our only Means of Safety, and, like the Panther in the Toil, provoked, turn ſhort with Vengeance on my Hunters!

Sir *John.* What! ſtill within my Sight! Of all my Follies, which is it tells thee, that I now ſhall keep my Temper?

Doct. [*Turning boldly to him.*] Whom do you menace? me, Sir? Reflect upon your own Condition firſt, and where you are.

Sir *John.* What would the Villain drive at! I prithee leave me, I cannot look on thee, thy overbearing Inſolence confounds me: But ſince thy Wickedneſs has turn'd my Eyes upon myſelf, and to thy Crimes detected I hope to owe my future Innocence; as the ſore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper beſt can cure: For that one Good may Heaven, like me, forgive thee; but ſeek thy Biding in ſome other Place——Out of my Houſe this Inſtant! hence! be gone! and ſee my ſhameful Face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis time to be myſelf, and let you know, that I am Maſter here: Turn you out, Sir, this Houſe is mine; and now, Sir, at your Peril dare to inſult me.

Sir *John.* O Heaven! 'tis true, thou haſt diſarm'd my Juſtice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak Boſom——I had forgot my Folly, 'tis fit it ſhould be ſo, and Heaven is juſt, at once to let me ſee my Crime and Puniſhment——O my poor injur'd Son!——Whither ſhall I fly to hide me from the World?

Enter

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady W. Whither are you going, Sir?

Sir *John.* I know not——but here, it ſeems, I am a Treſpaſſer——the Maſter of this Houſe has warn'd me hence; and ſince the Right is now in him, 'tis juſt I ſhould reſign it.

Lady W. You ſhall not ſtir! he dares not act with ſuch abandon'd Inſolence: No, Sir, Poſſeſſion ſtill is yours; if he pretends a Right, let him by open Courſe of Law maintain it.

Doct. Are theſe the Shifts you are reduc'd to? No, Madam, I ſhall not wait ſo ſlow a Vengeance; you'll find I have a ſhorter way to rout you——here! *Charles!* [*Exit Doctor.*

Sir *John.* Nay, then there is an end of all——I have provok'd a Serpent——my Life, I ſee, muſt pay the Forfeit of my Folly.

Lady W. Come, Sir, take heart; your Life, in ſpite of him, is free, and, I hope, your Actions too: However, tell me freely, have you raſhly done any thing for which the Law may queſtion you?

Sir *John.* I think not, ſtrictly; 'tis true, I have lately truſted him with Sums of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady W. O the ſubtle Villain! thoſe Sums are innocent, I dare anſwer for them: But is there nothing more?

Sir *John.* Not, that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady W. Pray tell me the worſt, that we may arm againſt him.

Sir *John.* Sometimes, with my own Hand, I have reliev'd the Wants of wretched Priſoners to the State.

Lady W. We have no Laws that frown on Acts of Charity; if that were criminal, the Government itſelf is guilty.

Sir *John.* How far our private Converſe may affect me——that I know not: If *Charles* betrays me not, I think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady W. Then, Sir, be eaſy, for he has loſt his Influence there: *Charles* has long ſince perceiv'd his Villany, and grew from thence a ſecret Convert to the Cauſe of Truth and Loyalty; of which he has given ſuch meritorious Proof, that

Mr.

Mr. *Heartley*, and your Son, this very Day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon.

Sir *John*. You tell me Wonders! Pardon'd! and a Convert, ſay you! How ſtrongly are our Hearts perſuaded by Example! What Darkneſs have I wander'd in! How amiable is ſuch Royal Mercy! yet with what harden'd Malice has that Slave traduced it?

Enter Maria *haſtily*.

Mar. O, Sir! I am frighted out of my Senſes! for Heaven's-ſake be gone! Fly, this moment, this wicked Fellow has Deſigns upon your Life.

Lady W. How!

Sir *John*. What doſt thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was paſſing by the Hall, I heard him earneſt in Diſcourſe with *Charles*; and upon their naming you, I ſtopt a while to liſten; where I heard the Doctor urge to him, that you were falſe at Heart; that from your late frivolous Pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd your Malice now would ſtop at nothing to undo him; that *Charles* himſelf was equally in danger, and that, to ſave your own Life, you certainly deſign'd to ſacrifice theirs to the Government; which there was no poſſibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treaſon againſt you.

Lady W. O the Villain! 'tis well we are ſecure in *Charles*.

Sir *John*. If we are not, why be it, as it may——I will not ſtir——I ſtand upon my Innocence; or if that's betray'd, will throw me on the Mercy of that Royal Breaſt, whoſe Vertues my Credulity has injur'd.

Lady W. *and* Mar. Ah! [*A Piſtol is heard from within.*

Sir *John*. What means that Piſtol?

Lady W. Don't ſtir, I beg you, Sir.

Mar. What Terrors has this Monſter brought into our Family?

Lady W. What will it end in?

Sir *John*. How wretched has my Folly made me?

Lady W. How now? what's the Matter?

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. O dear, Madam! I ſhall faint away, there's Murder doing.

Sir *John.* Who! where! what is it!

Betty. The Doctor, Sir, and Mr. *Charles* were at high words juſt now in the Hall, and, upon a ſudden, there was a Piſtol fir'd between them: Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. *Charles* is killed.

Sir *John.* How!

Betty. Oh! here he comes himſelf, Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartley, Charles, *and the* Doctor *held by Servants.*

Heart. Here, bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond Example.

Sir *John.* What means this Outrage?

Lady W. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no Miſchief done; what was intended, the Doctor here can beſt inform you.

Doct. [*To* Heartley.] You, Sir, ſhall anſwer for this Inſult? What am I held for? Who's here that dares aſſume a Right to queſtion me?

Heart. Keep your Temper, Sir; we'll releaſe you preſently: but Sir *John* muſt firſt know the bottom of his Obligations to you.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Heartley*, I am aſham'd to look on you.

Doct. What, Sir, ſhall my own Servant abuſe me, brave me, lift his Hand againſt me, and I not dare to puniſh him?

Heart. Your Servant, Sir, we know him better.

Doct. Then, Sir, I demand my Liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you firſt ſeduc'd me to rebel, and now would have me expiate my Offence with Perjury.

Doct. How, Sir?

Charles. Yes, Perjury! for ſuch it muſt have been, ſhould I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treaſon; what Facts have I been privy to that reach that Name? The worſt I know of him, is, that all the factious Falſhoods you have rais'd againſt the beſt of Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocriſy, believ'd.

Doct.

Doct. 'Tis well, Sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, Sir, in ſhort, has been our Cauſe of Quarrel: The Doctor finding I receiv'd with Coldneſs his vile Deſigns againſt your Life, began to offer Menaces on mine, if I comply'd not; at which I ſmiling told him, the Diſappointments of his Love had made him deſperate. This ſtung him into Rage, and, faſtning at my Throat, he anſwer'd, *Villain! you will be humbler when you groan in Chains for this.* Here indeed all Temper left me, when, diſengaging from his Hold, with one Home-Blow I fell'd him reeling to the Pavement. At this, grown deſperate, he ran with Fury to ſome Piſtols, that hung above the Chimney, to revenge him; I, in the Inſtant, as he reach'd one, ſeiz'd upon his Wriſt, and as we grappled, Sir, the Piſtol firing to the Ciel-ing, alarm'd the Family; when Mr. *Heartley*, and your Servants, ruſh'd in to part us.

Sir *John.* Inſatiate Villain! O my Shame!

Doct. Well, Sir, now you have heard this mighty Charge, what have you more againſt me?

Heart. More, Sir, I hope is needleſs; but if Sir *John* is yet unſatisfied——

Sir *John.* O! I have ſeen too much! Every new Inſtance of his Wickedneſs but adds afreſh to my Confuſion.

Lady W. Now, Sir, is your Time. } *Apart.*

Heart. I go this Minute, Madam. }

Doct. I value not your whiſper'd Menaces; for know, to your Confuſion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated: You'll find, Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel, are, in the Eye of Law, both equal Acts of Treaſon: That Fact, I am ſure, is evident againſt you. There! there ſtands in proof the ſtrippling Traitor you have ſhelter'd! This, Sir, your whole Family can charge you with, and ſwear it home they ſhall, or load their Souls with Per-jury. But then, to daſh your few remaining Days with Bitterneſs of Miſery, remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, ſucceed the inſtant Heir to your Poſſeſſions. Now, farewell, and let Diſ-grace and Beggary be your Childrens Portion.

As he is going out, the Colonel ſtops him.

Col. Hold, Sir, not ſo faſt, you cannot paſs.
Doct. Who, Sir, ſhall dare to ſtop me?
Col. Within there! march!

Enter a Meſſenger with a File of Muſqueteers.

Meſſ. Is your Name *Wolf*, Sir.
Doct. What if it be, Sir?
Meſſ. Then, Sir, I have a Warrant againſt you for High-Treaſon.
Doct. Me, Sir! [*Startled.*
Meſſ. Do you know one Colonel *Perth*, Sir?
Doct. Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.

Heart. This *Perth*, it ſeems, Sir, has manag'd his Correſpondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came laſt Night Expreſs; but the Government having immediate Notice of his Arrival, he was this Morning ſeiz'd, and examin'd before the Council, where, among other Facts, he has confeſs'd he knew the Doctor actually in Arms at the firſt rebellious Riſing in *Northumberland*, which has been ſince by other Witneſſes confirm'd.

Col. And, Sir, to convince you, that ev'n the Doctrine he has broach'd cou'd never flow from the pure Fountain of our eſtabliſh'd Faith; here are Affidavits in my Hand, that prove him, under his Diſguiſe, a lurking Emiſſary of *Rome*, that he is actually a Prieſt in Popiſh Orders, and has ſeveral times been ſeen, as ſuch, to officiate Publick Maſs in the Church of *Noſtre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

Mar. Hear. and L. *W.* How!

Sir *John.* I ſtart with Horror, ev'n at the Danger I am freed from.

Col. And now, Sir, had not your inſatiate Villanies to this Family forc'd me to this cloſe Inquiry into your private Life, perhaps you might have paſs'd unqueſtion'd among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government deſpiſes.

Doct. Well, Sir! now then you know your worſt of me: But know, what you call criminal, may yet, before your Triumph is ſecure, not only find its Pardon, but Reward. I yet may live, Sir, to retort your Inſult; at leaſt the Days that are allotted me, will want for no Supports of Life, while this Conveyance calls me Maſter.

Sir *John.* There! there indeed he ſtings me to the Heart! for that raſh Act, Reproach and endleſs Shame will haunt me.

Mar. No, Sir——be comforted! for ev'n there too his abandon'd Hope muſt leave him.

Sir *John.* Why doſt thou torture me? Did I not ſign that Deed?

Mar. Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find my Brother, not that Traytor, is your Heir: For know the fatal Deed which you intended, Sir, to ſign, is here ev'n yet unſeal'd and innocent.

Omnes. Ha! [*The Doctor haſtily opens the Deed to examine it,*
[*and all the Company ſeem ſurpriz'd.*

Sir *John.* What means ſhe?

Mar. I mean, Sir, that this Deed, by Accident, falling into this Gentleman's Hands, his generous Concern for our Family diſcover'd it to me; when I, reduc'd to this Extremity, inſtantly procur'd that other to be drawn exactly like it; which, in your Impatience, Sir, to execute, paſs'd unſuſpected for the Original: Their only Difference is, that wherever here you read the Doctor's Name, there you'll find my Brother's only, throughout, and wholly, Sir, in every Article inveſting him in all that Right and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Diſtraction! outwitted by a brainleſs Girl!

[*Throws down the Writing in Rage.*

All the Servants having attended to the Diſcovery, break out into Huzzahs of Joy, &c. *while Sir* John, *the Col.* Charles, *and* Maria *ſeverally embrace*: Heartley *and Lady* Woodvil *ſilently join in their Congratulations.*

Doct. I cannot bear their irkſome Joy——Come, Sir, lead me where you pleaſe——a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Priſoner.

Serv. Huzzah! a Traytor! a Traytor!

[*Exit* Meſſ. Soldiers, Doctor, *and* Servants.

Mar.

Mar. Now, *Heartley*, I hope I have made Atonement for your Jealouſy.

Heart. You have baniſh'd it for ever: This was beyond yourſelf ſurprizing.

Col. Siſter——

Mar. Come, no ſet Speeches; if I deſerve your Thanks, return them in a Friendſhip here. [*Pointing to* Charles.

Col. The Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to ſpeak my Senſe of Obligations.

Sir *John.* O my Child! for this Deliverance I only can reward thee here. [*Gives* Maria *to* Heartley.] For thee, my Son, whoſe filial Vertues I have injur'd, this honeſt Deed in every Article ſhall be ratify'd. I ſee your Eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traytor's Practices ſome voluntary Inſtance of my Heart's Converſion: I muſt be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd he muſt in all things have alike deceiv'd me, as the Dial, that miſs-tels one Hour, of conſequence is falſe through the whole Round of Day. Let it ſuffice, I ſee my Errors with a conſcious Shame; but hope, when I am juſtly weigh'd, you'll find thoſe Errors roſe but from a ductile Heart, not diſinclin'd to Truth, but fatally miſled by falſe Appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private Life, muſt think you, Sir, in this ſincere.

Heart. And now, Sir, ſince I am ſure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to obſerve, that of all the Arts our Enemies make uſe of to embroil us, none ſeem ſo audaciouſly prepoſterous, as their inſiſting, That a Nation's beſt Security is the Word of a Prince, whoſe Religion indulges him to give it, and at the ſame time obliges him to break it: And tho' perhaps, in leſſer Points, our politick Diſputes won't ſuddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle that all Parties might eaſily come into, that no Change of Government can give us a Bleſſing equal to our Liberty.

Grant us but this, and then of courſe you'll own,
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE *muſt fill the Throne.*

EPILOGUE, ſpoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

HOW *wild, how frantick is the vain Eſſay,*
That builds on modern Politicks a Play!
Methinks to write at all is bold enough,
But in a Play, to ſtand a Faction, Buff!
Not Rome's *old Stage preſum'd (or Fame's a Fibber)*
And Moderns to attempt it! well ſaid CIBBER!
Was't not enough the Criticks might purſue him!
But muſt he rouſe a Party to undo him!
Theſe Blows I told him on his Play would fall,
But he, unmov'd, cry'd———Blood! we'll ſtand it all.
When PRIESTS *turn* TRAITORS, *where's the mighty Matter?*
Since when has Treaſon been exempt from Satire?
And ſhould from Guilt a factious Clamour riſe,
Such Spite muſt ſpeak them England's *Enemies:*
But if Old England's *Friends allow 'tis right,*
We're ſure their Power can chace the Jacobite,
And put their Malice, like their Troops to flight.
As for the Criticks, thoſe, he owns, may teize him,
Becauſe he never took ſuch Pains to pleaſe them;
In Time, Place, Action, Rules, by which old Wits
Made Plays, as——Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:
But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot ſay,
Tho' vanquiſh'd, they're inſulted in his Play:
Nay more———To ſet their Cauſe in faireſt Light,
H'has made a Man of Senſe———a Jacobite!
(Tho' by our Bard's good leave, to take it right,
His Senſe was ſhewn, when turn'd from Jacobite)
Thus too the Fair, that may be wrong inclin'd,
He hopes to CHARLES's *Paſſion will be kind;*
And own, at worſt, on their reflecting Pillow,
The Rebel, after all, 's a pretty Fellow!
But why, you'll ſay, was I made HEARTLEY's *Wife?*
Conſider, Fair-Ones, HEARTLEY *ſav'd his Life:*
So that you ſee the Boy han't quite miſcarry'd
Beſide——
Are all thoſe Dears ſo happy you have marry'd?
How often, in that State, has Love ſeen Elves
So cramm'd with Comfort, they could hang themſelves?
The worſt you can againſt his Satire plead,
Is that my Lord of THETFORD's *hang'd indeed:*
If that ſeems hard, why grant him your Reprieve,
And, by an Act of Grace, *let this* NONJUROR *live.*

THE

THE

REFUSAL;

OR,

The Ladies Philoſophy:

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Amor omnibus idem. VIRG.

PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS! *behold before your Eyes the Wight,*
Whose Actions ſtand accountable To-night,
For all your Dividends of Profit or Delight.
New Plays reſemble Bubbles, we muſt own;
But their intrinſick Value ſoon is known:
There's no impoſing Pleaſure on a Town.
And when they fail, count o'er his Pains and Trouble,
His Doubts, his Fears, the Poet is the Bubble.
As Heroes by the Tragick Muſe are ſung;
So to the Comick, Knaves and Fools belong:
Follies, To-night, of various kinds we paint,
One, in a Female Philoſophick Saint,
That wou'd by Learning Nature's Laws repeal,
Warm all her Sex's Boſoms to rebel,
And only, with Platonick Raptures, ſwell.
Long ſhe reſiſts the proper Uſe of Beauty,
But Fleſh and Blood reduce the Dame to Duty.
A Coxcomb too of modern Stamp we ſhow,
A Wit—but impudent—a South-Sea *Beau.*
Nay more—our Muſe's Fire (but pray protect her)
Roaſts, to your Taſte, a whole South-Sea *Director.*
But let none think we bring him here in ſpite,
For all their Actions, ſure, will bear the Light;
Beſides, he's painted here in Height of Power
Long e'er we laid ſuch Ruin at his Door:

When

When he was Levee'd, like a Stateſman, by the Town,
And thought his heap'd up Millions all his own.
No, no; Stock's always at a Thouſand here,
He'll almoſt honeſt on the Stage appear.
Such is our Fare, to feed the Mind our Aim,
But Poets ſtand, like Warriors, in their Fame;
One ill Day's Work brings all their paſt to Shame.
Thus having taſted of your former Favour,
The Chance ſeems now for deeper Stakes than ever.
As, after Runs of Luck, we're more accurſt,
To loſe our Winnings, than have loſt at firſt;
A firſt Stake loſt has often ſav'd from Ruin,
But on one Caſt to loſe the Tout—is hard Undoing.
But be it as it may——the Dye is thrown,
Fear now were Folly——Paſs the Rubicon.

EPILOGUE.

THE *Time is come the* Roman *Bard foretold,*
A brazen Year ſucceeds an Age of Gold;
An Age——
When ſpecious Books were open'd for undoing,
And Engliſh *Hands, in Crouds, ſubſcrib'd their Ruin.*
Some Months ago, who ever could ſuppoſe,
A Gooſequill Race of Rulers ſhould have roſe,
T'have made the Warlike Britons *groan beneath their Blows.*
Evils, that never yet beheld the Sun,
To foreign Arms, or Civil Jars, unknown,
Theſe trembling Miſcreants, by their Wiles, have done.

Thus

Thus the fierce Lion, whom no Force could foil,
By Village-Curs is baited in the Toil.
Forgive the Muſe then, if her Scenes were laid
Before your fair Poſſeſſions were betray'd;
She took the flitting Form, as Fame then ran,
While a Director *ſeem'd an honeſt Man:*
But were ſhe from his preſent Form to take him,
What a huge Gorging Monſter muſt ſhe make him?
How would his Paunch with Golden Ruin ſwell?
Whole Families devouring at a Meal?
What motley Humour in a Scene might flow,
Were we theſe Upſtarts in their Airs to ſhow?
When their high Betters, at their Gates have waited,
And all to beg the Favour, to be Cheated;
Even that Favour (or they're by Fame bely'd)
To raiſe the Value of the Cheat, deny'd.
And while Sir John *was airing on his Prancers,*
He'as left his Cookmaid, to give Peers their Anſwers.
Then Clerks in Berlins, *purchas'd by their Cheats,*
That ſplaſh their walking Betters in the Streets;
And while, by Fraud, their native Country's ſold,
Cry, Drive you Dog, and give your Horſes Gold:
Even Jews *no Bounds of Luxury refrain,*
But boil their Chriſtian Hams in pure Champaign.
Till then the Guilty, that have caus'd theſe Times,
Feel a ſuperior Cenſure for their Crimes;
Let all, whoſe Wrongs the Face of Mirth can bear,
Enjoy the Muſes Vengeance on them here.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Gilbert Wrangle.*	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Granger.	Mr. *Booth.*
Frankley.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Witling.	Mr. *Cibber.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Wrangle.*	Mrs. *Bicknell.*
Sophronia.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Charlotte.	Mrs. *Booth.*

Servants, *&c.*

THE REFUSAL; OR, *The Ladies Philoſophy.*

ACT. I.

The SCENE, Weſtminſter-Hall.

Frankley *and* Granger *meeting.*

Fran. IS it poſſible!

Gran. Frankly!

Fran. Dear *Granger!* I did not expect you theſe ten days: how came you to be ſo much better than your Word?

Gran. Why, to tell you the Truth, becauſe I began to think *London* better than *Paris.*

Fran. That's ſtrange: But you never think like other People.

Gran. I am more apt to ſpeak what I think, than other People: Though, I confeſs, *Paris* has its Charms; but to me they are like thoſe of a Coquette, gay and gawdy; they ſerve to amuſe with, but a Man would not chuſe to be marry'd to them. In ſhort, I am to paſs my Days in *Old England*, and am therefore reſolv'd not to have an ill Opinion of it.

Fran. Theſe ſettled Thoughts, *Ned*, make me hope, that if ever you *ſhould* marry, you will be as partial to the *Woman* you intend to paſs your Days with.

Gran. Faith! I think every Man's a Fool that is not: But it's very odd; you ſee, the groſſeſt Fools have generally Senſe enough to be fond of a fine Houſe, or a good Horſe, when they have bought them: They can ſee the Value of them, at leaſt; and why a poor Wife ſhould not have as fair play for one's Inclination, I can ſee no Reaſon, but downright Ill-nature or Stupidity.

Fran. What do you think of Avarice? when People purchaſe Wives, as they do other Goods, only becauſe they are a Penny-worth: Then too a Woman has a fine time on't!

Gran. Ay, but that will never be the Caſe of my Wife: When I marry, I'll do it with the ſame convenient Views as a Man would ſet up his Coach, becauſe his Eſtate will bear it, it's eaſy, and keeps him out of dirty Company.

Fran. But what! would you have a Wife have no more Charms than a Chariot?

Gran. Ah! Friend, if I can but paſs as many eaſy Hours at home with one, as abroad in t'other, I will take my chance, for her Works of Supererogation; and I believe at worſt, ſhould be upon a *Par* with the Happineſs of moſt Husbands about Town.

Fran. But, at this rate, you would marry before you are in love.

Gran. Why not? Do you think Happineſs is entail'd upon marrying the Woman you love? No more than Reward is upon publick Merit: it may give you a Title to it indeed; but you muſt depend upon other People's Virtue to find your Account in either. For my part, I am not for building Caſtles in the Air; when I marry, I expect no great matters; none of your Angels, a mortal Woman will do my Buſineſs, as you'll find, when I tell you

you my Choice. All I deſire of a Wife, is, that ſhe will do as ſhe is bid, and keep herſelf clean.

Fran. Would you not have her a Companion tho', as well as a Bedfellow?

Gran. You mean, I ſuppoſe, a Woman of Senſe?

Fran. I ſhould not think it amiſs for a Man of Senſe.

Gran. Nor I; but 'Sdeath where ſhall I get her? In ſhort, I am tired with the Search, and will ev'n take up with one, as Nature has made her, handſome, and only a Fool of her own making.

Fran. Was ever ſo deſperate an Indifference? I am impatient till I know her.

Gran. Even the ſage and haughty Prude, *Sophronia.*

Fran. Sophronia! I hope you don't take her for a Fool, Sir; why, ſhe thinks ſhe has more Senſe than all her Sex together.

Gran. You don't tell me that as a Proof of her Wit, I preſume, Sir.

Fran. No: but I think your Humour's a little extraordinary, that can reſolve to marry the Woman you laugh at.

Gran. It's, at leaſt, a ſign I am in no great danger of her laughing at me, *Tom*; the Caſe of many a prettier Fellow. But I take *Sophronia* to be only a Fool of Parts, that's however capable of thinking right; and a Man muſt be nice indeed, that turns up his Noſe at a Woman, who has no worſe Imperfection, than ſetting too great a Value upon her Underſtanding. I grant it, ſhe is half mad with her Learning and Philoſophy: What then? ſo are moſt of our Great Men, when they get a little too much on't. Nay, ſhe is ſo rapt in the Pride of her imaginary Knowledge, that ſhe almoſt forgets ſhe is a Woman, and thinks all Offers of Love to her Perſon a Diſhonour to the Dignity of her Soul; but all this does not diſcourage me: She may fancy herſelf as wiſe as ſhe pleaſes; but unleſs I fail in my Meaſures, I ſhall think I have hard luck, if I don't make that fine Fleſh and Blood of hers, as troubleſome as my own in a Fortnight.

Fran. You muſt have better luck than I had then! I was her Fool for above five Months together, and did not come ill recommended to the Family; but could make no more Impreſſion than

upon

upon a Veſtal Virgin: And how a Man, of your cool Reflection can think of attempting her, I have no Notion.

Gran. Pſhah! I laugh at all her Airs; a Woman of a general Inſenſibility, is only one that has never been rightly attack'd.

Fran. Are you then really reſolv'd to purſue her?

Gran. Why not? Is not ſhe a fine Creature? Has not ſhe Parts? Would not half her Knowledge, equally divided, make fifty Coquettes all Women of Senſe? Is not her Beauty natural, her Perſon lovely, her Mein majeſtick——Then ſuch a Conſtitution——

Fran. Nay, ſhe has a wholeſome Look, I grant you: But then her Prudery, and *Platonick* Principles, are inſupportable.

Gran. Now to me they are more diverting, than all the Levity of a Coquette: O! the noble Conflicts between Nature and a proud Underſtanding, make our Triumphs ſo infinitely above thoſe petty Conqueſts——Beſides, are not you Philoſopher enough to know, my Friend, that a Body continent holds moſt of the thing contain'd? 'Tis not your waſting Currents, but Reſervoirs, that make the Fountain play; not the Prodigal's, but the Miſer's Cheſt, that holds the Treaſure: No, no, take my word, your Prude has thrice the latent Fire of a Coquette. Your Prude's a Flask hermetically ſeal'd, all's right within, depend upon't; but your Coquette's a mere Bottle of Plague-water, that's open to every body.

Fran. Well, Sir, ſince you ſeem ſo heartily in earneſt, and, I ſee, are not to be diſguſted at a little Female Frailty; I think I ought in Honour to let you into a little more of her: You muſt know then, this marble-hearted Lady, who could not bear my Addreſſes to herſelf, has notwithſtanding Fleſh and Blood enough to be ten times more uneaſy, that I now pay them to her Siſter.

Gran. I am glad to hear it: Prithee! let me know all; for 'tis upon theſe ſort of Weakneſſes, that I am to ſtrengthen my Hopes.

Fran. You know I writ you word, that I thought the ſafeſt way to cover my real Paſſion for her Siſter *Charlotte*, would be, to drop my cold Pretenſions to *Sophronia*, inſenſibly; upon which account I rather heighten'd my Reſpect to her: But as, you know, 'tis harder to diſguiſe a real Inclination, than to diſſemble one we have not; *Sophronia*, it ſeems, has ſo far ſuſpected the Cheat, that,

that, ſince your Abſence, ſhe has broke into a thouſand little Impatiences at my new Happineſs with *Charlotte*.

Gran. Good.

Fran. But the Jeſt is, ſhe can't yet bring down her Vanity to believe, I am in earneſt with *Charlotte* neither; but really fancies my Addreſſes, there, are all Grimace, the mere Malice of a rejected Lover, to give her Scorn a Jealouſy.

Gran. Admirable! but I hope you are ſure of this.

Fran. 'Twas but yeſterday ſhe gave me a Proof of it.

Gran. Pray, let's hear.

Fran. Why, as *Charlotte* and I were whiſpering at one end of a Room, while we thought her wrapt up in one of *Horace*'s Odes at the other, of a ſudden, I obſerv'd her come ſailing up to me, with an inſulting Smile, as who ſhould ſay—I laugh at all theſe ſhallow Arts—then turn'd ſhort, and, looking over her Shoulder, cry'd aloud——*Ah! Miſer!*

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi?

Grang. Digne Puer meliore Flammâ—Ah! methinks, I ſee the imperious Huſſy, in Profile, waving her ſnowy Neck into a thouſand lovely Attitudes of Scorn and Triumph! O the dear Vanity! Well, when all's ſaid, the Coxcomb's vaſtly handſome!

Fran. I'gad! thou art the oddeſt Fellow in the World! to be thus capable of diverting yourſelf with your Miſtreſs's Jealouſy of another Man.

Gran. Pſhah! Thou'rt too refin'd a Lover; I am glad of any Occaſion that proves her more a Woman, than ſhe imagines.

Fran. But pray, Sir, upon what foot did you ſtand with her before you went to *France*?

Gran. O! I never pretended to more, than a *Platonick* Paſſion; I ſaw, at firſt View, ſhe was inacceſſible by Love.

Fran. Yet ſince you were reſolv'd to purſue her, how came you to think of rambling to *Paris*?

Gran. Why, the laſt time I ſaw her, ſhe grew ſo fantaſtically jealous of my regarding her more, as a Woman, than an intellectual Being, that my Patience was half tir'd; and having, at that time, an Appointment, with ſome idle Company, to make a Trip to *Paris*, I ſlily took that Occaſion, and told her, if I threw myſelf

ſelf into a voluntary Baniſhment from her Perſon, I hoped ſhe would then be convinc'd, I had no other Views of Happineſs, than what her Letters might, ev'n in Abſence, as well gratify, from the Charms of her Underſtanding.

Fran. Moſt ſolemnly impudent!

Gran. In ſhort, her Vanity was ſo blind to the Banter, that ſhe inſiſted upon my going, and made me conditional Promiſes of anſwering all my Letters; in which I have flatter'd her romantick Folly to that degree, that, in her laſt, ſhe confeſſes an entire Satiſfaction in the *Innocent Dignity* of my Inclinations (as ſhe ſtiles it) and therefore thinks herſelf bound, in Gratitude, to recall me from Exile: which gracious Boon (being heartily tired at *Paris*) I am now arriv'd to accept of.

Fran. The merrieſt Amour that ever was! Well! and why don't you viſit her?

Gran. O! I do all things by Rule——not till ſhe has din'd; for our Great *Engliſh* Philoſopher, my Lord *Bacon*, tells you, that then the Mind is generally moſt ductile.

Fran. Wiſely conſider'd.

Gran. Beſides, I want to have a little Talk firſt with the old Gentleman her Father.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert!* If I don't miſtake, yonder he comes——

Gran. Where, prithee?

Fran. There, by the Bookſellers; don't you ſee him, with an odd Crowd after him.

Gran. O! now I have him——he's loaded with Papers like a Sollicitor.

Fran. Sir, he is at this time a Man of the firſt Conſequence, and receives more Petitions every Hour, than the Court of *Chancery* in a whole Term.

Gran. What! Is he Lord Treaſurer?

Fran. A much more conſiderable Perſon, I can aſſure you; he is a *South-Sea* Director, Sir.

Gran. O! I cry your mercy! and thoſe about him, I preſume, are bowing for Subſcriptions.

Fran. That's their Buſineſs, you may be ſure; but ſee, at laſt, he has broke from them.

Gran.

Gran. No! there's one has got him by the Sleeve again.

Fran. What if we ſhould ſtand off, and obſerve a little.

Gran. With all my Heart.

Sir *Gilb.* [*To a Man at the Door.*] Prithee be quiet, Fellow! I tell you I'll ſend the Duke an Anſwer to-morrow Morning.

Within.] It's very well, Sir——

Sir Gilbert *ſpeaks entering, with a great Parcel of open Letters in his Hand, and others ſtuffing his Pockets.*

Sir *Gilb.* Very well! ay, ſo it is, if he gets it then——Why? what! theſe People of Quality, ſure, think they do you a Favour, when they ask one——Huh! let him come for it himſelf! I am ſure I was forc'd to do ſo, at his Houſe, when I came for my own, and could not get it neither——and he expects I ſhould give him 2000 *l.* only for ſending a Footman to me. Why? what! Does his Grace think I don't know which ſide my Bread's butter'd on? Let's ſee! who are theſe from?—— [*Reads to himſelf.*

Gran. The old Gentleman's no blind Admirer of a Man of Quality, I ſee.

Fran. O! Sir, he has lately taken up a mortal Averſion to any Man that has a better Title than himſelf.

Gran. How ſo, pray?

Fran. As he grows rich, he grows proud; and, among Friends, had lately a mind to be made a Lord himſelf: but applying to the wrong Perſon, it ſeems, he was diſappointed; and ever ſince piques himſelf upon deſpiſing any Nobleman, who is not as rich as himſelf.

Gran. Hah! the right *Plebeian* Spirit of *Old-England*: But I think he's counted an honeſt Man.

Fran. Umh! yes! well enough——a good ſort of a mercantile Conſcience; he is punctual in Bargains, and expects the ſame from others; he will neither ſteal, nor cheat, unleſs he thinks he has the Protection of the Law: then indeed, as moſt thriving Men do, he thinks Honour and Equity are chimerical Notions.

Gran. That is, he bluntly profeſſes what other People practiſe with more Breeding——But let's accoſt him.

Gran. Stay a little.

Sir *Gilb.* To me, Friend! [*Enter a Footman, with a Letter.* What will they never have done?

Footm. Sir, my Lady *Double-Chin* preſents her Service, and ſays ſhe'll call for your Honour's Anſwer to-morrow morning.

Sir *Gilb.* Very well; tell my Lady I'll take care to——

[*Exit Footman.*

Be exactly out of the way when ſhe comes.

Gran. Hah! he'll keep that part of his word, I warrant him.

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee! the old Story, I ſuppoſe [*Reads.*] Um—Um——yes, yes——only Two Thouſand——Huh! Does the Woman take me for a Fool? Does ſhe think I don't know that a Two Thouſand Subſcription is worth Two Thouſand Guineas; and becauſe ſhe is not worth above Fourſcore Thouſand already, ſhe would have me give them to her for nothing——To a poor Relation, ſhe pretends indeed, as if ſhe loved any body better than herſelf! A Drum! and a Fiddle! I'll greaſe none of your fat Sows, not I——no, no, get you into the negative Pocket—— Bleſs my Eyes! Mr. *Granger.*

Gran. Sir *Gilbert*, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth, I am glad to ſee you in *England* again—— Mr. *Frankly*, your humble Servant.

Fran. Sir, your moſt obedient.

Sir *Gilb.* Well, how goes *Miſſiſippi*, Man? What! do they bring their Money by Waggon-Loads to Market ſtill? Hay! Hah! hah! hah!

Gran. O! all gone, good for nothing, Sir, your *South-Sea* has brought it to waſte Paper.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, han't we done glorious things here? ha! we have found Work for the Coachmakers as well as they, Boy.

Gran. Ah, Sir, in a little time we ſhall reduce thoſe, who kept them there, to their Original of riding behind them here.

Sir *Gilb.* Huh! huh! you will have your Joke ſtill, I ſee—— Well! you have not ſold out, I hope.

Gran. Not I, faith, Sir; the old Five Thouſand lies ſnug as it was: I don't ſee where one can move it, and mend it; ſo even let it lie, and breed by itſelf.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right——you're right—hark you—keep it—the thing will do more ſtill, Boy.

Gran. Sir, I am ſure it's in hands, that can make it do any thing.

Sir *Gilb.* Have you got any new Subſcription?

Gran. You know, Sir, I have been abſent, and it's really now grown ſo valuable a Favour, I have not the Confidence to ask it,

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhah! prithee never talk of that, Man——

Gran. If I thought you were not full, Sir——

Sir *Gilb.* Why, if I were as full as a Bumper, Sir, I'll put my Friends in, let who will run over for't.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert* always doubles his Favours, by his manner of doing them.

Sir *Gilb.* *Frankly*, you are down for 5000 *l.* already, and you may depend upon every Shilling of it——let me ſee, what have I done with my Liſt? *Granger* has a good Eſtate, and had an eye upon my eldeſt Daughter before he went to *France*; I muſt have him in, it may chance to bring the matter to bear. [*Aſide.*

Gran. Where did you get all theſe Letters, Sir *Gilbert*?

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, this is the Trade every Morning, all for Subſcriptions: nay, they are ſpecial Stuff——here, prithee, read that.

Fran. Who is it from, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* O! a *North-Briton*, a bloody ſquabbling Fellow, who owes me a Thouſand Pound for Difference, and that's his way of paying me: read it.

Grang. [*Reading.*] *Wuns, Sir, dee ye no tack me for a Man of Honor? ye need no ſend to my Ludging ſo often for year pimping Thouſand Pound: An ye'll be but civil a bit, Iſe order the Bearer, my Brocker, to mack up year Ballance: an if ye wull but gea yearſell the Trouble to put his Name intull year own Liſt for a Thouſand Subſcription, he'ſe pay ye aw down upo' the Nail: But an ye wo'no doe this ſmaw Jub, the Deel dommee, an ye e'er ſe a Grote from me, as long as my Name is*

George Blunderbuſs.

Fran. What can you do with ſuch a Fellow, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Do with him! why, I'll let him have it, and get my Money: I had better do that, than be obliged to fight for't, or give it the Lawyers.

Fran. Nay, that's true too.

Sir *Gilb.* Here's another now, from one of my Wife's hopeful Relations, an extravagant Puppy, that has rattled a gilt Chariot to pieces before it was paid for—but he'll die in Jail.

Fran. [*Reading.*] *Dear Knight.*
I ſee he's familiar.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, it's all of a piece,

Fran. Not to mince the matter; yeſterday, at Marybone, *they had me all Bob as a* Robin: *In ſhort, being out of my Money, I was forced to come the Caſter, and tumbled for Five hundred dead: Beſides which, I owe* Crop *the Lender a Brace, and if I have a ſingle* Simon *to pay him, rot me: But the* queer Coll *promiſes to advance me t'other three, and bring me home, provided you will let him ſneak into your Liſt for a cool Thouſand. You know it's a Debt of Honour in me, and will coſt you nothing. Yours in haſte,*

Robert Rattle.

Fran. The Style is extraordinary.

Gran. And his Motives irreſiſtible.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, I have them from all Nations, here's one now from an *Iriſh* Relation of my own.

Fran. O! pray let's ſee.

Sir *Gilb.* There,

[*Frankly reads.*

Loving Couſin, and my dear Life,

There is only my Brother Patrick, *and tat is two of us: And becauſe we would have a graate Reſpect for our Relations, we are come poſht from* Tipperary, *with a loving Deſign to put both our Families upon one anoder. And though we have no Acquaintance with your braave Daughters, we ſaw them yeſterday at the Cathedral-Church, and find they vil ſharave us vel enough. And to ſhew our ſhincere Affections, we vil taake dem vidout never a Peny of Money; only*

as

as a ſmaal Token of Shivility upon your Side, we deſeer the Faavour of both of us each Ten Touſand in dis ſaame new Subſcription: And becauſe in our haſte ſome of our Cloaths and Bills of Exchange were forgot, pridee be ſo graateful as to ſend us two Score Pounds, to put us into ſome Worſhip for the mean time. So dis was all from, my dear Life,

Your humble Sarvant,

And loving Relation,

Owen Mac-Ogle.

Fran. A very modeſt Epiſtle, truly!

Sir *Gilb.* O! here's my Liſt——now Mr. *Granger* we'll ſee what we can do for you——hold! here are ſome People that have no Buſineſs here, I am ſure—ay, here! here's Dr. *Bullanbear*—One Thouſand——why ay—I was forced to put him down to get rid of him. The Man has no Conſcience: Don't I know he is in every Court-Liſt under a ſham Name—indeed, Domine Doctor, you can't be here. [*Scratches him out.*

Then here's another Favourite of my Wife's too——Signior *Caponi da Capo*——Two Thouſand——What! becauſe he can get as much for a Song, does he think to have it for whiſtling too—Huh! huh! huh! not I troth! I am not for ſending our Money into Popiſh Countries. [*Blots him out.*

Fran. Rightly conſider'd, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee, who's next—Sir *James Baker* Knight, One Thouſand.

Gran. Who's he, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* O! a very ingenious Perſon, he's well known at Court, he muſt ſtand; beſides, I believe we ſhall employ him in our *Spaniſh* Trade——O! here we can ſpare you one, I believe—Sir *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Knight, One Thouſand.

Fran. What! the fam'd Cenſor of *Great Britain*?

Sir *Gilb.* No, no; he was a very honeſt pleaſant Fellow, this is only a Relation——a mere Whimſical, that will draw Nobody's way but his own, and is always wiſer than his Betters: I don't underſtand that ſort of Wiſdom, that's for doing good to every body

body but himſelf; let thoſe liſt him that like him, he ſhall ride in no Troop of mine, Odſheartlikins! [*Blots him.*

Gran. How he damns them with a Daſh, like a proſcribing Triumvir?

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee, I would feign have another for you——O! here! *William Penkethman*. One Thouſand. Hah! a very pretty Fellow truly; what! give a Thouſand Pound to a Player——why it's enough to turn his Brain; we ſhall have him grow proud, and quit the Stage upon it: No, no, keep him poor, and let him mind his Buſineſs; if the Puppy leaves off playing the Fool, he's undone. No, no, I won't hurt the Stage, my Wife loves Plays; and whenever ſhe's there, I am ſure of three hours Quiet at home ——[*Blots*, &c.] Let's ſee; one, three, four, five, ay, juſt *Frankly*'s Sum——here's Five Thouſand for you, Mr. *Granger*, with a wet Finger.

Gran. Sir, I ſhall ever be in your Debt.

Sir *Gilb.* Pooh! you owe me nothing.

Fran. You have the Happineſs of this Life, Sir *Gilbert*, the power of obliging all about you.

Sir *Gilb.* O! Mr. *Frankly!* Money won't do every thing, I am uneaſy at home for all this.

Fran. Is that poſſible, Sir, while you have ſo fine a Lady?

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, you are her Favourite, and have Learning enough to underſtand her; but——ſhe is too wiſe, and too willful for me.

Fran. O! Sir, Learning's a fine Accompliſhment in a fine Lady.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, it's no matter for that, ſhe's a great Plague to me: Not but my Lord Biſhop her Uncle was a mighty good Man; ſhe lived all along with him; I took her upon his word: 'twas he made her a Scholar; I thought her a Miracle——Before I had her, I us'd to go and hear her talk *Latin* with him an Hour together; and there I----I----I play'd the Fool——I was wrong, I was wrong——I ſhould not have marry'd again——and yet I was ſo fond of her Parts, I begg'd him to give my eldeſt Daughter the ſame fine Education; and ſo he did——but to tell you the truth, I believe both their Heads are turn'd.

Gran.

Gran. A good Husband, Sir, would ſet your Daughter right, I warrant you.

Sir *Gilb.* He muſt come out of the Clouds then; for ſhe thinks no mortal Man can deſerve her: what think you, Mr. *Frankly*, you had ſoon enough of her?

Fran. I think ſtill, ſhe may deſerve any mortal Man, Sir.

Gran. I can't boaſt of my Merit, Sir *Gilbert*; but I wiſh you would give me leave to take my Chance with her.

Sir *Gilb.* Will you dine with me?

Gran. Sir, you ſhall not ask me twice.

Sir *Gilb.* And you, Mr. *Frankly?*

Fran. Thank you, Sir, I have had the Honour of my Lady's Invitation before I came out.

Sir *Gilb.* O! then pray don't fail; for when you are there, ſhe's always in Humour.

Gran. I hope, Sir, we ſhall have the Happineſs of the young Lady's Company too.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay——after Dinner I'll talk with you.

Fran. Not forgetting your fair Favourite, *Charlotte*, Sir!

Sir *Gilb.* Look you, Mr. *Frankly*, I underſtand you; you have a mind to my Daughter *Charlotte*; and I have often told you, I have no Exceptions to you: and therefore you may well wonder why I yet ſcruple my Conſent.

Fran. You have a Right to refuſe it, no doubt, Sir; but, I hope, you can't blame me for asking it.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth I don't; and I wiſh you had it with all my Heart: But ſo it is——there's no Comfort ſure in this Life: for though by this glorious State of our Stocks, I have rais'd my poor ſingle Plumb to a Pomgranet; yet, if they had not riſen quite ſo high, you and I, Mr. *Frankly*, might poſſibly have been both happier Men than we are.

Fran. How ſo, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Why at the Price it now is, I am under Contract to give one of the greateſt Coxcombs upon Earth the Refuſal of marrying which of my Daughters he pleaſes.

Gran. Hey day! What is Marriage a Bubble too? [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, and am bound in Honour even to ſpeak a good word for him: You know young *Witling*.

Fran. I could have gueſs'd your Coxcomb, Sir; but, I hope, he has not yet named the Lady.

Sir *Gilb.* Not directly: but I gueſs his Inclinations; and expect, every hour, to have him make his Call upon my Conſent, according to Form.

Fran. Is this poſſible?

Gran. Sir, if he ſhould happen to name *Sophronia*, will you give me leave to drub him out of his Contract?

Sir *Gilb.* By no means: Credit's a nice Point; and People won't ſuppoſe that would be done without my Connivance: beſide, I believe *Sophronia's* in no danger. But becauſe one can be ſure of nothing, Gentlemen, I demand both your Words of Honour, that for my ſake, you will neither of you uſe any Acts of Hoſtility.

Fran. Sir, In this Caſe you have a Right to command us.

Sir *Gilb.* Your Hands upon't.

Both. And our Words of Honour.

Sir *Gilb.* I am ſatisfy'd——If we can find a Way to out-wit him---ſo----if not-----Odſo! here he comes: I beg your pardon, Gentlemen; but I won't be in his way, till I cannot help it. Hum! hum! [*Exit Sir* Gilb.

Gran. A very odd Circumſtance.

Fran. I am afraid there is ſomething in it; and begin to think now, my Friend *Witling* (in his Raillery yeſterday with *Charlotte*) knew what he ſaid himſelf, tho' he did not care whether any body elſe did.

Gran. Sure! it cannot be real; I always took *Witling* for a Beggar.

Fran. So he was, or very near it, ſome Months ago; but ſince Fortune has been playing her Tricks here, ſhe has rewarded his Merit, it ſeems, with about an Hundred Thouſand Pound out of *Change-Alley*.

Gran. Nay, then he may be dangerous indeed.

Fran. I long to know the bottom of it.

Gran.

Gran. That you can't fail of, for you know he's vain and familiar; and here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Hah! my little *Granger!* How doſt thou do, Child? Where the Devil haſt thou been this Age? What's the reaſon you never come among us? *Frankly!* give me thy little Finger, my Dear.

Gran. Thou art a very impudent Fellow, *Witling.*

Wit. Ay, it's no matter for that; thou art a pleaſant one, I am ſure: for thou always make'ſt us laugh?

Fran. Us! who the Devil doſt thou mean by Us, now?

Wit. Why, your pretty Fellows, my Dear; your *Bons Vivants*, your Men of Wit and Taſte, Child.

Gran. I know very few of thoſe; but I come from a Country, Sir, where half the Nation are juſt ſuch pretty Fellows as thou art.

Wit. Hah! that muſt be a pleaſant Place indeed! What doſt thou come from Paradiſe, Child? Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Don't you know he's juſt come from *France*, Sir!

Wit. You jeſt!

Gran. Why ay———Now you ſee, *Witling*, your Vanity has brought you into a Fool's Paradiſe.

Wit. O! you pleaſant Cur! what *Paris*, *quaſi par Diis*, or Paradiſe. Ha! I wiſh I had been with you; I am ſure you would have thought it Paradiſe then.

Gran. Nay, now he's fairly in.

Wit. 'Tis impoſſible to be out on't, Sir, in your Company; wherever you are, it's always Paradiſe to me, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Fran. Faith, *Granger*, there I think he came up with you.

Gran. Nay, ſince the Rogue has Money, we muſt of courſe allow him Wit: but I think he's one of your good-natur'd ones; he does not only find the Jeſt, but the Laugh too.

Wit. Ay! and to hear thee talk, Child, how is it poſſible to want either? Ha! ha!

Fran. Good again! Well ſaid *Witling!* Why thou art as ſharp to-day———

Wit. As a Glover's Needle, my Dear, I always dart it into your Leather-heads with three Edges: Ha! ha!

Gran. Prithee, *Witling*, does not thy Aſſurance ſometimes meet with a Repartee, that only lights upon the Outſide of thy Head.

Wit. O! your Servant, Sir: What! now your Fire's gone, you would knock me down with the But-end, would you? Ha! it's very well, Sir; I ha' done, Sir, I ha' done: I ſee it's a Folly to draw Bills upon a Man that has no Aſſets.

Gran. And to do it upon a Man, that has no Caſh of thine in his hands, is the Impudence of a Bankrupt.

Wit. Pſhah! a meer Flaſh in the Pan——Well! well! it's all over——Come, come, a Truce, a Truce! I ha' done; I beg pardon.

Gran. Why, thou vain Rogue! thy Good-nature has more Impudence than thy Wit: Doſt thou ſuppoſe I can ever take any thing ill of thee?

Wit. Pſhah! fy! What doſt thou talk, Man; Why I know thou canſt not live without me: Doſt think I don't know how to make Allowances? Tho, if I have too much Wit, and thou haſt too little, how the Devil can either of us help it, you know? Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha! honeſt *Witling* is not to be put out of humour, I ſee.

Gran. No, Faith, nor out of countenance——

Wit. Not I, Faith, my Friend; and a Man of Turn may ſay any thing to me——Not but I ſee, by his Humour, ſomething has gone wrong——I hold ſix to four now, thou haſt been crabb'd at *Paris* in the *Miſſiſippi.*

Gran. Not I, Faith, Sir; I would no more put my Money into the Stocks there, than my Legs into the Stocks here: There's no getting home again, when you have a mind to it.

Wit. Hah! very good! but prithee tell us: What! is the *Quinquinpois* as pleaſant as our *Change-Alley* here?

Gran. Much the ſame Comedy, Sir; where poor wiſe Men are only Spectators, and laugh to ſee Fools make their Fortune.

Wit. Ay, but there we differ, Sir; for there are Men of Wit too, that have made their Fortunes among us, to my knowledge.

Gran. Very likely, Sir; when Fools are fluſh of Money, Men of Wit won't be long without it: I hear you have been fortunate, Sir.

Wit. Humh! I-gad, I don't know whether he calls me a Wit or a Fool.

Gran. O fy! every body knows you have a great deal of Money.

Fran. And I don't know any Man pretends to more Wit.

Wit. Nay, that's true too: but——I-gad I believe he has me.

Gran. But, prithee, *Witling*, how came a Man of thy Parts ever to think of raiſing thy Fortune in *Change-Alley*? How didſt thou make all this Money thou art maſter of?

Wit. Why, as other Men of Wit and Parts often do; by having little or nothing to loſe: I rais'd my Fortune, Sir, as *Milo* lifted the Bull, by ſticking to it every day, when 'twas but a Calf. I ſous'd them with Premiums, Child, and laid them on thick when the Stock was low; and did it all from a Braſs Nail, Boy. In ſhort, by being dirty once a day for a few Months, taking a Lodging at my Broker's, and riſing at the ſame Hour I uſed to go to bed at this end of the Town; I have at laſt made up my Accounts: and now wake every Morning Maſter of Five-and-Twenty Hundred a Year, *Terra Firma*, and Pelf in my Pocket, Boy: I have Fun in my Fob beſide, Child.

Gran. And all this out of *Change-Alley*?

Wit. Every Shilling, Sir; all out of Stocks, Putts, Bulls, Rams, Bears, and Bubbles.

Gran. Theſe Frolicks of Fortune do ſome Juſtice at leaſt; they ſufficiently mortify the Proud and Envious, that have not been the better for them.

Fran. O! I know ſome are ready to burſt even at the Good-Fortune of their own Relations.

Wit. I-gad, and ſo do I; there's that ſurly Put, my Uncle the Counſellor, won't pull off his Hat to me now——A poor ſlaving Cur, that is not worth above a Thouſand a Year, and minds nothing but his Buſineſs——

Fran. And ſo is out of humour with you, becauſe you have done That in a Twelvemonth, that he has been drudging for theſe twenty Years?

Wit. But I intend to ſend him word, if he does not mend his Manners, now I ſhall diſinherit him.

Gran. What are we to think of this, *Frankly?* Is Fortune really in her Wits, or is the World out of them?

Fran. Much as it uſed to be; ſhe has only found a new Channel for her Tides of Favour.

Wit. Prithee why doſt not come into the Alley, and ſee us ſcramble for them? If you have a mind to philoſophize, there---- there's Work for your Speculations! I-gad! I never go there, but it puts me in mind of the Poetical Regions of Death, where all Mankind are upon a level: There you'll ſee a Duke dangling after a Director; here a Peer and a Prentice haggling for an Eighth; there a Jew and a Parſon making up Differences; here! a young Woman of Quality buying Bears of a Quaker; and there an old one ſelling Refuſals to a Lieutenant of Grenadiers.

Fran. What a Medley of Mortals has he jumbled together?

Wit. O! there's no ſuch Fun in the Univerſe! I-gad! there's no getting away: Periſh me! if I have had time to ſee my Miſtreſs, but of a Sunday, theſe three Months.

Gran. Thy Miſtreſs! What doſt thou mean? Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou hadſt but one.

Wit. Why no more I have not, that I care a Farthing for: I may, perhaps, have a Stable of Scrubs, to mount my Footmen when I rattle into Town, or ſo; but this is a choice Pad, Child, that I deſign for my own Riding.

Fran. Prithee, who is ſhe?

Wit. I'll ſhew you, my Dear——I think I have her here in my Pocket.

Gran. What doſt thou mean?

Wit. Look you, I know you are my Friends; and therefore, ſince I am ſure it's in nobody's power to hurt me, I'll venture to truſt you——There! that's Whoo, Child. [*Shews a Paper.*

Fran. What's here?

[*Reads.*

To Sir *Gilbert Wrangle*:

Sir, according to your Contract of the 11*th of* February *laſt, I now make my Election of your younger Daughter, Mrs.* Charlotte Wrangle;

Wrangle ; *and do hereby demand your Conſent, to be forthwith join'd to the ſaid* Charlotte *in the ſober State of Matrimony. Witneſs my Hand,* &c.

William Witling.

Fran. What a merry World do we live in ?

Gran. This indeed is extraordinary.

Wit. I think ſo : I'll aſſure you, Gentlemen, I take this to be the *Coup de Maitre* of the whole Alley : This is a Call now, that none of your thick-skull'd Calculators could ever have thought on.

Gran. Well, Sir, and does this Contract ſecure the Lady's Fortune to you too ?

Wit. O ! Pox ! I knew that was all Rug before : He had ſettled Three Thouſand a-piece upon them in the *South-Sea*, when it was only about *Par*, provided they married with his Conſent, which by this Contract you know I have a Right to——So there's another Thirty Thouſand dead, my Dear.

Fran. But pray, Sir, has not the Lady herſelf a Right of Refuſal, as well as you, all this while ?

Wit. A Right ! ay, who doubts it ? Every Woman has a Right to be a Fool, if ſhe has a mind to it, that's certain : But *Charlotte* happens to be a Girl of Taſte, my Dear ; ſhe is none of thoſe Fools, that will ſtand in her own light, I can tell you.

Fran. Well, but do you expect ſhe ſhould blindly Conſent to your Bargain ?

Wit. Blindly ! No, Child : But doſt thou imagine any Citizen's Daughter can refuſe a Man of my Figure and Fortune, with her Eyes open ?

Gran. Impudent Rogue ! [*Aſide.*

Fran. Nay, I grant your Security's good, Sir : But, I mean, you have ſtill left her Conſent at large in the Writing ?

Wit. Her Conſent ! didſt thou think I minded that, Man ? I knew, if the Stock did but whip up, I ſhould make no more of her, than a poach'd Egg——But to let you into the Secret, my Dear, I am ſecure of that already ; for the Slut's in love with me, and does not know it : Ha ! ha ! ha !

Fran. How came you to know it then ?

Wit. By her ridiculous pretending to hate me, Child: for we never meet, but it's a mortal War; and never part, till one of us is rallied to death: Ha! ha!

Fran. Nay, then it muſt be a Match; for I ſee you are reſolv'd to take no Anſwer.

Wit. Not I, Faith! I know her Play too well for that! In ſhort, I am this very Evening to attack her in form; and to ſhew you I am a Man of Skill, I intend to make my firſt Breach from a Battery of *Italian* Muſick, in which I deſign to ſing my own *Io-Pæan*, and enter the Town in Triumph.

Fran. You are not going to her now?

Wit. No, no, I muſt firſt go and give the Governor my Summons here: I muſt find out Sir *Gilbert*; he's hereabouts: I long to make him growl a little; for I know he'll fire, when he reads it, as if it were a *Scire Facias* againſt the Company's Charter. Ha! ha! [*Exit* Wit.

Fran. When all's ſaid, this Fellow ſeems to feel his Fortune more than moſt of the Fools that have been lately taken into her Favour.

Gran. Pox on him! I had rather have his Conſtitution, than his Money: Prithee let's follow, and ſee how the old Gentleman receives him.

Fran. No——excuſe me; I can't reſt till I ſee *Charlotte*—— You know my Affairs now require Attendance.

Gran. That's true; I beg you take no notice to *Sophronia* of my being in Town: I have my Reaſons for it.

Fran. Very well; we ſhall meet at Dinner——Adieu.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT II.

The SCENE, *Sir* Gilbert's *Houſe.*

Sophronia *and* Charlotte.

Char. HA! ha! ha!

Soph. Dear Siſter! don't be ſo boiſterous in your Mirth: You really overpower me! So much Vociferation is inſupportable.

Char. Well! well! I beg your Pardon——But you know Laughing is the wholeſomeſt thing in the World; and when one has a hearty Occaſion——

Soph. To be vulgar——you are reſolv'd to appear ſo.

Char. O! I cannot help it, I love it dearly; and pray, where's the harm of it?

Soph. Look you, Siſter, I grant you, that Riſibility is only given to the *Animal Rationale*; but you really indulge it, as if you could give no other Proof of your Species.

Char. And if I were to come into your Sentiments, dear Siſter, I am afraid the World would think I were of no Species at all.

Soph. The World, Siſter, is a Generation of Ignorants: And, for my part, I am reſolv'd to do what in me lies to put an end to Poſterity.

Char. Why you don't deſpair of a Man, I hope.

Soph. No; but I will have all Mankind deſpair of me.

Char. You'll poſitively die a Maid?

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a Martyr; but I ſhall not die a Brute, depend upon't.

Char. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean, Madam?

Char.

Char. Only, Madam, that you are a Woman, and may happen to change your Mind; that's all.

Soph. A Woman! that's ſo like your ordinary way of thinking; as if Souls had any Sexes——No——when I die, Madam, I ſhall endeavour to leave ſuch Sentiments behind me, that——(*non omnis moriar*) the World will be convinc'd my purer Part had no Sex at all.

Char. Why, truly, it will be hard to imagine, that any one of our Sex could make ſuch a Reſolution: though I hope we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

Soph. You'll find, Madam, that an elevated Soul may be always maſter of its periſhable Part.

Char. But, dear Madam, do you ſuppoſe our Souls are cramm'd into our Bodies merely to ſpoil ſport, that a virtuous Woman is only ſent hither of a Fool's Errand? What's the Uſe of our coming into the World, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us.

Soph. If our Species can be only ſupported by thoſe groſs Mixtures, of which Cookmaids and Footmen are capable, People of Rank and Erudition ought certainly to deteſt them. O! what pity 'tis the Divine Secret ſhould be loſt! I have ſomewhere read of an antient Naturaliſt, whoſe laborious Studies had diſcover'd a more innocent way of Propagation; but, it ſeems, his Tablets unfortunately falling into his Wife's Hands, the groſs Creature threw them into the Fire.

Char. Indeed, my dear Siſter, if you talk thus in Company, People will take you for a Mad-woman.

Soph. I ſhall be even with them, and think thoſe mad, that differ from my Opinion.

Char. But I rather hope the World will be ſo charitable, as to think this is not your real Opinion.

Soph. I ſhall wonder at nothing that's ſaid or thought by People of your ſullied Imagination.

Char. Sullied! I would have you to know, Madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too poſitive, Nature has its Indecencies.

Char. That may be; but I don't think of them.

Soph.

Soph. No! Did not you own to me juſt now, you were determin'd to marry?

Char. Well! and where's the Crime, pray?

Soph. What! you want to have me explain? But I ſhall not defile my Imagination with ſuch groſs Ideas.

Char. But, dear Madam, if Marriage were ſuch an abominable Buſineſs, how comes it that all the World allows it to be honourable? And I hope you won't expect me to be wiſer than any of my Anceſtors, by thinking the contrary?

Soph. No; but if you will read Hiſtory, Siſter, you will find, that the Subjects of the greateſt Empire upon Earth were only propagated from violated Chaſtity: The *Sabine* Ladies were Wives, 'tis true, but glorious, raviſh'd, Wives. Vanquiſh'd they were indeed, but they ſurrender'd not: They ſcream'd, and cry'd, and tore, and as far as their weak Limbs would give them leave, reſiſted, and abhor'd the odious Joy——

Char. And yet, for all that Niceneſs, they brought a chopping Race of Rakes, that bully'd the whole World about them.

Soph. The greater ſtill their Glory, that though they were naturally prolifick, their Reſiſtance proved they were not Slaves to Appetite.

Char. Ah! Siſter! if the *Romans* had not been ſo ſharp ſet, the glorious Reſiſtance of thoſe fine Ladies might have been all turn'd into Coquettry.

Soph. There's the Secret, Siſter: Had our modern Dames but the true *Sabine* Spirit of Diſdain, Mankind might be again reduced to thoſe old *Roman* Extremities; and our ſhameleſs Brides would not then be *led*, but *dragg'd* to the Altar; their *Sponſalia* not call'd a Marriage, but a Sacrifice: And the conquer'd Beauty, not the bridal Virgin, but the Victim.

Char. O ridiculous! And ſo you would have no Woman marry'd, that were not firſt raviſh'd, according to Law?

Soph. I would have Mankind owe their Conqueſt of us rather to the Weakneſs of our Limbs, than of our Souls. And if defenceleſs Women muſt be Mothers, the Brutality at leaſt ſhould lie all at their door.

Char. Have a care of this Over-Niceneſs, dear Siſter, leſt ſome agreeable young Fellow ſhould ſeduce you to the Confuſion of parting with it. You'd make a moſt rueful Figure in Love!

Soph. Siſter, you make me ſhudder at your Freedom! I in love! I admit a Man! What! become the voluntary, the lawful Object of a corporeal Senſuality! Like you! to chuſe myſelf a Tyrant! a Deſpoiler! a Husband! Ugh!

Char. I am afraid, by this Diſorder of your Thoughts, dear Siſter, you have got one in your Head, that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed; but it's only the Male-Creature that you have a mind to.

Char. Why, that's poſſible too; for I have often obſerv'd you uneaſy at Mr. *Frankly*'s being particular to me.

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, becauſe I know he impoſes upon you.

Char. You know it?

Soph. I know his Heart, and that another is Miſtreſs of it.

Char. Another!

Soph. Another, but one that to my knowledge will never hear of him; ſo don't be uneaſy, dear Siſter, all in my power you may be aſſur'd of.

Char. Surprizingly kind indeed!

Soph. And you know too I have a great deal in my Inclination——

Char. For me? or him, dear Siſter?

Soph. Nay, now you won't ſuffer me to oblige you. I tell you, I hate the Animal, and, for half a good word, would give him away.

Char. What! before you have him?

Soph. This affected Ignorance is ſo vain, dear Siſter, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

Char. Then we ſhall underſtand one another.

Soph. You don't know, perhaps, that Mr. *Frankly* is paſſionately in love with me?

Char. I know, upon his treating with my Father, his Lawyer once made you ſome Offers.

Soph.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my ſlighting thoſe Offers, he fell immediately into a violent Deſpair.

Char. I did not hear of its Violence.

Soph. So violent, that he has never ſince dar'd to open his Lips to me about it; but to revenge the ſecret Pains I gave him, has made his publick Addreſſes to you.

Char. Indeed, Siſter, you ſurprize me; and 'tis hard to ſay, that Men impoſe more upon us, than we upon ourſelves.

Soph. Therefore, by what I have told you, you may now be convinc'd he is falſe to you.

Char. But is there a neceſſity, my dear *Sophronia*, that I muſt rather believe you than him? Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. How, Madam? Have you the Confidence to queſtion my Veracity, by ſuppoſing me capable of an Endeavour to deceive you?

Char. No hard Words, dear Siſter; I only ſuppoſe you as capable of deceiving yourſelf, as I am.

Soph. Oh! mighty probable indeed! You are a Perſon of infinite Penetration! Your Studies have open'd to you the utmoſt Receſſes of Human Nature: But let me tell you, Siſter, that Vanity is the only Fruit of Toilet-Lucubrations. I deceive myſelf: Ha! ha! ha!

Char. One of us certainly does! Ha! ha!

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha! ha!

Char. Till I am better convinc'd then on which ſide the Vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my turn, dear Siſter.

Soph. O! by all means, ſweet Madam! Ha! ha!

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. O! here's Mamma, ſhe perhaps may decide the Queſtion. Ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

L. *Wr.* So, Mrs. *Charlotte!* what wonderful Nothing, pray, may be the Subject of this mighty Merriment?

Soph. Nothing indeed, Madam, or what's next to nothing; a Man, it ſeems. Ha! ha!

L. *Wr. Charlotte*, wilt thou never have any thing elſe in thy Head?

Char. I was in hopes nothing, that was in my Sister's Head, would be a Crime in mine, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Your Sister's! What? How? Who is it you are laughing at?

Char. Only one another, Madam; but perhaps your Ladyship may laugh at us both; for, it seems, my Sister and I both insist, that Mr. *Frankly* is positively in love but with one of us.

L. *Wr.* Who, Child?

Soph. Mr. *Frankly*, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Frankly* in love with one of you!

Soph. Ay, Madam; but it seems we both take him to ourselves.

L. *Wr.* Then *Charlotte* was in the right in one Point.

Soph. In what, dear Madam?

L. *Wr.* Why, that for the same reason you have been laughing at one another, I must humbly beg leave to laugh at you both---Ha! ha!

Char. So! this is rare Sport. [*Aside.*

L. *Wr.* But pray, Ladies, how long has the Chimæra of this Gentleman's Passion for you been in either of your Heads?

Soph. Nay, Madam, not that I value the Conquest, but your Ladyship knows he once treated with my Father upon my account.

L. *Wr.* I know he made that his Pretence to get acquainted in the Family.

Soph. Perhaps, Madam, I have more coercive Reasons, but am not concern'd enough at present to insist upon their Validity.

L. *Wr.* *Sophronia*, you have Prudence. [Soph. *walks by, and reads.*] But what have you to urge, sweet Lady? How came this Gentleman into your Head, pray?

Char. Really, Madam, I can't well say how he got in, but there he is, that's certain: What will be able to get him out again, Heaven knows.

L. *Wr.* Oh! I'll inform you then; think no more of him than he thinks of you, and I'll answer for your Cure. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. I shall follow your Prescription, Madam, when I am once sure how little he thinks of me.

L. *Wr.* Then judge of that, when I assure you, that his Heart is utterly and solely given up to me.

Soph.

Soph. Well! I did not think my Lady had been capable of ſo much Weakneſs. [*Aſide.*

Char. How! to you, Madam? How is that poſſible, unleſs he makes you diſhonourable Offers?

L. *Wr.* There's no occaſion to ſuppoſe that neither; there are Paſſions you have no Notion of: He knows my Virtue is impregnable; but that——preſerves him mine.

Char. Nay, this does puzzle me indeed, Madam.

Soph. If you had ever read *Plato*, Siſter, you might have known, that Paſſions of the greateſt Dignity have not their Source from Veins and Arteries.

L. *Wr.* *Sophronia*, give me leave to judge of that; perhaps I don't inſiſt that he is utterly *Platonick* neither: The Manſion of the Soul may have its Attractions too; he is as yet but *Udum & Molle Lutum*——and may take what Form I pleaſe to give him.

Char. Well, Madam, ſince I ſee he is ſo utterly at your Ladyſhip's Diſpoſal, and that 'tis impoſſible your Virtue can make any uſe of him in my vulgar way; ſhall I beg your good word to my Father, only to make me Miſtreſs of his mortal Part?

L. *Wr.* Heavens! what will this World come to? This Creature has ſcarce been two Years from School, and yet is impatient for a Husband? No, Madam, you are too young; as yet but—*Cruda Marito.* Your Education is not yet finiſh'd; firſt cultivate your Mind, correct and mortify theſe Sallies of your Blood; learn of your Siſter here, to live a bright Example of your Sex; refine your Soul, give your happier Hours up to Science, Arts, and Letters; enjoy the Raptures of Philoſophy, ſubdue your Paſſions, and renounce the ſenſual Commerce of Mankind.

Char. O! dear Madam, I ſhould make a piteous Philoſopher; indeed your Ladyſhip had much better put me out to the Buſineſs I am fit for: Here's my Siſter has Learning enough o'Conſcience for any one Family; and, of the two, I had much rather follow your Ladyſhip's Example, and uſe my humble Endeavours to encreaſe it.

L. *Wr.* My Example! Do you ſuppoſe then, if I had been capable of groſs Deſires, I would have choſen your Father for the Gratificator of them?

Char.

Char. Why not, Madam; my Papa's a hale Man, and though he has twice your Ladyſhip's Age, he walks as ſtrait, and leads up a Country-Dance as briſk as a Beau at a Ball.

L. *Wr.* Come, none of your ſenſual Inferences from thence; I was govern'd by my Parents: I had other Views in marrying Mr. *Wrangle.*

Char. Yes, a ſwinging Jointure. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* When you have gone through my Studies, Madam, Philoſophy will tell you, 'tis poſſible a well-natur'd Mind, tho fated to a Husband, may be at once a Wife and Virgin.

Char. Prodigious! [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* What is it you ſmile at, Madam?

Char. Nothing, Madam, only I don't underſtand theſe Philoſophical Myſteries; but if your Ladyſhip will indulge me, in marrying Mr. *Frankly*, as for dying a Maid afterwards, I'll take my Chance for it.

L. *Wr.* What a giddy Confidence! But thou art ſtrangely vain, *Charlotte*, to be ſo importunate for a Man, that, as I have told thee, has the Misfortune to be paſſionately in love with me.

Char. Indeed, indeed, Madam, if your Ladyſhip would but give him leave to open his Mind freely, he would certainly tell you another Story.

L. *Wr.* I will ſend for him this minute, and convince you of your Error.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Frankly.*

L. *Wr.* He never came more opportunely: Deſire him to walk in.

Enter Mr. Frankly.

L. *Wr.* O! Mr. *Frankly*, the welcomeſt Man alive.

Fran. Then I am the happieſt, I am ſure, Madam.

L. *Wr.* O fy! Is there any one of this Company could make you ſo?

Fran. There's one in the Company, Madam, has a great deal more in her power, than I am afraid ſhe'll part with to me.

Soph. Are you this hard-hearted Lady, Siſter? Does this Deſcription reach you, pray? [*Aſide.*

Char. The Power does not deſcribe you, I'll anſwer for it. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* Nay, now you grow particular——You have ſomething to ſay to one of theſe Ladies, I'm ſure. [*To* Fran.

Fran. I have ſomething, Madam, to ſay to both of them.

Soph. Shall we let him ſpeak, Siſter?

Char. Freely.

L. *Wr.* Which of theſe two now, if you were free to chuſe, could you really give up your Heart to?

Fran. O! Madam, as to that I dare only ſay, as Sir *John Suckling* did upon the ſame Occaſion.

Soph. Pray, what was that?

Fran. *He ſure is happieſt, that has Hopes of either;*
Next Him, is He, that ſees you both together.

L. *Wr.* Perfectly fine: Nor is there more Wit in the Verſes themſelves, than in your polite Application of them——Mr. *Frankly*, I muſt beg your pardon——I know it's rude to whiſper, but you have Good-Nature; and to oblige a Woman——

Fran. Is the Buſineſs of my Life, Madam——What the Devil can all this mean? I have been oddly catechiz'd here——Sure they have not all agreed to bring me to a Declaration for one of them——it looks a little like it——But then, how comes *Charlotte* into ſo vain a Project? nay, ſo hazardous? She can't but know, my holding the other two in play has been the only means of my getting Admittance to her——perhaps they may have piqued her into this Experiment——not unlikely——but I muſt be cautious. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* Nay, Ladies, you can't but ſay I laid you fairly in his way: [*Apart to* Soph. *and* Char.] And yet you ſee from how palpable a Regard to me, he has ingeniouſly avoided a Declaration for either of you, at leaſt.

Soph. Your Ladyſhip won't be offended, if, for a moment, we ſhould ſuſpend your Concluſion.

L. *Wr.* Not in the leaſt; if Suſpence can make you happy, live always in it.

Char. But pray, Madam, let him go on a little.

L. *Wr.* Oh! you ſhall have enough of him. Well; you are a horrid Tyrant, Mr. *Frankly*: Don't you plainly ſee here are two Ladies in this Company, that have a mind you ſhould declare in favour of one of them?

Fran. Yes, Madam, but I plainly ſee, there are three Ladies in the Company.

L. *Wr.* What then?

Fran. Why then, Madam, I am more afraid of offending that third Perſon, than either of the other two.

L. *Wr.* [*To* Soph. *and* Char.] Obſerve his Diffidence, his Awe, he knows I love Reſpect.

Soph. With Submiſſion, Madam, I never was familiar with him.

L. *Wr.* Come, now do you both ask the Queſtion, as I have done, each excluſive of herſelf.

Char. Your Ladyſhip's in the right——— [*Aſide.*
Sir, without any Apology then, I am oblig'd to ask you, whether it be my Lady, or my Siſter, you really are in love with?

Fran. So now it's plain, [*Aſide.*] When either of them ask me, you'll be out of the Queſtion, I can aſſure you, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Ha! ha!

Soph. Who's in the Queſtion now, Siſter.

Char. If I had put myſelf in, you would not have been there, I'll anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Then I'll do you that Favour, Madam.

Fran. So! Now the t'other——but I am ready for her too.

Soph. You ſee, Sir, the Humour we are in: Tho don't ſuppoſe, if I ask you the ſame Queſtion, 'tis from the ſame Motive; but ſince theſe Ladies have oblig'd me to it———which of them is it you ſincerely are a Slave to?

Fran. Since I find your Motive is only Complaiſance to them, Madam, I hope you will not think it needs an Anſwer.

Soph. I am ſatisfy'd———
Your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to mention Reſpect——I think there's Reſpect and Demonſtration too, Madam. [*Aſide to L.* W.

L. *W.* I grant it———but both to me, Child———But I will ſpeak once more for all of us———Sir, that you may not be reduc'd to farther Ambiguities———ſuppoſe we are all agreed, you

ſhould

ſhould have leave to declare which of us then your Heart is utterly in the Diſpoſal of.

Fran. Then I muſt ſuppoſe, Madam, that one of you has a mind I ſhould make the other two my Enemies.

L. *Wr.* All your Friends, depend upon us.

Fran. So were all the three Goddeſſes to *Paris*, Madam, till he preſum'd to be particular, and raſhly gave the Apple to *Venus*: You know, Madam, *Juno* was his immortal Enemy ever after.

——*Manet alta mente Repoſtum*
Judicium Paradis, ſpretæque Injuria Formæ.

L. *Wr.* Sir, you are excus'd; the Modeſty and Elegance of your Reply has charm'd me.

Soph. Now, Siſter, was this Delicacy of his Taſte and Learning ſhewn to recommend himſelf to me, or you, think you?

Char. O! I don't diſpute its recommending him to you.

Soph. He thinks it does, depend upon't.

Char. Tho I can hardly think that of him, yet I can't ſay indeed he has taken much Pains to recommend himſelf to me all this while: I ſee no reaſon, becauſe they are to be reſpected forſooth, that I may not be pleas'd in my turn too. [*To herſelf.*

Fran. And now, Ladies, give me leave to ask you a Queſtion.

L. *Wr.* You may command us, Sir.

Fran. Then whoſe cruel Propoſal was it? to urge me to a Declaration of my Heart, when you all knew there was not one of you, from the Diſpoſition of whoſe Mind or Circumſtances, I could hope the leaſt Favour or Mercy.

L. *Wr.* Explain yourſelf.

Fran. Why firſt, Madam, as to your Ladyſhip, you are honourably diſpos'd of——from you my utmoſt Vanity could no more form a Hope, than could your Virtue give it——And here [*To* Soph.] if poſſible, my Fate were harder ſtill——here I muſt have to encounter Rivals numberleſs and invincible.

Soph. Rivals!

Fran. Ay, Madam, is not every Volume in your Library a Rival? Do you not paſs whole Days, nay ſometimes happier Nights,

with them alone? The Living and the Dead promiſcuous in your Favour? Old venerable Sages, even in their Graves, can give you Raptures, from whoſe Divine Enjoyment no mortal Lover can perſuade you.

Soph. [*To* Char.] Is this to pleaſe you, Siſter?

Char. Truly, I think not——he has miſtaken the way at leaſt.

Fran. [*Turning to* Char.] And here, Madam——

L. *Wr.* Hold, Sir——a Truce with your Negatives, leſt they grow too vehement in their Affirmation——you have hitherto my Eſteem——preſerve it by your Diſcretion, and force me not to revoke the Freedom I have this day given you——*Sophronia*, I have carried this Matter to the very utmoſt Limits of Diſcretion---- I hope you, and your Siſter, are now deliver'd from your Error; if not, I'll inſtantly withdraw, and leave you to a full Conviction.

[*Exit Lady* Wrangle.

Fran. I am afraid my Lady takes ſomething ill of me.

Soph. Sir, what you have done was from her own Deſire; and ſince I partly am the Occaſion, it is but juſt I ſtand engag'd for your Reconciliation.

Fran. Then give me leave to hope, Madam——

Soph. From what Pretenſion, Sir? From any Weakneſs of my Behaviour? Hope! do you conſider the licentious and extenſive Conſequences of that odious Word? Hope! you make me tremble at the Thought.

Fran. Madam, I only mean——

Soph. I know your Meaning, Sir; and therefore muſt not hear it.

Fran. This is new with a Vengeance. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Siſter, I am ſorry our Argument has reduced me to ſtand ſo outrageous an Inſtance of your Conviction; but you may profit from the Inſult: You now may learn to moderate your Vanity, and to know yourſelf. O! 'tis a Heavenly Leſſon——*E Cœlo deſcendit, Gnothe ſeauton.*

Fran. What a ſolid Happineſs now is crept into her Mind through the Crack of her Brain——I hope you are not going too, Madam?

Char. I don't know any Buſineſs I have here.

Fran. So——I-gad! I have diſoblig'd them all, I believe: [*Aſide.*] You are not out of humour? *Char.*

Char. I do not know whether I am or no.

Fran. So cold *Charlotte*, after I have had my Wits upon the ſtretch, this half hour, to oblige you?

Char. What, in blowing up other People's Vanity at my Expence.

Fran. Would you have had me blown up their Jealouſy, at the Expence of my Well-being with you?

Char. You, that are ſo dextrous in impoſing upon others, may impoſe upon me too, for ought I know.

Fran. Come, come, don't impoſe upon yourſelf, *Charlotte*, by this groundleſs, this childiſh Reſentment.

Char. She that has no Reſentment at all, may be under-treated as long as ſhe lives, I find.

Fran. Pray think a little; is my having made them ridiculous by your own Conſent, expoſing you to them, or them to you?

Char. I don't know how the Matter's contriv'd; but I certainly find myſelf uneaſy, and you can't perſuade me I am not ſo.

Fran. Well, well; ſince you can't juſtify your being in an ill Humour, it's a fair Step at leaſt to your coming into a good one.

Char. Come, I will not be wheedled now.

Fran. Nay, but hear me.

Sophronia *enters unſeen, while* Frankly *ſeems to entertain* Charlotte *apart.*

Soph. What can theſe Creatures be doing alone together? I thought I left my Siſter in too ill a Humour to retire with him; but I ſee theſe Carnage-Lovers have ſuch a Meanneſs in their Souls, they'll overlook the groſſeſt Uſage to accommodate their ſenſual Concorporation——'Tis ſo—her Eyes have loſt all Reſentment already: But I muſt not be ſeen, leſt they miſtake my innocent Curioſity for Jealouſy.

Char. Well, but you might have thrown in a civil thing to me in my turn too.

Fran. Alas! poor Lady! Pray what one civil thing did I mean to any body but yourſelf? Beſides, was not you one of the three Goddeſſes, Miſs *Charlotte?* Which of the Company do you ſuppoſe I meant by *Venus*, pray?

Char. How ſilly you make me?

Fran. Nay I was going to ſay a great deal more to you, if my Lady had not ſtopt my Mouth.

Soph. Is it poſſible? [*Aſide.*

Char. Why then I beg your pardon; for, in ſhort, I find I have only been Fool enough to be uneaſy, becauſe they had not Senſe enough to be mortified.

Fran. A pretty innocent Confeſſion truly.

Soph. Have I my Senſes?

Char. Well! but tell me what was it you had a mind to ſay to me?

Fran. Nothing to what I now could ſay——O *Charlotte!* my Heart grows full of you; the leaſt Look of Kindneſs ſoftens me to Folly! Indeed I love you.

Soph. Soh!

Char. And for what, after all? [*Smiling.*

Fran. For that, and for a thouſand Charms beſide: [*Preſſing her Hand*] There's ſomething in your Looks ſo ſoft, ſo gentle, ſo reſign'd, and plaintive; I loved before I knew it, and only thought I gave the Pity that I wanted.

Char. What Tranſport's in the Paſſion, when the Tenderneſs is mutual?

Soph. O! the enormous Creature! But I'll be gone, leſt her Intoxication ſhould know no Bounds——No——on ſecond Thoughts I'll ſtay——This odious Object may be uſeful; Vipers, if rightly taken, are Preſervatives: And as the *Spartans* taught their Children to abhor Intemperance, by ſhewing them their Slaves expos'd, and ſenſeleſs in their Wine; ſo I, in Contemplation of this Folly, may be fortified againſt it——O! the abandon'd Wantons!——What a riotous Diſorder now muſt run through every Vein of her whole Syſtem? How can they thus deface the Dignity of Human Being? A Kiſs, nay then 'tis inſupportable. [*She goes to them.*] Siſter, I am amaz'd you can ſtand trifling here, when my Father's come home, and you know he wants you.

[*During this* Fr. *and* Char. *ſeem in an amorous Diſpute, till he kiſſes her.*]

Char. She has certainly ſeen us. [*Aſide to* Fran.

Fran. No matter, ſeem eaſy, and take no notice. [*Apart to* Char.

Soph. Shall I tell him you will not come, Madam?

Char.

Char. Well, do not be in a Paſſion, dear Siſter.

Fran. O fy! why ſhould you think ſo? But is Sir *Gilbert* come in, Madam? I have a little Buſineſs with him: If you pleaſe, Madam, I'll wait upon you to him.

Char. With all my heart.

Fran. Amante Spoſa, &c. [*Exit ſinging with* Char.

Soph. What means this Turbulence of Thought? Why am I thus diſorder'd? It cannot——nay, I will not have it Jealouſy ——No! if I were capable of Folly, *Granger* might miſlead me; yet ſtill I am diſturb'd——Yes, 'tis plain, I am incens'd provok'd at him; but can I not aſſign the Cauſe? O! I have found it——having firſt offer'd up his Heart to me, his giving it to another, without my leave, is an Inſult on my Merit, and worthy my Reſentment——that's all——How then ſhall I puniſh him? by ſecuring her to his Rival——*Witling* ſhall have her; I'll work it by my Lady, ſhe ſeems his Friend——Yes, yes, that will entirely eaſe my Heart: How I rejoice to find 'tis only decent Pride that has diſturb'd me——Yes, I'll certainly reſent it——to their mutual Diſappointment!

Thus both ſhall ſuffer, doom'd to different Fates:
His be Deſpair; be hers, the Man ſhe hates. [Exit.

ACT III.

Lady Wrangle *and* Sophronia.

L. *Wr.* IMpoſſible! You amaze me! Kiſs her, ſay you? What! as a Lover, amorouſly? voluptuouſly?

Soph. Infamouſly! with all the glowing Fervour of a Libertine.

L. *Wr.*

L. *Wr.* Then I am deceiv'd indeed! I thought that Virtue, Letters, and Philoſophy, had only Charms for him: I have known his Soul all Rapture in their Praiſes; nay, and believ'd myſelf the ſecret Object of them all. But is he vulgar, brutal then at laſt? No *Punick* Faith ſo falſe——'Tis well! he has deceiv'd me, and I hate him. O that forward Creature!

Soph. She warms as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* But tell me, dear *Sophronia*, how did that nauſeous Girl behave to him? Was the Shame chiefly his? Did ſhe reſiſt, or——how was this odious Kiſs obtain'd? Were his Perſuaſions melting, or her Allurements artful? Was he enſnar'd, or did his Wiles ſeduce her? O tell me all his Baſeneſs! I burn to know, yet wiſh to be deceiv'd.

Soph. ——*Speratqne miſerrima falli*——Directly jealous of him; but I'll make my Uſes of it. [*Aſide.*] Nay, Madam, I muſt own the guilty part was chiefly hers: Had you but ſeen the warm Advances that ſhe made him, the Looks, the Smiles, the toying Glances, O! ſuch wanton Blandiſhments to allure him; you would think his Crime, compar'd to hers, but Frailty.

L. *Wr.* O! the little Sorcereſs! but I ſhall ſtop her in her looſe Career: I'll have her know, forward as ſhe is, her Inclinations ſhall wait upon my Choice; and ſince ſhe will run riot, I'll have her clogg'd immediately: I'll marry her, *Sophronia*; but—where I think fit: No! Mr. *Witling* is her Man, or ſhe's a Maid for ever.

Soph. That, Madam, I doubt, ſhe will never be brought to; ſhe mortally hates him.

L. *Wr.* So much the better; I do not deſign him therefore as her Happineſs, but her Puniſhment.

Soph. This is fortunate; ſhe even prevents my Purpoſe. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* O! that a Man of his ſublime Faculties could fall from ſuch a Height——Was ever any thing ſo mean, *Sophronia?*

Soph. I am ſurpriz'd indeed: my Siſter too is ſo illiterate, Madam.

L. *Wr.* To contaminate his Intellects with ſuch a Chit of an Animal! *O Tempora!*

Soph. O Mores! 'Tis a degenerate Age indeed, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Nothing but Noiſe and Ignorance; Girls and Vanity have their Attractions now.

Soph. O! there's no living, Madam, while Coquettes are ſo openly tolerated among a civiliz'd People!

L. *Wr.* I proteſt, they are ſo inſolently inſidious, they are become mere Nuſances to all innocent Society.

Soph. I am amaz'd the Government ſhould not ſet the idle Creatures to work.

L. *Wr.* The Wiſdom of our Anceſtors reſtrain'd ſuch horrid Licences; and, you ſee, the Laws they made deſcrib'd them all by the modeſt Term of Spinſters only. But I'll take care of her at leaſt; and ſince ſhe is become a publick Miſchief, to humble her, will be a publick Good: I'll ſend to Mr. *Witling* this moment, and invite him to dine here. I deſire you will be in the way, Child, and aſſiſt me in bringing this Matter to a ſpeedy Concluſion. [*Exit.*

Soph. Yes, I ſhall aſſiſt you, Madam; tho not to gratify your Reſentments, but my own: Poor Lady! is this then all the Fruit of your Philoſophy? Is this her Conduct of the Paſſions, not to endure another ſhould poſſeſs what ſhe pretends to ſcorn? Are theſe her Self-denials? Where, where was her Self-examination all this while? The leaſt Enquiry there had ſhewn theſe Paſſions as they are: Then had ſhe ſeen, that all this Anger at my Siſter was but Envy; thoſe Reproaches on her Lover, Jealouſy; even that Jealouſy, the Child of Vanity, and her avow'd Reſentment, Malice! Good Heaven! can ſhe be this Creature, and know it not!——And yet 'tis ſo——ſo partial's Nature to herſelf:

That Charity begins, where Knowledge ſhould,
And all our Wiſdom's counſell'd by the Blood:
The Faults of others we with Eaſe diſcern,
But our own Frailties are the laſt we learn.

Going off, ſhe meets Frankly *and* Charlotte.

Ha! Perpetually together?

Char. In Contemplation, Siſter, I am afraid we diſturb you: Come, Mr. *Frankly*, we'll go into the next Room.

Soph.

Soph. No, Madam, if you have any Secrets, I'll retire.

Char. Nay, we have none now, Sifter, but what I dare ſwear you are entirely let into: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. So! ſhe muſt have a gentle Inſult, I find; but it will be prudent in me to keep the peace. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Theſe Taunts are inſupportable! but to confeſs the Smart, were adding to her Triumph. [*Aſide.*

Char. Why ſo grave, *Sophronia?*

Soph. Why that Queſtion, Madam? Do you often ſee me otherwiſe?

Char. No; but, I thought, upon your ſuppoſing we had Secrets, you drew up a little.

Soph. 'Tis poſſible, I might not be in a laughing Humour, without thinking any of your Secrets important.

Fran. People, Madam, that think much, always wear a ſerious Aſpect. [*To* Char.

Soph. As the contrary, Sifter, may be a Reaſon for your continual Mirth.

Char. Well! well! ſo I am but happy, Sifter, I am content you ſhould be wiſe as long as you live.

Soph. You have one Sign of Wiſdom, I ſee; a little thing contents you——There's no bearing her. [*Exit* Soph.

Char. She's in a high Miff.

Fran. I am afraid there is no Good towards us: I obſerv'd my Lady, as ſhe paſs'd too, had much the ſame Cloud upon her Brow.

Char. Then ſhe has certainly told her how ſhe caught us fooling together.

Fran. No doubt on't; therefore we muſt expect all the Miſchief that either of them can do us.

Char. My Sifter can't do as much, at leaſt.

Fran. She can blow up my Lady; and, you know, my Lady governs your Father.

Char. She does a little overbear him indeed; not but he will make his Party good with her upon occaſion: I have known it come to a drawn Battel between them, eſpecially when he has any body to ſtand by him. A ſad Life tho, Mr. *Frankly*, when conjugal Engagements are only Battles; does not their Example frighten you?

Fran.

Fran. I can ſee no Hazard, in taking my Chance with you, Madam.

Sophronia *returns, and ſtops ſhort, ſeeing* Frankly *taking* Charlotte's *Hand.*

Soph. So! cloſing again the minute they are alone! but I ſhall make bold with them. [*Goes forward.*] Pray, Sifter, what did you do with that Book of mine you took up this Morning?

Char. What Book?

Soph. The *Confutius*, you know, in my Chamber.

Char. O! I did not mind it, I left it upon the green Table.

Soph. Very well——that's all——I beg your pardon: What a melancholy Sight ſhe is? [*Exit, and drops her Handkerchief.*

Fran. This Book was only a Pretence to break in upon us.

Char. Plainly——ſhe haunts us like the Ghoſt in *Hamlet.* But pray, what Talk had you with my Father juſt now?

Fran. A great deal; we are upon very good Terms there, I can tell you: But his Conſcience, it ſeems, is under the moſt ridiculous Dilemma, ſure, that ever was.

Char. What do you mean?

Fran. If you will have patience to hear it, I'll tell you.

Char. I ſhall have no patience till I do hear it.

Fran. You muſt know then, ſome time ago, Sir *Gilbert* happen'd, in a mix'd Company in *Change-Alley*, to join in a Laugh at Mr. *Witling*, for his Folly (as it was then thought) in giving out Premiums for the Refuſal of *South-Sea* Stock at an extravagant Price: The Beau being piqued to an Intemperance, to ſee his Bargains a Jeſt, offer'd, in Heat of Blood, to back his Judgment with more Money, for a harder Bargain, and ten times as chimerical.

Char. Ay, now let's hear.

Fran. Thus it was: He told an Hundred Guineas into your Father's hand; in conſideration of which (if *Witling* could prove himſelf worth Fifty Thouſand Pound within the Year, and the *South-Sea* Stock ſhould in that time mount to a Thouſand *per Cent.* why then, and on thoſe Conditions only) your Father was to give him the Refuſal of you, or your Siſter, in Marriage. This whimſical

Offer turn'd the Laugh of the Company to the Beau's ſide; at which Sir *Gilbert*, impatient of his Triumph, and not being in the leaſt apprehenſive either of the Stock's riſing to that Price, or that this Rattle-headed Fellow could poſſibly make ſuch a Fortune in that time; fairly took the Money, and ſign'd the Contract. Now the Stock, it ſeems, is come up to his Price, and the Spark has actually prov'd himſelf worth near double the Sum he condition'd for.

Char. For Heaven's ſake! am I to take all this ſeriouſly?

Fran. Upon my Life 'tis true: But don't miſtake the Matter; Sir *Gilbert* has left his Daughter's Inclinations free: there is no Force to be put upon them in the Bargain.

Char. Oh! then I can take my Breath again.

Fran. No, no; you are ſafe as to that point: You may do as you pleaſe; he has only tied up his own Conſent. But *Witling* having this Call upon it, Sir *Gilbert* is incapable, as he ſays, of giving it at preſent to me.

Char. Well! but, in the mean time, ſuppoſe he ſhould give it to you; what's the Penalty?

Fran. That's true; I had like to have forgot it: The Penalty is this; if Sir *Gilbert* refuſes his Conſent, then he is to give *Witling* an Alternative of the Three Thouſand Pound Stock only, at Two Hundred. So low, it ſeems, was the Price, when this Bargain was made.

Char. A pinching Article: I am afraid my good Father has not Diſtaſte enough for a Coxcomb, to part with his Stock, and not toſs him a Daughter into the Bargain.

Fran. Ay, but conſider; Sir *Gilbert* is not to part with his Stock neither, if you refuſe to marry the Gentleman.

Char. Why then the Fool has given his Money for nothing; at leaſt I am ſure he has, if he makes his Call upon me.

Fran. Ay, but here's the Misfortune; the Fool has been wiſe enough to do that already; Sir *Gilbert* tells me, he has inſiſted upon you; and you may be ſure my Lady, and your Siſter, will do all in their power to hold your Father to his Bargain: So that, while the Contract's valid, it will not be even in your power, *Charlotte*, to compleat my Happineſs this half Year.

Char

Char. It gives me, at leaſt, occaſion to ſhew you a new Proof of my Inclination; for, I confeſs, I ſhall be as uneaſy as you, till, one way or other, this ridiculous Bargain is out of that Coxcomb's hands again.

Fran. O! *Charlotte!* lay your Hand upon my Heart, and feel how ſenſibly it thanks you.

Char. Fooliſh!

Sophronia *enters, as looking for her Handkerchief, and obſerves them.*

Soph. Monſtrous! actually embracing him! What have her Tranſports made her blind too? Sure ſhe might ſee me.

Char. Be you but rul'd, and I'll engage to manage it.

Fran. I have a lucky Thought, that certainly——

Char. Peace! break thee off! Lo! where it comes again.

Fran. Speak to it, *Horatio*—— [*Seeing* Soph.

Char. Do you want any thing, Siſter?

Soph. Ay! did not I drop an Handkerchief here?

Char. I did not ſee any——O! here——I believe this is it.

[*Gives it her.*

[*They all ſtand gravely mute for ſome time, at laſt* Charlotte, *as uneaſy at her Company, ſpeaks.*]

Char. Do you want any thing elſe, Siſter?

Soph. [*Turning ſhort upon her.*] ——Yes, Madam——Patience——to ſupport me under your injurious Aſſurance.

Char. Keep your Temper, Siſter, leſt I ſhould ſuſpect your Philoſophy to be only an Affectation of Knowledge you never could arrive at.

Soph. There are ſome Surprizes, Madam, too ſtrong for all the Guards of Human Conſtancy.

Char. Yet I have heard you ſay, Madam, 'tis a Narrowneſs of Mind to be ſurpriz'd at any thing.

Soph. To be amaz'd at the Actions of the Unjuſt, and the Abandon'd, is a Weakneſs that as often riſes from Innocence and Virtue: You muſt therefore pardon me, if I am aſtoniſh'd at your Behaviour.

Fran. So! I ſuppoſe I ſhall have my ſhare preſently. [*Aſide.*

Char. My Behaviour, Madam, is not to be aſpers'd by Outrage; and if I am not aſtoniſh'd at yours, 'tis becauſe the Folly of it ought to move no Paſſion, but Laughter.

Soph. This to me! to me! Mrs. *Charlotte?*

Char. Ay, ay! to you, Mrs. *Sophronia.*

Fran. I beg your pardon, Ladies, I ſee you have private Buſineſs. [*Going.*

Soph. No, Sir——hold——you are at leaſt an Accomplice, if not the Principal in the Injury I complain of.

Fran. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam, in ſuppoſing any thing in my power could diſturb you: but pray, Madam, wherein have I been ſo unhappy as to injure you?

Soph. In the tendereſt Part; my Fame, my Senſe, my Merit, and (as the World eſteems it) in my Sex's Glory.

Fran. Accumulated Wrongs indeed! But really, Madam, I am yet in the dark; I muſt beg you to explain a little farther.

Soph. Then plainly thus, Sir: You have robb'd me of my Right; the Vows of Love you once preferr'd to me, are by the Laws of Honour, without my Conſent, irrevocable: but, like a vile Apoſtate, you have ſince preſum'd to throw your ſcornful Malice on my Attractions, by baſely kneeling to another.

Char. O! the painful Conflicts of Prudery. [*Aſide.*

Fran. This is hard indeed, Madam, that the Loſs of what you never thought worth your Acceptance, ſhould be worth your Reſentment: If a Beggar ſhould ask you Charity, would you call it an Injury, if, upon your refuſing it, the Wretch ſhould beg of the next Paſſenger?

Char. Well! is not that prettily ſaid now, Siſter?

Soph. The Caſe is different——You owe me Tribute as your rightful Conqueror; and tho I have declin'd the taſteleſs Triumph of your Homage, that's no Remittance of the Duty: Nor can you pay it to the Uſurper of my Right, without rebellious Perjury to me.

Fran. Hoyty! toyty! I-gad there will be no end of this——I muſt e'en talk downright to her. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Oblations vow'd to a peculiar Power, are to its peculiar Altars only due; and tho the Offering might be ill receiv'd, yet ſhould

ſhould the murmuring Suppliant dare to invoke another's Aid, his Vows are then become profane and impious to the Deity.

Char. So! ſince he would not make her a Goddeſs, I find ſhe's reſolv'd to make one of herſelf. [*Aſide.*

Fran. Now really, Madam, if I were to put all this into plain *Engliſh*, the Tranſlation would amount to no more than this, That your offended Deity is a meer Dog in a Manger: What the Duce, becauſe you don't love Oats, muſt nobody elſe eat them! Ha! Ha!

Char. Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. Amazement! Horror! I am ſhock'd and ſhiver'd to a thouſand Atoms! O! my violated Ears!

Fran. Ay, ay! Madam, you may give yourſelf as many Romantick Airs as you pleaſe; but, in ſhort, I can play the civil Hypocrite no longer.

Soph. Ye Powers! he triumphs in Brutality!

Fran. That is, Madam, becauſe you will always take Civility for Adoration. But however, to clear up this whole Matter; if, for once, you can reduce yourſelf from a Deity to what Nature has made you, a Woman of Senſe, I'll beg pardon for my Brutality, and ſpeak to you like a Gentleman.

Soph. You may ſuppoſe me then to have the Senſe you ſpeak of.

Fran. Why then I own, Madam, when I firſt came from Travel, my good Father, on whom I then depended, recommended me to an Alliance in this Family: I thought myſelf honour'd in his Commands; and being equally a Stranger to you and your Siſter, I judg'd, as being the Elder, you had a natural Right to the Preference of my Addreſſes: I ſaw you, ſaw your Perſon lovely, adorn'd with all thoſe Charms that uſually inſpire the Lover's Tongue to bend the Ear of Beauty.——

Char. How ſhe drops her Eyes at it! [*Aſide.*

Fran. But on a nearer Converſe, I found you ſcarce a Mortal in your Sentiments; ſo utter a Diſdain of Love, had you imbibed from your Romantick Education: no wonder I ſucceeded not; I ſhall not reproach you with my peculiar Treatment: you pleaſed yourſelf, and I retreated. On this I thought my Heart at liberty to try its better Fortune here. Here I am fix'd, and juſtify my Love;

Love; where then's the Injury to you, in laying at your Siſter's feet a Heart, which your Diſdain rejected?

Soph. 'Tis true, while offer'd with impure Deſires; while ſenſually, and as a Woman only, you purſued me: But had you greatly ſought the Marriage of the Mind, the ſocial Raptures of the Soul; I might, perhaps, have cheriſh'd an intellectual Union.

Fran. Ah! but dear, dear Madam, thoſe Raptures in the Air would not do my Buſineſs; I want an Heir to my Family, and, in plain Terms, my Caſe requires one that will give a little bodily Help to it.

Soph. Nay then again, I muſt diſclaim you; a Heart ſo tainted would but ſully the Receiver: The Shrine's diſhonour'd by a polluted Sacrifice.

Char. So! ſhe's at her old Flights again. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Thus then I fly for ever from your Hopes——

Thus Daphne *triumph'd o'er* Apollo's *Flame,*
And to his Heaven prefer'd a Virgin's Name:
The vanquiſh'd God purſu'd, but to deſpair,
While deathleſs Laurels crown'd the flying Fair.

Fran. So! there's one Plague over; I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience upon her at leaſt.

Char. Ha! ha! what a pretty way though, my good Siſter has of turning a Slight into a Triumph? But ſhe has a great Heart.

Fran. O! 'twould be hard to deny her that Satisfaction; beſide, the greateſt Heart in the World did juſt the ſame: We have known the late Grand Monarch loſe many a Battle; but it was bloody hard to beat him out of a *Te Deum.*

Char. Well, but now, how ſhall we manage my Father?

Fran. Here he comes.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir *Gilb.* So, Mr. *Frankly!* you ſee I give you fair Play —— and troth! I have a great Reſpect for you——But—a—a Bargain's a Bargain; if another Man has really paid for my Conſent, you muſt not take it ill, if I don't refuſe him.

Fran.

Fran. I can't pretend to ask it, Sir; I think it Favour enough, if you don't oblige your Daughter to refuſe me.

Sir *Gilb.* Not I, not I, Man; that's out of the Queſtion: She may pleaſe herſelf, and if *Witling* ſhould not pleaſe her; troth! I can't ſay it would not pleaſe me too: In ſhort, if you two have Wit enough to make up the Difference, and bring me off—— why there's no more to be ſaid——If not——Accounts muſt be made up——I have taken the Premium, and muſt ſtand to my Contract: For let me tell you, Sir, we Citizens are as tender of our Credit in *Change-Alley*, as you fine Gentlemen are of your Honour at Court.

Fran. Sir, depend upon it, your Credit ſhall not ſuffer by me, whatever it may by your Compariſon.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what ails the Compariſon? Sir, I think the Credit of the City may be compared to that of any Body of Men in *Europe*.

Fran. Yes, Sir; but you miſtake me: I queſtion if any Bodies may be compared to that of the City.

Sir *Gilb.* O! your humble Servant, Sir; I did not take you---- Ay, ay, you're right! you're right! Ay, ay, ay, live and learn, Mr. *Frankly*: You'll find 'tis not your Court, but City-Politicians muſt do the Nation's Buſineſs at laſt. Why, what did your Courtiers do all the two laſt Reigns, but borrow Money to make War? and make War to make Peace, and make Peace to make War? And then to be Bullies in one, and Bubbles in t'other? A very pretty Account truly; but we have made Money, Man: Money! Money! there's the Health and Life-Blood of a Government: And therefore I inſiſt upon't, that we are the wiſeſt Citizens in *Europe*; for we have coin'd more Caſh in an Hour, than the Tower of *London* in twenty Years.

Fran. Nay, you govern the World now, it's plain, Sir; and truly that makes us hope it's upon the mending hand: For ſince our Men of Quality are got ſo thick into *Change-Alley*, who knows but in time a Great Man's Word may go as far as a Tradeſman's?

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! a Wag! a Wag! In troth, Mr. *Frankly*, the more I know you, the more I like you: I ſee you know the World, you judge of Men by their intrinſick Value; and you're right! you're right!

right! Titles are empty things: A wiſe Man will always be a wiſe Man, whether he has any Title or no.

Fran. Ay, ay, Sir, and when a Fool gets one, he's only known to be a greater Fool.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right again; beſides, Sir, ſhall any Man value himſelf upon a thing, that another may buy for his Money as well as he? Ridiculous——a very pretty Buſineſs truly, to give Ten or Twenty Thouſand Pound, only to be called out of one's Name: Ha! ha!

Fran. Nay, Sir, and perhaps too, loſe the Privilege of a private Subject, that of being believ'd upon your Honour, or truſted upon your Word.

Sir *Gilb.* Honour's a Joke! Is not every honeſt Man a Man of Honour?

Fran. Ay, but the beſt Joke is, that every Man of Honour is not an honeſt Man, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Odsbodlikins, Mr. *Frankly*, you are an ingenious Gentleman, and I muſt have you into my Family, though it coſt me Twenty Thouſand Pound to keep that pragmatical Fellow out on't.

Fran. If I have any Pretence to your Favour, Sir, I will take care your Family ſhall not ſuffer by my coming into it; for if the worſt muſt happen, 'tis but waiting till the other half Year of *Witling*'s Contract's expir'd? I dare anſwer your Daughter won't run away with him in the mean time.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, but there's the Queſtion? Is the Girl ſtaunch? Are you ſure now, that, like a young Hound, ſhe may not gallop away with the rank Scent of a Coxcomb, and ſo ſpoil your Sport.

Fran. I dare ſay, ſh'ell take this Fear for a Favour——beſt examine her yourſelf, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Come hither, *Charlotte.*

Char. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Are you ſure you are as wiſe as other fine Ladies of your Age, that know more of Mankind than their Fathers, and conſequently have a natural Averſion to all Husbands of their chuſing? In ſhort, have you learnt enough of the World, to be heartily diſobedient upon Occaſion?

Char.

Char. When you pleaſe to give me the Occaſion, Sir, I will try what I can do.

Sir *Gilb.* Humh! ſhe promiſes fair, [*To* Frankly *aſide.*] The Girl has Wit——But now, Child, the Queſtion is, whether you have common Senſe or no (for they don't always go together) are you ſmoaky? Have you all your Eye-Teeth yet? Are you peery, as the Cant is? In ſhort, do you know what I would be at now?

Char. Will you give leave to gueſs, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Out with it.

Char. Why then (I hope at leaſt, Sir) you have a mind to make *Witling* believe, you are doing, all in your power, to bring his Bargain to bear; and, at the ſame time, wiſh I would do all, in my power, to bring it to nothing.

Sir *Gilb.* [*Aſide.*] It will do! it will do! Mr. *Frankly*, tell her ſhe's right; you know it is not honeſt for me to ſay ſo: a hum!

Char. In ſhort, Sir, if you'll leave the matter to my Diſcretion, I'll engage to bring you off.

Sir *Gilb.* Bring me off, Huſſy! why, have you the Confidence to ſuppoſe I won't do the fair thing by the Gentleman?

Char. I have not the Confidence to ſuppoſe you would do a hard thing by this Gentleman, indeed Papa! [*Takes* Frankly's *Hand.*

Sir *Gilb.* D'ye hear! d'ye hear! what a ſenſible Aſſurance the Slut has? Ah! it's a wheedling Toad! [*Aſide.*] Adod! I'll have a little more of her—— But do you know, Lady, that Mr. *Witling* has demanded my Conſent, and that it would coſt me above Twenty Thouſand Pounds to refuſe it?

Char. Yes, Sir, I do know it; and if I were to give him my Conſent, I know I ſhould have much the worſe Bargain of the two.

Sir *Gilb.* Your Conſent! Why ſure, Madam, when I ſay do ſo, do you pretend to have a Will of your own?

Char. Umh! a leetle! a ſmall Pulſe, you know, Papa.

[*Fawning on Sir* Gilb.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! the coaxing Gipſy! why, you Confident, abominable——Odſheart! I could kiſs her——

Fran. Faith! do, Sir, that's no Breach of your Contract.

Sir *Gilb.* No! no! that's not fair neither, I am to be angry with her——beſides, I don't keep my word, if I don't ſpeak a good one for him.

Char. That's not in your power, Sir; 'tis impoſſible any body can give him a good word, at leaſt to me.

Sir *Gilb.* How! how! will not a handſome young Fellow, with an Hundred Thouſand Pound in his Pocket, go down with you? Will not a full Plumb melt in your Mouth, Miſtreſs *Dainty*.

Char. Thank you, Sir; but I don't love Traſh.

Sir *Gilb.* Traſh! Mr. *Witling* Traſh!

Char. A Coxcomb.

Sir *Gilb.* I ſay he is——

Char. My Averſion.

Sir *Gilb.* Bear witneſs, Mr. *Frankly*, ſhe refuſes him; you ſee all I ſay ſignifies nothing: But I ſay again and again, that I am reſolv'd, Madam, you ſhall marry him, and that Articles ſhall be drawn this very morning.

Char. But do you think you can't perſuade him to ſtay a little, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Stay! yes; yes; a reaſonable time, that is.

Char. You'll think it a reaſonable one, I am ſure, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! how long?

Char. Only till I have done hating him, that's all.

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhah! fiddle faddle! marry him firſt, and you will have time enough to hate him afterwards.

Char. Well, Sir, then I have but one Favour to beg of you——

Sir *Gilb.* Come! what is't? what is't?

Char. Only, Sir, that in the Draught of the Articles, you will be pleaſed to leave a Blank for the Gentleman's Name; and if I don't fill it up to your Mind, ſay I know nothing of my own.

Sir *Gilb.* Fie! fie! you wicked thing you——Mr. *Frankly*, it will do! it will do! the Girl has all her Goings! keep her right, keep her right and tight; and I'll warrant thee all ſafe, Boy.

Fran. Never fear, Sir,——now there's but one Difficulty behind; were it but poſſible to make my Lady our Friend in this matter---

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhaw! waw! never mind her; Am not I Maſter of my own Family? Does not ſhe know that my Will's a Law? and if I once ſay the word——

Fran.

Fran. That's true, Sir; but, you know, one would not make her a needleſs Enemy: She'll think herſelf affronted, take it as an Inſult to her Underſtanding, not to be let into the Secret at all.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid we ſhall have a foul Houſe, if ſhe is not conſulted in this Buſineſs.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nay, with all my Heart; but the fooliſh Woman always loves to diſpute about nothing, and ſuch a Spirit of Contradiction runs away with her, I had as lief ſit in the Stocks, as talk to her: however, for your private Satisfaction——

Fran. Indeed, Sir, I think it will be better ſo.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! then I'll tell her my Reſolution inſtantly.

Char. Ah! poor Papa! what a wicked Diſtreſs have we brought him to? Now will he rather run upon the Mouth of a Cannon, than let us ſee he is afraid of Gunpowder.

Fran. How my Lady will bounce when he mentions it! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Gilb.* O! here's my Lady, I'll ſpeak to her now.

Fran. If you pleaſe, we'll retire, that you may have no Interruption.

Sir *Gilb.* Do ſo, you're right, you're right. [*Ex.* Fran. *and* Char.

Enter Lady Wrangle, *driving a Maid-Servant in before her.*

L. *Wr.* Out of my Doors, you Dunce! you illiterate Monſter! What! could not you read? could not you ſpell? where were your Eyes, you brainleſs Idiot?

Sir *Gilb.* Heyday! heyday! what's the matter now?

L. *Wr.* Go! you eleventh Plague of *Egypt.*

Maid. Indeed, Madam, I did not know it was of any uſe, it was ſo blotted and blurred, I took it for waſte Paper.

L. *Wr.* Blurred! you Driveler! was ever any Piece perfect, that had not Corrections, Raſures, Interlineations, and Improvements? Does not the very Original ſhew, that when the Mind is warmeſt it's never ſatisfied with its words?

Incipit, & dubitat; ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet; mutat, culpatque probatque.

Sir *Gilb.* O Lord! now the Learned Fit's upon her, the Devil won't be able to deal with her. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* What have you done with it, you Dolthead? where is it? fetch it, let me ſee it, I ſay.

Sir *Gilb.* Pray, my Lady *Wrangle*, what is all this Rout about?

L. *Wr.* O! nothing to be ſure! I am always unreaſonable.

Sir *Gilb.* Why look you now, did I ſay any ſuch thing?

L. *Wr.* I don't care if you did.

Sir *Gilb.* It's very hard a Man may not ask a civil Queſtion in his own Houſe.

L. *Wr.* Ay, do, ſide with her, take her part; do, do, uphold her in her Impudence.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, my Lady, did I ſay a word to her?

L. *Wr.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, give me leave to govern my own Servants——Don't you know, when I am out of Temper, I won't be talk'd to?——Have not I Plague enough here, do you think?

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, that's true too——why, you confident Jade! how dare you put my Lady into ſuch a violent Paſſion?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, not I. [*Whimpering.*

L. *Wr.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, meddle with your own Buſineſs—the Fault's to me, and, ſure, I am old enough to correct her myſelf.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what-a-dickens, mayn't I be of your Mind neither? 'Sheart! I can't be in the wrong on both ſides.

L. *W.* I don't know any Buſineſs you have on either ſide.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, if a Man muſt not ſpeak at all, it's another Caſe.

L. *Wr.* Lord! you are ſtrangely teizing——well, come ſpeak ——what! what! what is't you would ſay now?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nothing, not I; I only ask what's the Matter?

L. *Wr.* I can't tell you, the Provocation's too great for words.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! well!

L. *Wr.* What here ſtill? Am I to have no account of it then? What have you done with it, you Monſter?

Maid. Madam, the Cook took it out of my Hand, as I was coming down Stairs with it; he ſaid he wanted it.

L. *Wr.* The Cook! run! fly, and bid the Villain ſend it me this moment. [*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what-the-dickens! the ſenſeleſs Jade has not given him a *Flanders* Laced-Head to boil his Cabbage in, has ſhe?

L. *Wr.*

L. *Wr.* Pſhah! do you ever ſee me concern'd for ſuch Trifles?

Sir *Gilb.* Or has ſhe let the Raſcal ſinge his Fowls with a Bank-Bill?

L. *Wr.* If ſhe had, do you think I would give myſelf ſuch Pain about that either?

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! this muſt be ſome abominable thing indeed then.

L. *Wr.* The Loſs, for ought I know, may be irreparable.

Sir *Gilb.* Oh! then ſhe has loſt your Diamond Necklace, I ſuppoſe.

L. *Wr.* Pray don't plague me, 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Wickedneſs of it.

Sir *Gilb.* What! the Devil! the Cook has not got the Slut with Child, has he?

L. *Wr.* Worſe! worſe a thouſand times!

Sir *Gilb.* Worſe! what than playing the Whore, or Thief? Then the Jade has certainly committed Murder.

L. *Wr.* The moſt barbarous that ever was——

Sir *Gilb.* Hoh! then ſhe has broke Pug's Neck, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* The Changeling Innocent has given that ſavage Beaſt, the Cook, my whole new Tranſlation of the Paſſion of *Byblis*, for waſte Paper, to be torn or tortur'd to a thouſand ſordid Uſes.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay then——

L. *Wr.* And I have not another Copy in the World, if it were to ſave Mankind from Extirpation.

Sir *Gilb.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart; now could I laugh (if I durſt) moſt immoderately. [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* Now, Miſtreſs! have you brought it? [*Re-enter Maid.*

Maid. Madam, the Cook ſays, he has skewer'd it on to the Roaſt-Beef, and he can't take it off——he won't burn his Meat for nobody; not he, he ſays.

L. *Wr.* Here! call the Footman: He won't! bid them drag the Raſcal hither by the Ears, or I'll have them nailed down to the Dreſſer for his Impudence——I'll turn the Villain out of my Houſe this moment. [*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Gilb.* Come, come, my Lady, don't be in a Heat about a Trifle; I am glad to find it's no worſe.

L. *Wr.*

L. *Wr.* Worſe! had he robb'd the Houſe, and after fir'd it, I could ſooner have forgiven him,

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! thank you for that, Madam; but I ſhould not.

L. *Wr.* You! you ſhould not! What would be your Injury compar'd to mine? What I'm concern'd for, the whole learned World, even to Poſterity, may feel the Loſs of.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! have a little Patience; may be, ſhe may get it again. And now you talk of Poſterity, my Lady *Wrangle*, I have ſome Thoughts of marrying my Daughter *Charlotte*; as for *Sophronia*, you know———

L. *Wr.* I know, that one won't, and t'other ſhan't marry; ſhe is a pert forward thing, and has diſoblig'd me; and therefore I'll puniſh her as I think fit———I deſire you won't name her to me, you ſee I have other things in my Head. All greas'd, and burnt to Aſhes, I ſuppoſe!

Sir *Gilb.* I had better talk to her another time, I believe.

Enter ſeveral Servants with the Cook.

L. *Wr.* O! are you come at laſt, Sir? Pray, how durſt you ſend me ſuch an impudent Anſwer?

Cook. I did not ſend an impudent Anſwer, Madam; I only ſaid the Meat would be ſpoiled: But here ſhe comes, and makes a Noiſe, and a Rout, and a Clatter about nothing at all——and ſo every impertinent Jade here takes upon her———Oons! a Man can't do his Buſineſs in quiet for them.

L. *Wr.* Hold your nonſenſical Tongue, Sir, and give me the Paper I ſent for.

Cook. Paper! This is what ſhe gave me.

[*Holds it on a Skewer, all greaſy.*

L. *Wr.* O my Heavens! What a Spectacle! not one Line legible, though an Empire were to purchaſe it. Look! look! look! you Monſter. [*Holding him.*

Sir *Gilb.* So! here will be rare Doings.

Cook. Oons! what a Life's here about a Piece of foul Paper?

L. *Wr.* A Life, you Villain! your whole Life can't make me amends for what you have done———I'll have you beat out of this Houſe, till every Bone in your Body's broke for this, Sirrah.

Cook.

Cook. Beat, Madam! Blood! I won't be beat——I did not come here for that——I'll be out of your Houſe preſently——I'll ſee who will break my Bones then——and ſo there's one of your Napkins, Madam: as for your Sheet of Paper, there's a Halfpenny for it; and now take your Courſe——I know how to get my Wages, I'll warrant you——There's Law for Servants as well as other People. [*Exit Cook.*

Sir *Gilb.* Go! go! mind your Buſineſs, you ſilly *Tom Ladle* you.

L. *Wr.* Ay! this is always the Effect of your Indulgence; no wonder I have no power over them: if you had the leaſt Grain of Spirit, you would have broke the Raſcal's Head for me.

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhah! there's no Occaſion for it——let's ſee! let's ſee!——[*Takes up the Paper.*] Come, come, this matter may be made up without Bloodſhed ſtill——ay, here! umh! umh!——by the way I believe this Beef's enough, it ſmells bravely of the Gravy.

L. *Wr.* What! then I am your Jeſt, it ſeems.

Sir *Gilb.* Pooh! prithee be quiet, I tell you, I am ſerious——ay! it's plain to be read ſtill. [*Reads.*

All a poor Maid could do (the Gods, I'm ſure,
Can tell) I've ſuffer'd to compleat my Cure——Cure!

Hah, poor Soul!——got the foul Diſeaſe, I ſuppoſe.

L. *Wr.* Your obſcene Comment, Mr. *Wrangle*, is more provoking than the Inſolence of your Servants: But I muſt tell you, Sir, I will never eat or ſleep in your Houſe more, if that Raſcal is not turn'd out of it this moment.

Maid. I hope your Ladyſhip is not in earneſt, Madam.

L. *Wr.* What! do you prate, Mrs. *Minx?*

Maid. Indeed, Madam, if *John*'s to be turn'd away, I ſhan't ſtay in the Family: for tho he is ſometimes a little haſty to a boby, yet I have reaſon to know he is an honeſt-hearted Man in the main; and I have too much kindneſs for him to ſtay in any Service, where he is to be abuſed.

L. *Wr.* What you are in love with him, Mrs. *Trollop*, are you? [*Cuffs her.*

Maid. Ods my Life! Madam, I won't be ſtruck by nobody; and if I do love him, what's that to anybody? and I don't know why poor Folks mayn't be in love as well as their Betters.

Sir *Gilb.* Come! come! hold your Tongue, Huſſy.

Maid. Sir, I can't hold my Tongue; though I can't ſay but your Worſhip's a very kind Maſter: But as for my Lady, the Devil would not live with her; and ſo, Madam, I deſire you will provide yourſelf. [*Flings off.*

Sir *Gilb.* Odzines, Madam, at this rate I ſhall have neither Dinner to eat, nor Bed to lie on: What Servants will bear this Life, do you think? You have no more Temper than a ——Why how ſhould a ſilly Wench know what your impertinent Poetry was good for?

L. *Wr.* Impertinent! I'd have you know, Mr. *Ignorant*, there's not a Line in the whole, that has not the true *Attick* Salt in it.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! and now there's *Engliſh* Salt in it; and, I think, the Reliſh of one's as good as t'other.

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Wrangle!* if you have no Senſe of the Soul's Diviner Faculties, know I have, and can reſent theſe vulgar Inſults. You ſhall find, Sir, that a ſuperior Underſtanding has a proportion'd Spirit to ſupport its Dignity. Let me have inſtant Reparation, or, by my injur'd Genius, I'll ſet your Houſe and Family in a Blaze. [*Ex. L.* Wr.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, then, blaze and burn by yourſelf; for I'll go out of the Houſe. [*Going off, he is met by*

Frankly *and* Charlotte.

Fran. Have you ſeen my Lady, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, yes, I have ſeen her——but——I don't know——ſhe——ſhe——

Fran. Don't come into it, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Gilb.* Umh! no, not readily——in ſhort, the Houſe is all untiled.

Char. Lord, Sir! what filthy thing's this? [*Seeing the Paper.*

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, there's the Buſineſs——a Brat of my Lady's Brain that has got a Miſchance; that's all. *Fran.*

Fran. Some roaſted Poetry, I preſume.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay; the, the, the Paſſion of *Bibble-Babble*; I don't know what ſhe calls it: But ſhe has been in ſuch a Fume here, that half the Servants are going to leave the Houſe about it—*Charlotte*, you can wheedle upon Occaſion, prithee ſtep into the Hall, and ſee if you can make up this matter among them.

Char. I'll do my beſt, Sir. [*Exit* Char.

Fran. Poor Lady! ſhe is a little apt to be over-concern'd for her Poetry.

Sir *Gilb.* Concern'd! Odsblews! if a Line on't happens to be miſlaid, ſhe's as mad as a blind Mare that has loſt her Foal; ſhe'll run her Head againſt a Stone-wall to recover it: All the uſe I find of her Learning, is, that it furniſhes her with more words to ſcold with.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr *Granger*'s come, and Mr. *Witling*.

Sir *Gilb.* O! that's well! come, Mr. *Frankly*, let's all go into the Dining-Room together; mayhap, ſhe may be aſham'd to be in a Paſſion before Company.

Fran. At leaſt we may keep her within Bounds, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right! you're right! Ah! it's a very hard Caſe! there's no Condition of Life without Plague and Trouble ——Why, moſt People think now I have Fortune enough to make ten Men of Quality happy——

And yet you ſee how oddly Things are carried;
'Tis true, I'm worth a Million, but——I'm married. [Ex.

ACT IV.

Granger *and* Frankly.

Fran. IN one word, *Granger*, thou art a very dangerous Fellow; I did not believe it poſſible thy blunt Humour could have concealed ſo exquiſite a Flatterer: Why thou art more in my Lady's Favour in half an Hour, than all my Art could make me in half a Year.

Gran. Have not I always told you, *Frankly*, that one civil thing from a downright Dealer, goes farther than a thouſand from a Man of general Complaiſance? How do you think I firſt gain'd Credit with *Sophronia?* not (as you expected to do it) by an implicite Admiration; but the contrary, inſolently laughing at her pretending to Principles, which I would not allow her capable to comprehend or practiſe. Now this naturally piqued her into an Impatience to mend my Opinion of her; ſo the more difficult I ſeem'd to be convinc'd of her Virtues, the more eaſy I made it to mend her Opinion of me.

Fran. And if thou haſt not done it effectually, I know nothing of the Sex: Why ſhe bluſh'd, Man, like a Damask Roſe, when you firſt came into the Room.

Gran. Did not I tell you too, her Quarrel and Spleen to you would be of Service to me?

Fran. O! palpably! I was ready to burſt to ſee her bridle, and ſmile at me, upon your growing particular to her.

Gran. And what pains ſhe took to make you obſerve, that ſhe overlook'd you? ha! ha!

Fran.

Fran. Yes, I did obſerve, indeed, that the whole Dinner-time ſhe was never two Minutes without ſtealing a Glance at you.

Gran. O bleſs me! I ca'nt bear the Inſolence of my own Imagination! What a dear Confuſion will ſhe feel? What a Vermilion Shame will ſpread through all that lovely Form——if ever her Fleſh and Blood ſhould happen to mutiny?

Fran. Which, to tell you the Truth, I think it does already.

Gran. But the Misfortune is, I have flatter'd my Lady into ſo good a Humour, by engaging to make out a fair Copy of her baſted Verſes there, that, I doubt, ſhe won't be able to leave me alone with *Sophronia.*

Fran. Never fear; her Malice is too buſy, in ſetting up *Witling* againſt me, to interrupt you.

Gran. There indeed I have ſome hopes.

Fran. I believe I ſhall be able to aſſiſt them, and in part to return the Favour you have done me with Sir *Gilbert.*

Gran. Any thing in my power you may be ſure of——but ſee, he's here!

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir *Gilb.* O! your Servant, Gentlemen; I thought we had loſt you.

Gran. Your Pardon, Sir, we had only a word or two in private.

Fran. We were juſt coming in to the Company.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth, and I can tell you, the ſooner the better; for there's my Lady and *Charlotte* are going to play all the Game upon us.

Fran. Never fear, Sir; as long as you have given me leave to go *Charlotte*'s halves, ſhe'll make the moſt of her Cards, I'll warrant you.

Sir *Gilb.* I don't know that, but I am ſure *Witling* yonder is making the moſt of his time; his Wit, or his Impudence, have got him into ſuch high Favour, with my Lady, that ſhe's railing at you like a Fury, and crying him up for an Angel: In ſhort, *Charlotte* has diſcover'd all your Affair with her, and has plainly told him you are his Rival: But it ſeems, Sir, your Pretenſions are ſo ridculous, that they are all three cracking their Sides in a full Chorus of laughing at you.

Fran. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your Concern; but, in all this, *Charlotte* is acting no wrong part, I can aſſure you.

Sir *Gilb.* No wrong part! Odſheart! I tell you ſhe's coquetting to him, with every wicked Limb about her——and is as full of her Airs there, as a handſome Widow to a young Lord in the *Lobby*, when ſhe has a Suit depending in the Houſe of Peers.

Fran. Better ſtill, the more likely to carry her Cauſe, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Carry her Cauſe! carry her Coxcomb, Sir; for, you'll ſee, that will be the end on't: ſhe'll be carry'd off herſelf, Sir. Why, Man, he is going to beleaguer her with a whole Army of Fidlers yonder; there are ſix Coach-Loads of them now at the Door, all ſtow'd 'fore and aft, with nothing but Caſes of Inſtruments: Such a Concourſe of Cat-guts, you'd ſwear one of their ſqualling Eunuchs were roaſting alive here.

Fran. Believe me, Sir, there is no Terror in all this Preparation; for ſince you are pleaſed to think Mr. *Granger*'s Security and mine ſufficient againſt any Damage you can ſuffer from your Contract with *Witling*, do you but ſtand it out ſtoutly with my Lady, and I'll engage to diſmount his Muſical Battery with a Child's Whiſtle.

Sir *Gilb.* My Lady! Pſhaw! waw! What doſt talk of her, Man? Why I tell you, I'll put her into a Mouſe-hole, provided you engage to bring me off with *Witling*.

Gran. Your Security ſhall be ſigned the minute it can be drawn, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* That's enough; I have order'd my Lawyer to ſend his Clerk with it, before he brings the Deed of Conſent that I am to ſign to *Witling*: But give me leave to tell you again, Gentlemen, I really don't underſtand the Girl's way of proceeding all this while.

Fran. Why, Sir,——don't you know that *Witling* is the vaineſt Rogue upon Earth?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant it.

Fran. And conſequently, that the Pride of outwitting you in your Daughter, gives him more pleaſure than either her Perſon or her Portion?

Sir *Gilb.* Not unlikely.

Fran.

Fran. And can you think, that from the ſame natural Inſolence, he would not rather ſeem to owe his Triumph over a Rival too, rather to his own Merit, than any Accident of Fortune?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant you that too.

Fran. Why then, Sir, if *Charlotte* were to deſpiſe him, we are ſure he would then inſiſt upon his Bargain; but while ſhe flatters him, and you and I only laugh at him, he may be vain enough to truſt his Triumph to her Choice and Inclination only.

Sir *Gilb.* O! now I begin to take you: So that, if he is rightly handled among us, you propoſe that *Charlotte* will be able to coquette him out of his Contract.

Fran. Nay, it's her own Project, Sir; and I can't really think we have an ill Chance for it at worſt: But we muſt leave it all to her now. In Love-Affairs, you know, Sir, Women have generally wiſer Heads than we.

Sir *Gilb.* Troth! I don't wholly diſlike it; and if I don't handle him roundly on my part——

Gran. Huſh! my Lady——

Fran. Anon I'll tell you more, Sir.

Enter Lady Wrangle *and* Sophronia.

L. *Wr.* Well, *Sophronia*, ſince I ſee this giddy Girl is neither to be form'd by Precept or Example; it's at leaſt ſome Conſolation, to find her natural Inconſtancy ſo effectually mortifies that vile Apoſtate, *Frankly*,

Soph. Yet I am amaz'd he ſhould not be more mov'd at her Infidelity.

L. *Wr.* You know, he's vain, and thinks his Merit may ſleep in full Security. But now! to rouze him from his Dream—— O! Mr. *Granger!* I am ſorry you left us; I am perfectly kill'd with Laughing! There's Mr. *Witling* has had ſuch infinite Humour! He has entertain'd us more than ten Comedies.

Gran. O! Pray, Madam, let us go in and participate.

L. *Wr.* By no means; he's now alone with his Miſtreſs, and 'twould be barbarous to interrupt them.

Gran. His Miſtreſs, Madam!

L. *Wr.*

L. *Wr.* Ay! with *Charlotte*; and, you know, Lovers ſo near their Happineſs are apt to like no Company ſo well as their own.

Fran. D'ye hear, Sir? [*To Sir* Gilb. *apart.*

Sir *Gilb.* I told you how it was. [*To* Fran. *apart.*

L. *Wr.* Beſide, he is going to give us a little Muſick; and I think this Room will be more convenient.

Gran. He is a fortunate Man indeed, Madam, to be ſo well with the young Lady already.

L. *Wr.* There's no accounting for that idle Paſſion in uncultivated Minds: I am not ſurpriz'd at her Forwardneſs, conſidering the vulgar Education Mr. *Wrangle* has given her.

Sir *Gilb.* Odſheart, Madam! don't diſparage my Girl: She has had a more uſeful Education than your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wr.* O! no doubt! ſhe has ſhewn moſt hopeful Effects on't, indeed! by hanging upon every young Fellow's Neck, that does but ask her the Queſtion.

Fran. Whatever Faults *Charlotte* may have, Madam, I never knew her take pleaſure in expoſing thoſe of other People.

L. *Wr.* O! cry you mercy, Sir; you have great reaſon to defend her, I don't queſtion: She is a Saint in your Eye, to be ſure.

Fran. Were ſhe weak enough to imagine a ſuperficial Learning could make her one, 'tis poſſible, her Failings then, like other People's, might have been more conſpicuous.

L. *Wr.* What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. I mean, Madam, that as ſhe does not read *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, ſhe is neither romantick or vain of her Pedantry; and as her Learning never went higher than *Bickerſtaff*'s *Tatlers*, her Manners are conſequently natural, modeſt, and agreeable.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! well ſaid, *Frankly.* [*Aſide.*

L. *Wr.* Since I am told you were once in love with her, I ſhall ſay no more, but leave her own immediate Behaviour, to confirm your good Opinion of her Virtues. Ha! ha!

Gran. While the Lovers of this Age, Madam, have ſo deprav'd a Taſte, we muſt not wonder, if our modern fine Ladies are apt to run into Coquetry: They are now forced to it in their own Defence; if they don't make Advances, they ſtand as lonely and

uſeleſs as untenanted Houſes: ſo that Coquetry, it ſeems, is no more than ſetting a Bill upon their Door, that Lovers in Diſtreſs may read as they paſs——*Here are Nights Lodgings to be lett.*

L. *Wr.* O! they are moſt hoſpitable Dames indeed: After this, methinks, the more proper Appellation for Coquettes ſhould be that of Landladies. [*A Servant whiſpers* L. *W.*] I'll come, and give Orders myſelf. [*Exit L.* W.

Soph. I don't know any one alive, that looks upon the Degeneracy of Mankind with ſo diſcerning an Eye, as Mr. *Granger*; but I am afraid it will therefore draw him into my Misfortune, of being as odious to the Illiterate of his Sex, as I am to thoſe of mine.

Gran. If that were as juſt a Reaſon, Madam, for your having a favourable Opinion of me, as it is for my perfect Admiration of you, we ſhould each of us have ſtill as many Friends as any wiſe Man or Woman ought to deſire.

Fran. Do you mind that, Sir? [*Apart.*

Sir *Gilb.* A ſly Rogue! he knows how to tickle her up, I ſee. [*Apart.*

Soph. And yet the rude World will ſay, perhaps, that our mutual Enmity to them has reduc'd us to a Friendſhip for one another.

Gran. That's a Reproach can never reach you, Madam; ſo much Beauty cannot but have its Choice of Friends and Admirers: A Form ſo bright and perfect, like a Comet in the Hemiſphere, where'er it moves, muſt ſet Mankind on gazing.

Soph. Fy! Mr. *Granger!*

Sir *Gilb.* What a dickens! will ſhe ſwallow that blazing Star now? [*Apart.*

Fran. Ay, as he has dreſs'd it, and drink after it too, Sir. [*Apart.*

Soph. I mind not Multitudes.

Gran. Pardon me, I know you have a Soul above them; and I really think it the Misfortune of your Perſon, to have been ſo exquiſitely fair, that where your Virtue would preſerve, your Eyes deſtroy; they give involuntary Love: where'er you paſs, in ſpite of all your Innocence, they wound—— *Juvenumque prodis Publica Cura.*

Soph.

Soph. Alas! my Eyes are turn'd upon myſelf; and ſo little do I mind the Follies of other People, that I ſometimes find myſelf alone, in the midſt of a Publick Circle.

Gran. I cannot wonder at that, Madam, ſince our beſt Aſſemblies are generally made up of illiterate Beings, that, when they are alone, find themſelves in the worſt Company; and ſo are reduc'd to come abroad, tho meerly to meet, and hate one another.

Soph. What Charms then can you ſuppoſe I could have for a World, that has ſo few for me? Beſide, at moſt, the Men of modern Gallantry gaze upon a Woman of real Virtue, only as Atheiſts look into a fine Church; from Curioſity, not Devotion: They may admire its Ornaments and Architecture, but have neither Grace or Faith for farther Adoration.

Gran. All Men are not Infidels; of me, at leaſt, you have a Convert: And tho, the ſenſual Practice of the World had made me long deſpair of ſuch Perfection in a mortal Mould; yet, when the Rays of Truth Celeſtial broke in upon my Senſe, my conſcious Heart at once confeſs'd the Deity: I proſtrate fell a Proſelyte to Virtue; and now, its chaſte Deſires enlarge my Soul, and raiſe me to Seraphick Joy.

Soph. Harmonious Sounds! Celeſtial Tranſports! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Gilb.* O dear! O dear! was ever ſuch a wicked Thief! Odſheart! he'll make her go to Prayers with him preſently. [*Aſide.*

Soph. No more—we are obſerv'd: Theſe Heaven-born Emanations of the Soul deſire not vulgar Ears———Some fitter time may offer———till when———

Gran. Till then———be huſh'd our Joys. [Gran. *leaves her,* [*and joins the Men, while* Soph. *walks apart muſing.*]

Soph. Our Joys indeed! ſuch was, in Paradiſe, our firſt Parents Joy, before they fell from Innocence to Shame.

Fran. [*To* Gran.] Why did not you go on with her? We thought you were in a fine way: Sir *Gilbert* and I were juſt going to ſteal off.

Gran. Soſt and fair, Sir: A Lady of her Delicacy muſt be carried, like a Taper new lighted, gently forward; if you hurry her---out ſhe goes.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* You're right, you're right——Now you ſhall ſee me manage her a little——I'll ſpeak a good word for you——a hum——

Gran. Huſh!——not for the World, Sir——Death! you'll ſpoil all——don't you ſee ſhe's in Contemplation?

Sir *Gilb.* What if ſhe be, Man? we muſt not humour her, till ſhe is ſtark mad neither. *Sophronia!* how doſt thou do, Child?

Soph. [*Repeating.*] ——————*The Earth*
Gave ſign of Gratulation, and each Hill:
Joyous the Birds; freſh Gales and gentle Airs
Whiſper'd it to the Woods, and from their Wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicy Shrub
Diſporting——

Sir *Gilb.* Very pretty, I proteſt; very pretty——Theſe amorous Scraps of Fancy in thy Head make me hope, that Love is not far from thy Heart, *Sophy.*

Soph. Love, Sir, was ever in my Heart; but ſuch a Love, as the blind *Homer* of this *Britiſh* Iſle, in rhymeleſs Harmony ſublimely ſings——

Sir *Gilb.* Well, and prithee what does he ſay of it?

Soph. ——————————*Love refines*
The Thought, and Heart enlarges; has his Seat
In Reaſon, and is judicious, is the Scale,
By which to Heavenly Love thou mayſt aſcend.

Sir *Gilb.* Very good again; and troth, I'm glad to hear thou art ſo heartily reconciled to it.

Soph. *Eaſier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,*
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Deſiring——

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! there I doubt we are a little crazy. [*Aſide.*

Soph. *This Iron Age, ſo fraudulent and bold,*
Touch'd with this Love, would be an Age of Gold.

Sir *Gilb.* O-lud! O-lud! this will never do. [*Aſide.*

Gran. So! ſhe has given the old Gentleman his Belly-full, I ſee: Well, Sir, how do you find her?

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! poor Soul! piteous bad! All upon the Tantivy again! You muſt e'en undertake yourſelf; for I can do no good upon her——But here comes Love of another kind.

Enter Charlotte, Witling, *and Lady* Wrangle.

Char. O Sister! here's Mr. *Witling* has writ the prettieſt *Canta-ta* ſure, that ever made Muſick enchanting.

Soph. I am glad, Sister, you are reconcil'd to any of his Perfor-mances.

Wit. O fy! Madam, ſhe only rallies——A meer Trifle.

Fran. That I dare ſwear it is.

Wit. Ha! ha! no doubt on't; if you could like it, it muſt be an extraordinary Piece indeed, *Tom.* You ſee, my little Rogue, we have crabb'd him already. [*Aſide to* Char.

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Frankly* is a mere modern Critick, that makes perſo-nal Inclination the Rule of his Judgment; but to condemn what one never ſaw, is making ſhort Work indeed.

Fran. With Submiſſion, Madam, I can ſee no great Raſhneſs in preſuming, that a Magpye can't ſing like a Nightingale.

Wit. No, nor an Owl look like a Peacock neither. Ha! ha!

L. *Wr.* and *Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Wr.* Perfectly pleaſant.

Char. O! Wit to an Infinity!

Fran. Much good may do you with your Canary-Bird, Madam. [*To* Char.

Char. O! Sir, I am ſorry you are exhauſted; but when Wit's upon the Lee, no wonder it runs into Rudeneſs.

Fran. I don't wonder at my not hitting your Taſte, Madam, when ſuch Stuff as his can go down with you.

Wit. My Stuff, dear *Tom*, was compos'd purely for the Enter-tainment of this Lady; and ſince ſhe likes it, I will allow, that you, of all Mankind, have moſt reaſon to find fault with it. Ha! ha!

Char. Nay, if he ſhould like it, even I will then give it up to the World as good for nothing.

Fran. Then it's in danger, I can tell you, Madam; for I ſhall certainly like it, becauſe, I am ſure, it will be good for nothing.

Char. A pleaſant Paradox.

Fran. None at all, Madam; for ſince I find your Heart is like Stock, to be tranſfer'd upon a Bargain, it will be ſome pleaſure,

at leaſt, to ſee the Groſſneſs of your Choice revenge me on your Infidelity.

Wit. Poor *Tom!* What are the Grapes ſour, my Dear? Ha! ha! ha!

Char. Pſhah! never mind him: The *Cantata*, dear Mr. *Witling*, the *Cantata.*

L. *Wr.* O! by all means; pray oblige us, Sir.

Wit. Immediately, Madam; but all things in order: firſt give me leave to regale the good Company with a ſmall Craſh of Inſtrumental.

L. *Wr.* As you pleaſe, Sir.

Wit. Hey! Signior *Carbonelli! Vi Piace d' intrare?*

[*The Muſick enter.*

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Granger*, won't you pleaſe to ſit?

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, come, Gentlemen; but, in earneſt, does this Puppy really pretend to ſing?

Fran. Much as he pretends to Wit; he can make a noiſe, at leaſt.

Sir *Gilb.* But the Whelp has no Voice.

Fran. O! Sir, that's out of faſhion: Your beſt Maſters ſeldom have any.

Sir *Gilb.* Then I would not give a fig for their Muſick, Sir; I would as lief ſee a Cripple dance: But let's hear what the Fiddles can do. [*They play a Sonata.*] Well! and what! we are to ſuppoſe this is very fine now, ha!

Fran. No doubt on't, Sir; at leaſt it will not be ſafe to ſay the contrary.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! for a quiet Life then, very fine let it be; but I wiſh I could hear a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe for all that.

L. *Wr.* Come, dear Sir, no more Apologies. [*To* Wit.

Gran. See, Sir! Mr. *Witling* is going to entertain us.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay! that muſt be rare Stuff indeed.

Wit. Upon my Life, Madam, I have no more Voice than a Kettle-Drum; beſide, this is for a Treble, and out of my Compaſs.

Char. O! no matter; feign it, dear Mr. *Witling!*

Wit. I would fain oblige you, Madam; but yet, methinks, nothing done, to pleaſe you, ſhould be feign'd neither, Madam.

Fran. Hah! he would fain be witty, I ſee; but don't trouble yourſelf, Madam, he has as much mind to ſing, as you have to hear him: Tho, Heaven knows, his Voice is like his Modeſty, utterly forc'd; Nature has nothing to do with either of them.

Wit. Whatever my Modeſty is, dear *Tom*, thy Uneaſineſs I am ſure is natural; that comes from thy Heart, I dare anſwer for it. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. O thou happy Rogue!

Wit. But, Madam, if I ſing, you ſhall promiſe me to dance then.

Char. O! any Compoſition; I'll do it with all my heart.

L. *Wr.* But the Words, firſt; dear Sir, read them out.

Wit. Well, Ladies, ſince you muſt have it——

Sir *Gilb.* He is a curſed while about it, methinks——

Wit. You muſt know then, this *Cantata* is of a different Species from the Paſſion generally expreſs'd in our modern Opera's; for there you ſee your Lover uſually approaches the fair Lady with Sighs, Tears, Torments, and Dying: Now here, I ſhow you the way of making Love like a pretty Fellow; that is, like a Man of Senſe, all Life and Gayety——As for example.

Char. Pray mind.

Wit. [*Reading.*] *Thus to a penſive Swain,*
Who long had lov'd in vain,
Thyrſis *the ſecret Arts*
Of gaining Hearts
From cold Diſdain,
To his deſpairing Friend imparts.

Wit. So far Recitative——Now for the Air——A hum! hum!

Soph. Don't you think, Mr. *Granger*, that the double Dative Caſes of——*to a penſive Swain, to his deſpairing Friend*, almoſt reduce this to Nonſenſe?

Gran. Juſtly obſerv'd, Madam; but, you know, Nonſenſe and Harmony are reconciled of late.

Wit. *Would you woe her*
With Succeſs?
Up to her,
Purſue her
With Life and Addreſs.

If Gay,
Shew her Play;
If colder,
Be bolder.

Now ſeize her,
And teize her,
And kiſs her,
And pleaſe her,
Till ripe for the Joy.

You warm her,
Alarm her,
Diſarm her,
You charm her,
I'll warrant thee, Boy.

Part II.

But to pine and languiſh,
Or ſigh your Anguiſh,
To the Air,
Is fruitleſs Pain,
Indur'd in vain:
Silent Woes and Looks of Care,
Will never, never win the Fair.

End with the firſt Strain.

Wit. Ah! you little Rogue. [*To* Charlot.

L. *Wr.* Infinitely pretty! Nothing ſure was ever ſo muſical.

Char. Sing it, ſing it, dear Mr. *Witling*; I am on Tiptoe to hear it.

Wit. Well, Madam, if you can bear it in a Falſetto. [*He ſings.*

Char. O Caro! Caro!

Wit.

Wit. Anima mia——

Soph. [*To* Gran.] How happy are the Self-conceited? and yet, if he had not ſung now, this Wretch's Folly and Ignorance had been leſs conſpicuous.

Gran. Right, Madam; but you know a Man muſt have variety of Parts to make an accompliſh'd Coxcomb.

Soph. I ſcarce think Poetry is more abus'd than Muſick, by its vain Pretenders.

Gran. And yet 'tis hard to ſay, Madam, whether thoſe Pretenders, or the falſe Taſte of our modern Admirers, have more contributed to the Abuſe of either.

Wit. But come, Madam, now your Promiſe; your Airs only [*To* Char.] can give a *Bonne Bouche* to our Entertainment.

Char. Well; ſince I gave my word, I'll uſe no Ceremony.

Soph. What! more Folly? I grow tired: Shall we walk into my Library? there we may raiſe our Thoughts.

Gran. You charm me, Madam; I thirſt, methinks for a clear Draught of *Helicon.*

Soph. Take no leave, but follow me. [*Ex.* Soph. *and* Gr.

Wit. E ben Sonate. [Charlotte *dances.*] *Eh! Viva! viva!* All Enchantment, Madam; no Ten Thouſand Angels ever came up to it.

L. *Wr.* It cannot be deny'd but *Charlotte* has an external Genius, ſhe wants no perſonal Acquiſitions; but 'tis great pity the Application they have coſt her, was not laid out upon the Improvement of her Underſtanding.

Wit. O! pardon me, Madam; as long as there is a good Underſtanding between her and me, what's matter which of us has it, you know.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, but there's the Queſtion, which of you 'tis that has it: for if one of you has it, I am ſure you two will never come together.

Fran. Well ſaid! at him, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Look you, Sir *Gilbert*; you may fancy your fair Daughter and I are a Couple of Fools, if you pleaſe; but if one of us had not been wiſer than her Father, we could never have had a Right to come together, in ſpite of his teeth; that's certain: ha! ha! ha! L. *Wr.*

L. *Wr.* Pardon me, Mr. *Witling*; you under-rate your Merit: for you had been ſure of my Conſent, without your Contract.

Wit. Ay, Madam, that was only a fooliſh Modeſty, that I could not ſhake off; therefore I hope you will excuſe me, if I durſt not think Merit alone was a ſufficient Bait to bob Sir *Gilbert* out of his Conſent! ha! ha!

Sir *Gilb.* You are a very merry Grig, Sir; but have a care you are not bobb'd yourſelf: Stay till you win, before you laugh; for you are not yet married, I preſume.

Wit. Why no, nor you have not ſupped yet; yet I hold Gold to Silver, we both eat before we ſleep.

Sir *Gilb.* Why? doſt thou think the Girl is in haſte to marry thee to-night?

Wit. I don't ſay that neither: But, Sir, as long as I have a ſufficient Depoſite of the Lady's Inclinations, to anſwer for the reſt of her Premiſes, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new Chap in the mean time, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* A Depoſite! why, wouldſt thou perſuade me the Girl can be Fool enough to like thee?

Wit. I-gad, I don't know how 'tis, but ſhe has Wit enough, it ſeems, to make me think ſo——but if you won't take my word, let her anſwer for herſelf.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, that I ſhould be glad to hear.

Wit. Hah! ha! I-gad this is a pleaſant Queſtion indeed—— Madam, are not you willing, (as ſoon as the Church-Books can be open) to make a Transfer of your whole Stock of Beauty, for the conjugal Uſes of your humble Servant?

Char. Indeed, Papa, I won't ſuppoſe that can be a Queſtion.

Wit. A Hum! your humble Servant, Sir.

Char. Beſide, are not you obliged to ſign a further Deed of Conſent to Mr. *Witling?*

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, Child; but the ſame Deed reſerves to you a Right of Refuſal, as well as to him.

Char. That I underſtand, Sir; and there's one can witneſs for whom I have reſerv'd that Right of Refuſal. [*Pointing to* Fran.

Wit. Your humble Servant again, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

L. *Wr.* I am amaz'd, Mr. *Wrangle*, you could think ſhe could be under the leaſt Difficulty in the Choice.

Fran. And yet, Madam, there are very innocent Ladies, that have made a Difficulty of changing their Inclinations in half an hour.

L. *Wr.* A Woman of ſtrict Virtue, Sir, ought to have no Inclinations at all; or, if any, thoſe only of being obedient to the Will of her Parents.

Wit. O! let him alone, Madam; the more he rails, the more I ſhall laugh, depend upon't; the Pain of a Rival is the pleaſanteſt Game in the World: his wiſhing me at the Devil, is juſt the ſame thing as if he wiſh'd me Joy! ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Gilb.* Well, Sir, all I ſhall ſay, is, that if the Girl has common Senſe, thy Contract muſt ſtill be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had had common Senſe, I am ſure you would never have made it; not but to do you Juſtice, Sir *Gilbert*, I muſt own you have Wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd Turn, I grant you.

Sir *Gilb.* Sir, I diſown my Pretenſions to any, if ever you had Senſe enough to find it out.

Wit. Sure you forget, my dear Sir *Gilbert?* Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did not I ſlily catch you in St. *Whatde-callum*'s Churchyard, with your Table-Book, taking dead Peoples Names from the Tombſtones, to fill up the Liſt of your Third Subſcription, that you might be ſure of thoſe that would never come to claim it? and then pretended to all your Friends you were full: There, at leaſt, you had more Wit to keep People out, than any Man living had to get in: for I grant you, your Liſt was dead ſure! ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, this nonſenſical Story now paſſes for Wit, I warrant, among yonr Cocard and Velvet Sparks at *Garraway*'s; but much good may do you with your Jeſt, as long as we have your Money among us; I believe it will be no hard matter to bite moſt of yout ſoft Heads off before it be long; and if you drive on, as you ſeem to do, we ſhall make bold to ſet ſome of you down where we took you up, odſheartlikins!

Wit.

Wit. Nay, I grant you, to do your own Buſineſs, you muſt do other Peoples too; but if all the young Fellows of Dreſs and Pleaſure would follow me, I would undertake to lead you a Dance for all that.

Sir *Gilb* And, pray what would you have them do?

Wit. Why? do! as you do; nothing that you pretend to do: or do, as I did, every thing, that you whiſper'd me not to do. I minded what your Broker *did*, not what you *ſaid*, my Dear? And if every Gentleman would but buy, when you adviſe him to ſell; or ſell, when you adviſe him to buy, 'twould be impoſſible to go out of the way: Why! it's as plain a Road, Man, as from *Hide-Park* Corner to *Kenſington*.

Sir *Gilb.* Sir, you take a great deal of liberty with my Character; inſomuch, that I muſt tell you, I am not ſure I won't pay the Forfeit of my Contract, rather than part with my Daughter to a Coxcomb——and ſo take it as you will.

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Wrangle!* what do you mean by this Brutality?

Fran. Mr. *Witling*, Madam, will take nothing ill, that I think fit to juſtify, I am ſure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I fight, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Witling*, I beg you come away this moment——I'll undertake to do your Merit juſtice: I'll ſee who dares pretend to govern in this Family beſide myſelf. *Charlotte*, give him your Hand——Come, Sir—— [*Exit* L. *Wr.*

Wit. I am all Obedience, Madam——your humble Servant, Mr. *Frankly*——*Would you woo her*—— [*Exit, ſinging with* Char.

Fran. Admirably well done, Sir! you have work'd his Inſolence to rare Order. Now, if you can but ſtand it out as ſtoutly with my Lady, our Buſineſs is done.

Sir *Gilb.* It! ——will you ſtand by me?

Fran. Will you give me your Authority, Sir, to handle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her Maſter?

Sir *Gilb.* My Authority! ay, and Thanks into the Bargain—— come along, I'll ſend for the Lawyer now----Mr. *Frankly*, my Blood riſes at her, ſhe ſhall find I'll vindicate the Honour of the City, and, from this moment, demoliſh her Petticoat-Government.

Fran. Well ſaid; I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Sir Gilbert *and* Frankly.

Sir *Gilb.* MY dear *Frankly*, I could not reſt till I had thee alone again; thou haſt gain'd upon me for ever; your vindicating the Husband's Authority, and taking my Wife a Peg lower before my Face, has tickled my Fancy to that degree, that, odzooks I could wiſh in my Heart thou hadſt been married to her.

Fran. O! I ſhould be loth to have robbed you, Sir, of that Happineſs.

Sir *Gilb.* A hum! you are right, you are right; I did not think of that indeed: Well! it's a very odd thing now, that a Wife will ſooner be kept under by any Man than her Husband: Why the duce can't I govern her ſo?

Fran. There's no great Secret in the matter, Sir; for, take any Couple in *Chriſtendom*, you will certainly find, that the more troubleſome of the two is always Head of the Family.

Sir *Gilb.* By my troth, I believe, you are right; and ſince the War is begun, I'll make a fair Puſh for't. I am reſolv'd now to thwart her in every thing; and if *Granger* has but Wit enough to talk *Sophronia* into her Senſes, that is, if he can but convince her that ſhe is Fleſh and Blood, and born to breed, like other Women; odzooks! he ſhall marry her immediately: I'll plague her Ladyſhip that way too.

Fran. That way! O! ay, it's true: for I think I have heard you ſay, Sir, that if either of your Daughters die unmarried, my Lady is to inherit their Fortunes.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, there the Shoe pinches, Man; ſhe would be as much an Enemy to *Granger*, as ſhe is to you, if ſhe could in the leaſt ſuſpect he would ever make any thing of it with *Sophronia.*

Fran. And, if I don't miſtake, Sir, *Granger* is in a fair way there too; for, to my knowledge, he has been lock'd up with her this half Hour, here in her Library.

Sir *Gilb.* The Dickens!

Fran. Did not you obſerve them ſteal off together juſt after the Muſick?

Sir *Gilb.* I wonder'd, indeed, what was become of them; by the Lord *Harry* I am glad of it——I muſt have a Peep at them [*Goes to the Key-hole.*] Odſo! they are juſt a coming forth.

Fran. We had beſt be out of the way then, that we may not diſturb them.

Sir *Gilb.* No, no, I'll warrant you: Prithee let us ſtand behind this Skreen, and obſerve what paſſes.

Fran. Quick! quickly then; here they come. [*They retire.*

Enter Granger *and* Sophronia.

Soph. O *Granger!* ſtill preſerve this Purity,
And my whole Soul will open to receive thee:
Forget, like me, thy Sex, how ſweetly may
We paſs our Days in rational Deſire.
Thou ſeeſt I own, without a Bluſh, my Love,
For Bluſhes only riſe from guilty Flames;
When Conſcience driven, reluctant to the Crime,
Leaps to the Face, and marks the Cheek with Shame:
But the chaſte Heart, ſublim'd by purer Fires,
Knowing no conſcious Fear, Reſerve, or Guile,
Gives, with unbounded Frankneſs, all its Store,
And only bluſhes——that it gives no more.

Gran. Hear this! ye bright immortal Choirs above,
And own that human Souls, like you, can love.

Sir *Gilb.* Heyday! this is downright Love in a Tragedy: Well! he's a comical Thief.

Fran. Huſh! let him go on, Sir.

Soph. Can you forgive the tedious Baniſhment,
Which my Diſtruſt and Dread impos'd on you?
Gran. Can I reproach you for ſo juſt, ſo kind
A Fear? While, through the general Race of Man,
A ſenſual and infectious Paſſion rages,
Giving, from Sex to Sex, the mortal Tainture.
Can I complain, if, to preſerve yourſelf
From the Contagion, you've, perhaps, enjoin'd.
The Healthy to perform his Quarantine?
But landing thus, upon my native Soil,
I leave my Sufferings paſt behind, and think
The Preſent now is all that's left of Time,
Or worth my Care.
Soph. Bluſh! bluſh! ye baſe degenerate World,
That boaſt the Bliſs of groſs connubial Love:
Can you wear human Forms, yet ſee the prone,
The brute Creation, equal your Deſires?
Had you or Souls, or Senſe refin'd, you'd form
Your Wiſhes worthy your ſuperior Being;
Curb with Imperial Reaſon, lawleſs Nature,
And reach, like us, the Joys of Love Seraphick.
Gran. O Harmony of Hearts! O ſpotleſs Paſſion!
Here, on this Hand, the Altar of my Vows,
I offer up my purer Part, my Soul
To thine, and ſwear inviolable——
Soph. ——————————Hold!
Paſſions, like ours, no formal Vows require;
For Vows ſuppoſe Diſtruſt, or faithleſs Love,
The frail Security of ſenſual Flames;
But where the Pure, with the Pure Soul unites,
The ſimple Hand, thus given, and receiv'd, ſuffices.
Gran. Let then this Hand my ſpotleſs Heart reſign.
Soph. Thus, in exchange, I blend my Soul with thine.
Sir *Gilb.* So! they are got to Hand and Heart already; but now, now for a Touch at the reſt of her Premiſes.
Fran. Nay, dear Sir, be eaſy.
Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! I will.

Soph.

Soph. And now no more *Sophronia*, but thy Friend ;
Be both my Name and Sex from hence forgotten.
Gran. No ;
Let me remember ſtill, that thou art fair ;
For were there no Temptation in thy Beauty,
Where were the Merit of ſuch hard Reſiſtance ?
Indeed, my Friend, 'tis hard ! 'tis hard Reſiſtance !
The Organs of my Sight, my Ear, my Feeling,
As I am made of human Mold, in ſpite
Of me, exert their Functions, and are pleas'd ;
I view thee with Delight, I hear with Tranſport,
And thy Touch———is Rapture———
Soph. How fares my Friend ?
Gran. Like the poor Wretch that parches in a Fever,
With fatal Thirſt, yet begs for preſent Eaſe
To drink, and die———
Soph. From whence this new Diſorder ?
Gran. Tell me, *Sophronia*, is my Virtue blameful,
Becauſe my Senſes act as Nature bids them ?
Am I in fault, if the ſharp Winter's Froſt
Can chill my Limbs, or Summer's Suns will ſcorch them ?
What Matter can reſiſt the Elements ?
Rivers will freeze, and ſolid Mountains burn ;
What Bodies will not change ?——Thus the tall Oak——
' Though from our meaner Flames ſecure,
' Muſt that, which falls from Heaven, endure.
Soph. Where has he learn'd this Art of unoffending Flattery ?
[*Aſide.*
Gran. Canſt thou reproach me then, if while thy Beauties,
With ſuch a Blaze of Charms invade my Senſe,
My human Heart's not Proof againſt their Power !
Soph. Reproach thee ! No ; Bodies are but the Shells,
Or Huts, that cover in the Soul, and are,
Like other Fabricks, ſubject to Miſchance :
The Cells of Hermits may be fir'd ; but none
Reproach the Wretch, that ſuffers by the Flame.

Gran.

Gran. O *Sophronia!* canſt thou forgive me then,
That my material Droſs thus burns before thee?
That my whole Frame thus kindles at thy Beauty?
And even warms my Soul with fond Deſire?
Like an impatient Child it languiſhes,
And pines for Wants unknown; it ſighs, it pants,
To be indulg'd upon thy friendly Boſom,
To fold thee in my tender Arms, to talk,
And gaze, with mutual ſoft Benevolence
Of Eyes, as Giving were our only Pleaſure.

Sir *Gilb.* Adod! I believe, he's in earneſt, he makes me half in love to hear him.

Soph. Is it poſſible? Can then
Such Softneſs mingle with corporeal Paſſion? } *Apart.*

Gran. But while my Soul alone is ſuffer'd to
Poſſeſs, and bars my mortal Part from Joy;
My poor repining Senſes murmur at
Their Fate, and call thy Purity unjuſt,
To ſtarve the Body, while the Mind knows Plenty;
Yet, like a Churl, engroſſes whole the Feaſt.
My Senſes claim a ſhare from Nature's Law;
They think, with a more melting Softneſs, they
Could love, and even inform the Soul with Rapture.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay; now! we begin to work her.

Gran. Conſider them, as part of me, thy Friend,
Thy Friend may ſure be truſted with thy Pity!
O! relieve them! give me ſome Sign at leaſt,
One kind Embrace, or a chaſte Siſter's Kiſs,
In certain Proof that thou art ſtill my Friend,
That yet thou hateſt me not——I ask no more.

Soph. Pignora certa petis? do Pignora certa——Timendo.

Gran. Does then thy Fear alone refuſe me? O *Sophronia.*
Why, why muſt Virtue be this Foe to Nature?
Why ſet our Senſes, with our Souls, at variance,
As Heaven had form'd thee fair——to kill thy Friend?

Soph. What means my throbbing Heart? O Virtue! now!
Now ſave me from unequal Nature's Power!

Now

Now guard me from myſelf——and hide my Shame!
Gran. Muſt I then periſh? will my Friend forſake me?
Soph. O *Granger!* I am loſt——thou haſt undone me!
I am fallen, and thou wilt hate me now.
Gran. O *Sophronia!*
Soph. ————Lend me thy Arm, ſupport me!
Thy melting Plaints have ſtole upon my Heart,
And ſoften me to Wiſhes never known before.
Gran. O the tumultuous Joy! [*She ſinks into his Arms.*
Sir *Gilb.* Ah! dead! dead! we have her Boy! we have her!
Gran. See how ſhe pants!
How, like a wounded Dove, ſhe beats her Wings,
And trembling hovers to her Mate for Succour?
O the dear Confuſion! Awake, *Sophronia!*
Now wake to new and unconceiv'd Delights,
Which faint Philoſophy could never reach,
Which Nature gave thee Charms to taſte, and give.
Soph. O! I could wiſh, methinks, for every Power,
That might have Charms, for thee: Thy Words,
Like *Hybla* Drops, diſtill upon my Senſe,
And I could hear thee talk for ever.
Gran. O! be but thus for ever kind, thy Eyes
Will find new Subjects for eternal Talk,
And ever-laſting Love: Bluſh not, my Fair,
That thou art kind; thy Heart has only paid
To Love, the Tribute due from Nature's whole Creation;
For Wiſdom to his Power oppos'd, is Folly:
Hear how the *Britiſh Virgil* ſings his Sway;

'Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
'The ſecret Joys of mutual Paſſion find;
'Not only Man's Imperial Race, but they
'That wing the liquid Air, or ſwim the Sea;
'Or haunt the Deſart, ruſh into the Flame;
'For Love is Lord ofAll, and is in All the ſame.'

[*Ex.* Gran. *and* Soph.

Sir *Gilb.* O rare Philoſophy! O fine Philoſophy! dainty Philoſophy! ho! [*Singing.*

Fran.

Fran. Hah! ha! ha! that muſt be a pleaſant ſort of Philoſophy indeed, Sir, that pretends to be wiſer than Nature. *Platonick* Love is a mere Philoſopher's Stone; when different Sexes once come to lay their Heads together about it, the Projection's ſure to fly *in Fumo.*

Sir *Gilb. Fumo!* ay, I warrant you. A handſome Wench, that ſhuts herſelf up, two or three hours, with a young Fellow, only out of Friendſhip, is making a hopeful Experiment in Natural Philoſophy indeed——Why it's juſt like ſpreading a Bag of Gunpowder before a great Fire, only to dry it: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Right, Sir——It puts me in mind of the *Iriſh* Soldier, who, to ſteal Powder out of a full Barrel, cunningly bored a hole in it with a red-hot Poker.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! very good! ha! ha! ha! As you ſay, it's hard luck indeed, that her firſt Touch of his Hand ſhould blow up all the reſt of her Body.

Fran. But to do her Juſtice, Sir, ſhe was not won without a good deal of Art neither: A plain Battery of Love would have done nothing upon her; you ſee, he was forced to ſap her with his Self-Reproaches, and put it all upon the point of her Compaſſion to his Senſes.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, the Toad did worm her nicely, that I muſt needs ſay.

Fran. Ha! ha! ha! what a rare Welcome too this News will have with my Lady? how ſhe will fume at the Diſappointment?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, I have nothing to do with that, you know; this was none of my doing: let every Tub ſtand upon its own Bottom; I ſhall e'en leave her Ladyſhip to his Management: All I can promiſe him, is, not to hinder the Matter.

Fran. That's all he will deſire, I dare ſay, Sir: be you but as paſſive in his Affair as mine, I'll warrant we will find Courage enough between us to maintain our Pretenſions.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay! there you are right again: ſtick to your Stuff, Boys; and if I don't ſtand by you, may I be Cock of the hen-peck'd Corporation as long as I live.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Delay* the Lawyer.

Sir *Gilb.* Odſo! that's well! Now Mr. *Frankly*——

Fran. I believe, Sir, you had beſt keep him out of my Lady's ſight, till Matters are ripe for Execution.

Sir *Gilb.* You are right, you are right——ſay no more, I'll do it. [*Ex. Sir* G.

Fran. So! thus far we ſtand fair; we have nothing now to combat but my Lady; and *Granger*'s Succeſs with *Sophronia*, at this time, will naturally ſtrengthen our Alliance againſt her: As for my Friend *Witling*, his own Aſſurance and Vanity will partly do his Buſineſs——But however, in the mean while, it will not be amiſs to keep him warm and ripe for our Deſign——*A Propos!* here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! Dear *Tom!* I am glad I have found thee, Faith! I have a Favour to beg of thee.

Fran. Why then, I am glad you have found me too——becauſe, I believe, I ſhall not grant it.

Wit. Ha! ha! what crabb'd ſtill, my Dear! but I come to thee from a fair Lady, Child, and 'tis for her ſake I am going to be obliged to thee.

Fran. I am glad of that too: A Woman of Senſe, I warrant her, by her ſending thee on a Fool's Errand.

Wit. Ay, but my Dear! the Errand happens to be hers now; and ſo thou haſt civilly put the Fool upon the Woman of Senſe: Good again! one of thy old Blunders, *Tom!* for, I think thou haſt but curſed Luck in making thy way to the Women.

Fran. When you tell me the Lady you come from, I ſhall be better able to gueſs, whether ſhe takes me or you for a Fool.

Wit. Suppoſe then it were from a Lady, *Tom*, that deſigns to take either you or me for a Husband? What doſt thou think of my little *Charlotte*, my dear *Tommy*?

Fran. Why, if ſhe takes thee for a Husband, I ſhall think her a Fool; and if I ſhould take thee for a Wit, ſhe would think me a

Fool: But by her ſending thee to ask a Favour of me, it's a ſign ſhe thinks thee a Fool.

Wit. Ha! ha! a very pretty parcel of croſs Purpoſes! of Fool and Wit, and Wit and Fool; and ſhe and thee, and me! What! art thou playing at Huſtle-cap with thy Words, Child? Thou doſt not expect I ſhould take all this Jingle-Jumble for Wit, doſt thou?

Fran. No Faith! if it be Wit, I expect thou ſhouldſt not take it.

Wit. With all my heart: Come, come, it ſhall be Wit then; I will miſtake it for once——But to Buſineſs——The fair Lady, my dear *Tom.*

Fran. Ay, what of her?

Wit. Why, poor Soul, ſhe deſired me to come to you, and——

Fran. And leave her to better Company, ha!

Wit. Look you, *Tom*, I know Loſers ought to have leave to ſpeak, and therefore, at preſent, you ſhall have all the Wit to yourſelf, my Dear: but don't be uneaſy at my Happineſs, dear *Tom*; for to tell you the truth, the Creature is ſo curſed fond of me, that ſhe begins to grow troubleſome already. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Why don't you make yourſelf eaſy then, and give her up to me?

Wit. No, no; I muſt not break the poor Fool's Heart neither: for you muſt know, ſhe is in a terrible taking about me.

Fran. How ſo, Sir?

Wit. Why ſhe ſaid, juſt now, ſhe was afraid to marry me ſo ſoon as to-night, upon thy account.

Fran. Good! then there may be hopes ſhe will not marry thee, upon any account.

Wit. No, don't flatter thyſelf neither, my dear *Tommy*; for her Concern at the bottom was all, upon my account.

Fran. How does that appear?

Wit. Why you know, ſays ſhe, after all, poor *Frankly* has ſome ſort of Pretenſions to me: I don't know how it was, ſays ſhe; but ſome way or other he got in with my Father: ſo I durſt not wholly diſcourage his Addreſſes. Now *Frankly*'s of a ſurly Temper, ſays ſhe; and, if I ſhould marry you in the Heat of his Diſappointment, he may ſay or do ſome raſh thing upon't: And I know, ſays ſhe, Mr. *Witling*, you are violent in your Nature too; and if

Matters

Matters ſhould riſe to a Quarrel, nobody knows where the Miſchief may end; the World would certainly lay it all at my door ——I ſhould be the miſerableſt Creature alive——therefore I beg you, ſays ſhe, go to him from me, and try to make an amicable End of the Buſineſs; and the Moment poor *Frankly*'s made eaſy, ſays ſhe, I'll marry you, the next Hour, without any Reſerve in the whole World.

Fran. Why then, without any Reſerve in the whole World, pray tell the Lady, that ſhe may depend upon it I am certainly eaſy——becauſe I am ſure ſhe impoſes upon you.

Wit. Impoſe upon me, Child! ha! ha! that's pleaſant enough, ha! ha!

Fran. That is, ſhe lets you impoſe upon yourſelf, which is the ſame thing.

Wit. That may be, *Tom*; but the Devil take me if I can find it out: But however, I am mighty glad you do, becauſe then I am ſure, as long as you are eaſy, you can't take it ill, if I ſhould burſt my Ribs with laughing at your Fancy.

Fran. O! not in the leaſt! and to increaſe your Mirth, Sir, I will be farther bold to tell you, ſhe has as hearty a Contempt for you, if poſſible, as I have.

Wit. Good again! Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Thou art a thing ſo below all human Conſideration, thou haſt not wherewithal to give a *Spaniard* Jealouſy.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*, if thou didſt but know all now! Ha! ha!

Fran. But to think thyſelf agreeable to her, thou muſt have the Impudence of a *French* Harlequin.

Wit. Ah! dear *Tom*, thou charm'ſt me! for ſince I find thou art not, in the leaſt, uneaſy at her Engagement with me, to tell thee the truth, I have nothing elſe at preſent that can poſſibly retard my Happineſs.

Fran. Why then, Sir, be as happy as you deſerve; and pray let the Lady know, as to any Favour ſhe deſigns you, I am in perfect Peace of Mind and Tranquillity.

Wit. And you really give me leave to tell her ſo?

Fran. Tell her, I am more eaſy than ſhe herſelf will be, when ſhe has married you.

Wit. Why then periſh me, if thou art not one of the beſt-bred Rivals in the whole World! ha! ha! And here ſhe comes, Faith, to thank thee for her part of the Conſolation. Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha!

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Gentlemen, I am glad to find you in ſuch good Humour.

Wit. O! Madam, the deareſt Friends in the World: I have obey'd your Commands, and here's honeſt *Tom* is ſo far from being uneaſy at our Marriage, that I-gad I can't get him to believe it will ever come to any thing.

Char. O! as to that, Mr. *Frankly* may think as he pleaſes; but if he is not uneaſy upon your account, that's all I pretend to deſire of him.

Wit. No, no, honeſt *Tom* will give us no trouble, depend upon't.

Fran. Not I, upon my Honour, Madam; for though I might be provoked to cut any other Man's Throat, that ſhould pretend to you, yet the Value I have for Mr. *Witling*, ſecures him from my leaſt Reſentment.

Wit. Look you there, Madam! You ſee your Fears are all over; I don't find we have any thing to do now, but to ſend for the Parſon.

Char. Ay, but I don't well underſtand him; for he ſeems to be neither jealous of your Merit, nor my Inclination: and that I can ſcarce think poſſible.

Fran. You may, upon my Soul, Madam; for I have ſo juſt a Senſe of both, that if it had not been in regard to your Father's Contract, I am convinced you would never have endured the ſight of him.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom!* he has much ado to ſmother it. [*Apart.*

Char. Very pretty! ſo you think that my admitting his Addreſſes is meer Grimace, and that I am all this while taking pains only to deceive Mr. *Witling*.

Fran. Alas! you need not do that, Madam; he takes ſo much to deceive himſelf, he really gives you no trouble about it.

Wit. You ſee, Child, we may put any thing upon him.

Char.

Char. Right! you take it as I could wiſh! Let me alone with him. And ſo, Sir, you really expect I ſhould be pleas'd with your having this free Opinion of my Conduct?

Fran. I muſt be pleaſed with every thing you undertake in my Favour, Madam.

Wit. How vain the Rogue is too? [*Aſide.*

Char. I am amaz'd! but how naturally a Coxcomb ſhews himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Ay, that's when he is in your hands, Madam: Ha! ha! I-gad ſhe plays him nicely off. [*Aſide.*

Char. After this, one ſhould wonder at nothing! Nay, there are ſome Fools, I ſee, whoſe Vanity is ſo far from being offenſive, that they become diverting even to a Rival.

Fran. Mr. *Witling* is always entertaining, Madam.

Wit. Hah! Prodigious! I-gad he thinks you mean me all this while. Ha! ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. Well, ſure there never was ſo bright a Coxcomb! [*Apart.*

Wit. I-gad I'll humour him: Ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. By all means, you will make him ſhine to a Miracle. [*Apart.*

Wit. Why then periſh me, *Tom*, if ever I was ſo well diverted at a *French* Comedy. [*Shakes his Hand.*

Fran. That may very well be, Sir; for Fools are apt to be fond of their own Parts. [*Shakes* Witling's *Hand.*

Char. Ha! ha!

Wit. Ay! ſo they are, the Devil take me; for, I ſee, there's no beating thee out of thine.

Fran. How ſhould I be out, when you play all the Scene yourſelf?

Wit. No, no, *Tom*, I only laugh all; but 'tis your Part that makes me, Child.

Fran. Right! if you did not laugh, where the Devil ſhould the Jeſt be?

Wit. Why then, you ſee, I do the Fool Juſtice, *Tom.* Ha! ha!

Fran. Ay, the Devil take me, doſt thou; I never ſaw him better acted.

Wit. Ah! but you don't know, my Dear, that to make a Coxcomb ſhine, requires a little more Wit than thou art aware of.

Fran.

Fran. I know that he, who has leaſt Wit of us too, has enough to do that, my Dear.

Wit. Ay! that is when a Coxcomb ſhews himſelf, *Tom.*

Fran. Nay, in that I grant no Mortal can come up to thee.

Wit. Hah! ha! ha! O! dear Rogue, I muſt kiſs thee.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle *and* Charlotte.

L. *Wr.* Your Servant, your Servant, good People: Whence all this mighty Mirth, pray?

Wit. O! Madam, here has been ſuch a Scene! ſuch Hit and Daſh upon one another; in ſhort, ſuch Brightneſs o' both ſides, the Full Moon, in a froſty Night, never came up to it.

Char. I muſt needs ſay, I never ſaw Mr. *Witling* ſhine ſo before.

Fran. No, Madam! why he always talks like a Lunatick, as you now may judge by his *Similies.*

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom!* thy Wit indeed is, like the Light of the Moon, none of thy own: If I don't miſtake, my Dear, I was forced to ſhine upon thee, before thou wert able to make one Reflection.

Fran. There you are once in the right; for I certainly could not have laugh'd, if you had not given me a hearty Occaſion.

Wit. Ay, but the Cream of the Jeſt is, *Tom*, that at the ſame time I really gave thee no Occaſion at all.

Fran. Right again, my Dear; for your not knowing that, is the only Jeſt that's worth laughing at.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Wr.* This muſt be ſome extraordinary Miſtake indeed; for I have no Notion that Mr. *Frankly* and you can have reaſon to laugh upon the ſame Occaſion.

Wit. Why, Faith! the Occaſion is a little extraordinary; for you muſt know, Madam, that honeſt *Tom* and I here, are both going to be married to this Lady.

L. *Wr.* Both!

Wit. Ay both, Madam; for, it ſeems, ſhe has not been able to convince us, that either of us muſt go without her.

L. *Wr.* That's ſo like Mr. *Frankly*'s Vanity, that can't think his Miſtreſs loſt, tho he ſees her juſt falling into the Arms of his Rival.

Fran. My Vanity and yours, Madam, are much upon a foot; tho I think you happen'd to be firſt cured of it.

L. *Wr.* What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. That by this time you are convinced I was never in love with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wr.* I am convinced, that a very little trouble would have made you ſo.

Fran. It muſt have been a good deal more than it coſt me, to make you believe ſo.

L. *Wr.* If you have ſtill Hopes of marrying *Charlotte*, Sir, I don't wonder at your believing any thing. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Laugh when you ſee me deſpair, Madam.

L. *Wr.* I need not ſtay for that, your Hope is ridiculous enough; and I laugh, becauſe you can't ſee.

Fran. Yes, yes, I can ſee, Madam; I have ſeen all this day what 'tis you drive at: In ſhort, Madam, you have no mind that either of Sir *Gilbert*'s Daughters ſhould marry; becauſe if they die Maids, you have ſecured the Chance of ſucceeding to their Fortunes.

L. *Wr.* Ay, do make the World believe that, if you can: Perſuade Mr. *Witling*, that I have no mind *Charlotte* ſhould marry him.

Fran. What Mr. *Witling* thinks, is out of the queſtion, Madam; but you are ſure that ſhe never deſigns to marry him: ſo that your ſetting up his Pretenſions is not with the leaſt View of doing him good, but of doing me harm; or rather, that while you manage the Diſpute well on both ſides, neither of us may have her.

L. *Wr.* He has gueſs'd the Secret; but that ſhall not hinder my Proceeding. You are in the right to hope as long as you can, Sir; but I preſume you don't do it from my Friendſhip, nor Mr. *Wrangle*'s Conſent, or *Charlotte*'s Inclination.

Fran. Be it what it will, Madam, it has a better Foundation, than your Hope of ſucceeding either to her's or *Sophronia*'s Fortune: For ſhall I tell you another Secret, Madam? *Sophronia* is going

to

to be married to *Granger*; ſo that you are equally like to be diſappointed there too.

L. *Wr. Sophronia* married!

Fran. Ay, ay, married, married, Madam; wedded, bedded, made a mere Wife of; 'tis not half an hour ago ſince I ſaw her ſink, and melt into his Boſom with all the yielding Fondneſs of a Milk-maid.

L. *Wr. Sophronia* do this?

Fran. Sophronia, Madam; nay, Sir *Gilbert* was, at the ſame time, a ſecret Witneſs of all; and was glad, glad of it, Madam; and, to my certain knowledge, reſolves that *Granger* ſhall marry her inſtantly: And ſo, Madam, all that fantaſtick Fort-Philoſophy, that you have been building in her Brains for ſeven Years together, is (with one honeſt Attack of mere Fleſh and Blood) fairly demoliſh'd and brought to nothing.

L. *Wr.* I'll not believe it, I know your Ears deceiv'd you; he might, perhaps, tranſport her, but never to a ſenſual Thought.

Fran. Oons! Madam, I tell you, I heard, and ſaw it all myſelf; ſaw her ſighing, bluſhing, panting in his Arms, with mortal, ſenſual, amorous Deſire: All her romantick Pride reduc'd, and humbled to the Obedience of that univerſal Monarch of Mankind, Love, Madam; plain, naked, natural Love, Love, Madam.

L. *Wr.* I am confounded! if this be true, his Triumph is inſupportable. [*Aſide.*] Ha! what do I ſee!

Enter Granger, *leading* Sophronia.

Fran. Dear *Granger!* I congratulate thy Happineſs!

Gran. My Happineſs indeed! for, till I was victorious, I knew not half the Value of my Conqueſt.

Fran. [*To* Soph.] Give me then leave to hope, Madam, that our former Difference is forgot; ſince the more elevated Paſſion of my Friend, has now convinc'd me of my own Unworthineſs.

Soph. I cannot diſavow my tendereſt Senſe of *Granger*'s Merit, give it what name you pleaſe; I own 'tis ſomething——*Quod nequeo dicere, & ſentio tantum*: But am ſtill proud to boaſt, that Love alone, unaſſiſted by Philoſophy, could never have ſubdu'd me.

L. *Wr.* Is it poſſible!
By your leave, Madam. [*She breaks thro the Company, and takes* Soph. *apart.*

Fran. Heyday! what's to do now?

Gran. O *Frankly!* I have ſuch a melting Scene to tell thee!

Fran. You may ſpare yourſelf the Trouble; Sir *Gilbert* and I overheard every word of it——But I allow you an Artiſt. *Aſide.*

Gran. Was not it very whimſical?

Fran. Huſh!

L. *Wr.* [*To* Soph.] Look in my Face——full upon me.

Soph. Why that ſevere Look, Madam?

L. *Wr.* To make you bluſh at your Apoſtacy.

Soph. Converts to Truth are no Apoſtates, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Is this your Self-Denial? This your Diſtaſte of odious Man?

Soph. Madam, I have conſider'd well my Female State, and am now a Proſelyte to that Philoſophy, which ſays——*Nature makes nought in vain.*

L. *Wr.* What's then become of your *Platonick* Syſtem?

Soph. Diſſolv'd, evaporated, impracticable, and fallacious all: You'll own I have labour'd in the Experiment, but found at laſt, that to try Gold in a Crucible of Virgin-Wax, was a meer Female Folly.

L. *Wr.* But how durſt you, Madam, entertain a Thought of Marriage without acquainting me?

Soph. Madam, I am now under this Gentleman's Protection; and, from henceforth, think my Actions only cognizable to him.

L. *Wr.* Very fine!

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis but fretting your Spleen to no purpoſe; you have no Right to diſpoſe of either of thoſe Ladies: Sir *Gilbert*'s Conſent is what we depend upon; and as far as that can go, we ſhall make bold to inſiſt upon them both, Madam; and ſo you may as well put your Paſſion in your Pocket, Madam.

L. *Wr.* Inſupportable! [*Walks in Anger.*

Wit. Ha! ha! well ſaid, *Tommy!* What art thou crack-brain'd ſtill, my Dear? How the Devil didſt thou come by Sir *Gill*'s Conſent? What! he has not mortgag'd it twice over, has he? but if he has, with all my Heart. I fancy we ſhall find a way to make his firſt Deed ſtand good however; and that, I am ſure, I have here ſafe in my Pocket, Child.

Fran. O! that ſhall be try'd preſently, Sir; and here he comes with the Lawyer for the purpoſe.

Enter Sir Gilbert, *with a Lawyer.*

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Uſage? How dare you affront me thus?

Sir *Gilb.* I affront you! my Lady.

L. *Wr.* Ay, Sir, by bringing theſe Royſters here, to inſult me in my own Family.

Sir *Gilb.* *Frankly*——ſtand by me.

Gran. Royſters! Madam.

L. *Wr.* Sir, I am not ſpeaking to you——I ſay, Mr. *Wrangle*, how dare you do this?

Sir *Gilb.* Do, Madam! I don't do any thing, not I; if the Gentlemen have done any harm, you had beſt talk to them; I believe they have both Tongues in their Heads, and will be able to anſwer you.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, if you have receiv'd any Injury from either of us, we are the proper Perſons to talk with you.

L. *Wr.* What! will you ſtand by, and tamely ſee me abus'd in my own Houſe?

Sir *Gilb.* Odzines, Madam, don't abuſe yourſelf; the Gentlemen are civil Gentlemen, and Men of Honour; but if you don't know how to behave yourſelf to them, that's none of their Fault.

L. *Wr.* Prodigious! behave myſelf: do you preſume to teach me, you rude illiterate Monſter?

Sir *Gilb.* Hold her faſt, pray, Gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interpoſing.*] Come, come, be compoſed, Madam, conſider how theſe violent Emotions diſhonour your Philoſophy.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, Madam, if you are a Philoſopher, now let's ſee a Sample of it.

L. *Wr.* Yes, Sir, I'll give you one Inſtance of it immediately; before you ſtir out of this Room, I'll make you do Juſtice to this Gentleman, I'll make you keep your Contract, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, Madam, you need not be in a Paſſion about that; I don't deſign any other, I'll do him Juſtice immediately.

L. *Wr.* O! will you ſo?——come then, where's the Deed, Sir?

Wit. A hum! your humble Servant! how doeſt thou do now, my little *Tommy*?

Fran. I'll tell you preſently, Sir.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad thou art reſolv'd to die hard, I find.

Lawy. Here, Madam, this is the Deed; there is nothing wanting but the Blanks to be filled up with the Bridegroom's Name: Pray which is the Gentleman?

L. *Wr.* Here, Sir, this is he——put in *William Witling* Eſq;

Sir *Gilb.* Hold, Madam, two words to that Bargain, that is not the Gentleman I have reſolv'd upon.

L. *Wr.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*, don't be a Fool, I ſay.

Sir *Gilb.* And pray, Madam, don't you pretend to be wiſer than I am.

L. *Wr.* What ſtupid Fetch have you got in your Head, now?

Wit. Heyday! what time of the Moon is this? Why have not I your Contract here in my Hand, Sir *Gilbert*?

Sir *Gilb.* With all my Heart, make your beſt on't; I'll pay the Penalty, and what have you to ſay now? And ſo, Sir, [*To the Lawyer*] I ſay put me in *Thomas Frankly* Eſq;

L. *Wr.* Mr. *Wrangle!* don't provoke me! do you know that the Penalty of your refuſing Mr. *Witling*, is above Six and Twenty Thouſand Pound Difference, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, Madam: But to let you ſee, that I am not the Fool you take me for neither; there's that will ſecure me againſt paying a Farthing of it.

[*Sir* Gilb. *ſhews a Bond.*

L. *Wr.* What do you mean?

Sir *Gilb.* Why that this, Madam, is a Joint-Bond from Mr. *Granger* and *Frankly*, to indemnify me from all Demands, Coſts, and Conſequences of Mr. *Witling*'s Contract.

[*L.* Wran. *peruſes the Bond.*

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling*, you ſee upon what a ſhallow Foundation *Frankly* built all his Vanity and Aſſurance—— But, poor Man! he did not conſider it was ſtill in my power to marry you, tho' you had no Contract at all with my Father.

Wit. Right, my pretty Soul! I ſuppoſe he thought the Merit, and frank Air of this Bond, forſooth, would have made you cockſure to him; but I'll let him ſee preſently that I know how to pay a handſome Compliment to a fair Lady, as well as himſelf: I-gad, I'll bite his Head off.

Char. Ay do, Mr. *Witling*, you touch my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Wit. Ah! you charming Devil!

L. *Wr.* [*To Sir* Gilb.] Is this then your Expedient? Is this your ſordid way of evading all Right and Juſtice? Go! you vile Scandal to the Board you ſit at; but you ſhall find that I have a ſuperior Senſe of Honour. And thus! thus! thus! I'll force you to be juſt. [*Tears the Bond.*

Fran. Confuſion!

Sir *Gilb.* Oons! Madam! what do you mean by this Outrage?

L. *Wr.* Now where's your Security? Where is your vile Evaſion now, Sir; what Trick? what Shift have you now to ſave you?

Sir *Gilb. Frankly*——ſtand by me.

Fran. Was ever ſuch a Devil?

Gran. Fear nothing——I'll warrant you——Come, Sir, don't be diſhearten'd, your Security ſhall be renew'd to your Content: Let the Lawyer draw it up this inſtant, and I give my word of Honour to ſign it over again before all this Company.

Sir *Gilb.* Sayſt thou ſo, my Lad, why then, odſheartlikins—— *Frankly* ſtand by me.

Fran.

Fran. Generous *Granger!*

L. *Wr.* Let the Lawyer draw up any ſuch thing in my Houſe, if he dares.

Gran. Nay then, Madam, I'll ſee who dares moleſt him.

Fran. I-gad, whoever does, ſhall have more than one to deal with.

Sir *Gilb.* Well ſaid, ſtand your Ground——write away, Man. [*To the Lawyer.*

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling!*

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your Play, Gentlemen——come, come, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter way to make an end of this matter—— and to let you ſee that you are all in the wrong Box, and that now I am ſecure of the Lady's Inclination, I think it a Diſhonour to her Beauty, to make uſe of any other Advantage, than the naked Merit of her humble Servant. There, Sir *Gilbert*, there's your Contract back again, tear it, cancel it, or light your Pipe with it——And now, Madam—— [*To* Charl.

Char. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*, you have made me the happieſt Creature living! And now Mr. *Lawyer*——

Wit. Ay now, Gentlemen—

Char. Put in *Thomas Frankly* Eſq;

Wit. Fire and Brimſtone!

Fran. Ay now Mr. *Witling*—

Sir *Gilb.* Odſheart! in with him——

L. *Wr.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*——

Sir *Gilb.* Oons! Wife, be quiet——

L. *Wr.* Wife! what am I abus'd! inſulted then!

Sir *Gilb.* Ah *Charlotte!* let me hug thee! and buſs thee! and bleſs thee to death! But here, Huſſy! here's a Pair of Lips that will make better Work with thee!

Wit. Bit, by the Powers!

Char. Nay don't ſay that of me, Mr. *Witling*; 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you: How then could you think of marrying me?

Wit.

Wit. Not reproach you, Madam! Oons and Death! Did not you as good as——

Fran. Hold, Sir, when you ſpeak to my Wife, I muſt beg you to ſoften the Tone of your Voice a little.

Wit. Heyday! what a Pox muſt not Loſers have leave to ſpeak neither?

Fran. No, no, my dear *Billy*, thou art no Loſer at all; for you have made your Call, you ſee——and now have fairly had your Refuſal too.

Wit. Ha! ha! that's pleaſantly ſaid however, I-gad! I can't help laughing at a good thing though, tho' I am half ready to hang myſelf.

Fran. Nay then, *Witling*, henceforth I'll allow thee a Man of Parts, tho' at the ſame time you muſt grant me, there are no Fools like your Wits: But ſince thou haſt Wit enough to laugh at thyſelf, I think nobody elſe ought to do it.

Wit. Why then, dear *Tom*, I give thee Joy; for, to ſay the Truth, I believe I was a little overhaſty in this matter: But, as thou ſayſt, he that has not Wit enough to find himſelf ſometimes a Fool, is in danger of being Fool enough, to have nobody think him a Wit but himſelf.

Fran. [*To L.* Wr.] And now, Madam, were it but poſſible to deſerve your Pardon.

L. *Wr.* I ſee you know my Weakneſs——Submiſſion muſt prevail upon a generous Nature——I forgive you.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, that's well ſaid of all ſides: And now you are part of my Family, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a Secret that concerns your Fortunes——Hark you——in one word——ſell——ſell out as faſt as you can: for (among Friends) the Game's up ——ask no Queſtions——but, I tell you, the Jeſt is over——but Money down! (d'ye obſerve me) Money down! don't meddle for Time: for the Time's a coming, when thoſe that buy will not be able to pay; and ſo the Devil take the hindmoſt, and Heaven bleſs you all together.

Gran.

Gran. And now, *Sophronia*, ſet we forward to the promis'd Land of Love.

Soph. *In vain againſt the Force of Nature's Law,*
Would rigid Morals keep our Hearts in awe;
All our loſt Labours of the Brain but prove,
In Life, there's no Philoſophy like Love.

F I N I S.



MVSEVM
BRITA
NICVM